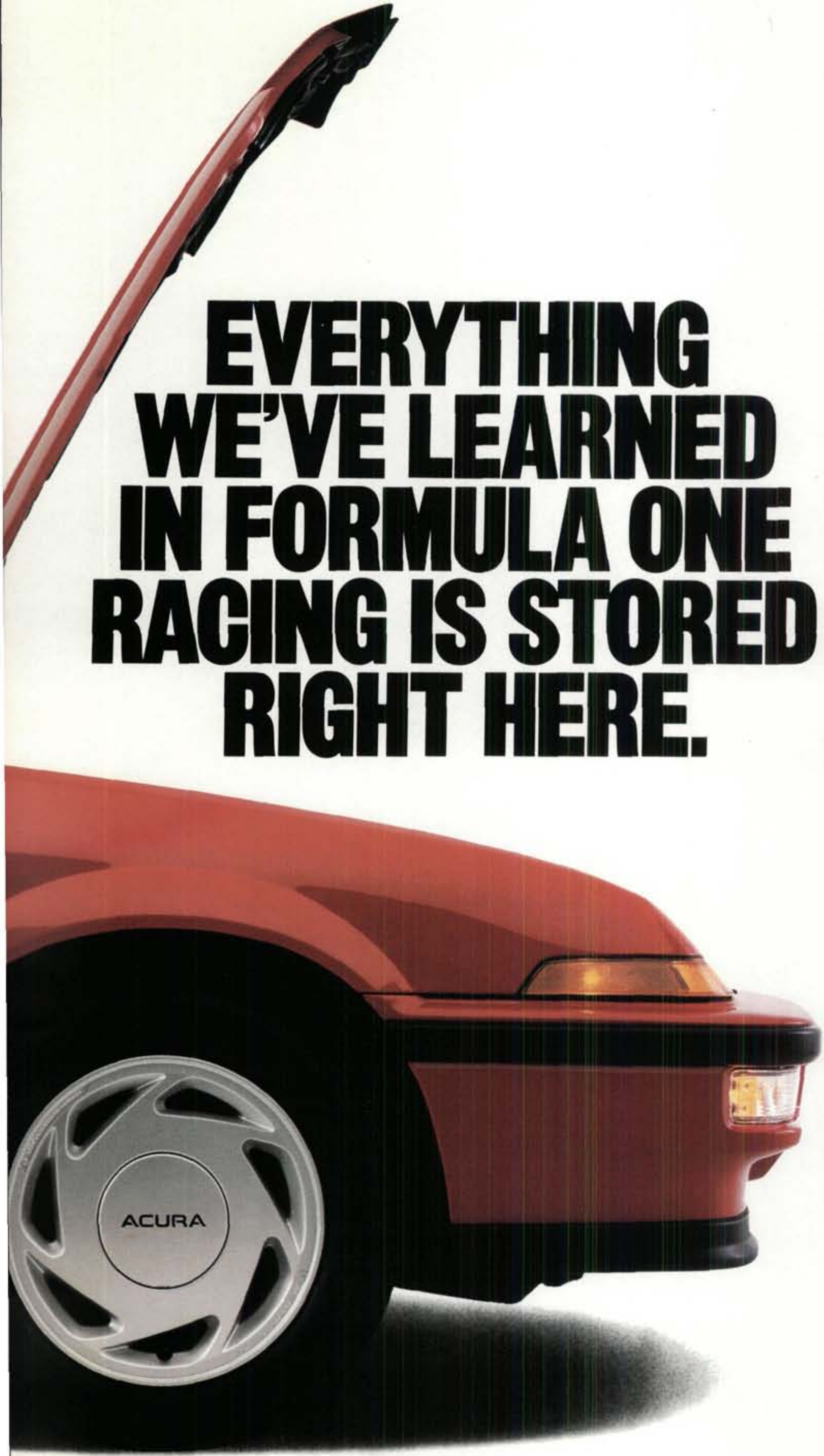
Jan. 9, 1989

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75

JAN 06 1989



EVERYTHING WE'VE LEARNED IN FORMULA ONE RACING IS STORED RIGHT HERE.

When you race cars at speeds exceeding 200 mph on racetracks all over the world, in all kinds of conditions, you learn a thing or two about engine technology.

Things that not only make race cars faster, but make street cars better.

Like how to achieve the utmost in fuel efficiency and air flow with computer controlled fuel-injection systems and four-valve cylinder heads.

Marlboro
Shell
GOODYEAR
11

We've learned a lot on Formula One tracks. The Integra applies those lessons to the street.

How to design hollow core camshafts and hemispherical combustion chambers. The weight advantages of an aluminum engine block. And the performance advantages of centrally located spark plugs and equal length exhaust and intake ports.

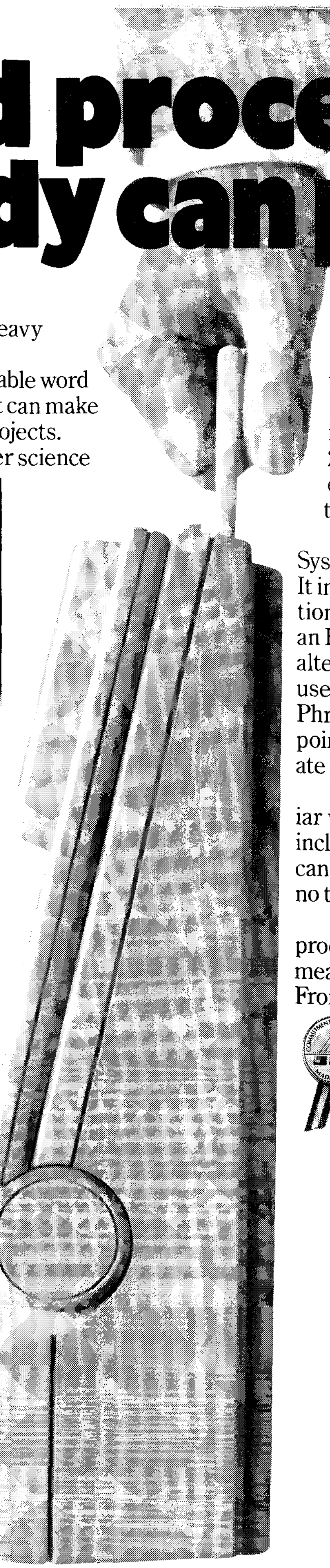
While you might expect us to keep information like that under lock and key, we prefer to keep it someplace a little more accessible.

Under the hood of the Acura Integra sports sedan.

ACURA
Precision crafted performance.

©1988 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura and Integra are trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd. For more information and the name of the dealer nearest you, call 1-800-TO-ACURA.

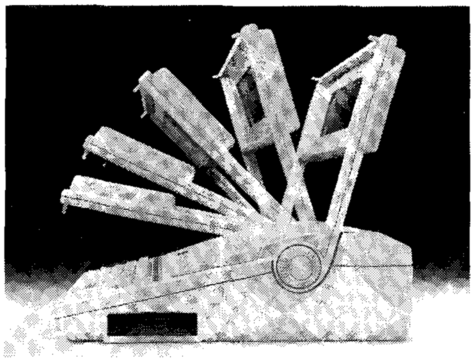
Word processing anybody can pick up.



Who says word processing is a heavy subject?

The Smith Corona PWP 80 portable word processor is not only light in weight, it can make light work of the most complicated projects.

You don't need a PhD in computer science to understand it.



Our screen adjusts to you, so you don't have to adjust to it.

You don't have to keep one eye on the instruction manual to use it.

In fact, PWP 80 is so simple to operate, you may not even believe you're actually using a state-of-the-art, fully featured word processor.

All you have to do is unfold it and begin.

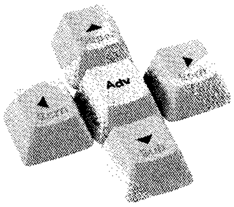
You type just as you would on a typewriter. Your text appears on the backlit, supertwist 16 line by 80 character liquid crystal display.

Block moves are a cinch, inserts a snap, deletions a breeze.

When you're ready to print, just insert a sheet of paper, select Print and presto, letter-quality printing.

And that's it.

If you're only writing something short, like a note or recipe, PWP 80 can also function as a conventional, state-of-the-art typewriter.



With PWP 80, everything is at your fingertips.

Of course, there's nothing conventional about PWP 80's features.

Inside, there's 50,000 characters of internal editable memory. (That's about 25 pages.) There's also a built-in disk drive, which makes storage capacity virtually unlimited.

With our amazing Grammar-Right System,™ you'll never write a wrong again. It includes a 75,000 word Spell-Right™ dictionary that alerts you to misspelled words, an Electronic Thesaurus that gives you alternatives to overused words, and Phrase Alert,™ which points out inappropriate phrases—before anyone else does.

DataDisks give you unlimited storage capacity.

And for those of you who are unfamiliar with word processors, we've even included a special Tutorial DataDisk, so you can learn how to use PWP 80 in practically no time.

Best of all, this giant among word processors weighs under 20 pounds. Which means PWP 80 can go wherever you go. From home to school to office.

And that might just be its best feature of all. Because when you consider how remarkable PWP 80 is, it's a wonder you'll want to go anywhere without it.

SMITH CORONA®

TOMORROW'S TECHNOLOGY
AT YOUR TOUCH

For more information on this product, write to Smith Corona Corporation, 65 Locust Avenue, New Canaan, CT 06840 or Smith Corona (Canada Ltd.), 440 Tapscott Road, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1B 1Y4.

The Pierpont Family of Funds

The Pierpont Funds are designed for discerning individual and institutional investors whose priorities are quality and personal service. The Funds offer the advantages of the investment expertise and exceptional personal attention which distinguish the services of Morgan Stanley as Sponsor and Morgan Guaranty as Investment Advisor.

There are no sales charges or exchange or redemption fees.

There are six Pierpont Funds, offering a broad range of diversified investment portfolios, including money market and tax-exempt money market instruments, bonds and tax-exempt bonds, and equity securities.

The minimum initial investment for any of The Pierpont Funds is $25,000, except for shareholders of another Pierpont Fund for whom it is $10,000.

More complete information about The Funds, including expenses, is included in the prospectuses, which should be read carefully before investing. To obtain copies write The Pierpont Funds, Morgan Stanley & Co. Incorporated, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020, or call a Pierpont Account Executive at (212) 398-2900 or toll-free:

(800) 521-5412

The Pierpont Funds

THE PIERPONT FUNDS

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

JANUARY 9, 1989

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 19
"BRUNCH" . . . . *S. L. Wisenberg* 24
"DOG HEAVEN" . . . . *Stephanie Vaughn* 26
"A VILLAGE WALK UNDER SNOW" (POEM) . . . . *Alfred Corn* 28
PROFILES (VITTORIO RIETI) . . . . *Suzannah Lessard* 32
"THE CONTINUOUS LIFE" (POEM) . . . . *Mark Strand* 34
ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY
(REAGAN AND THE NUCLEAR AGE—PART II) . . . . *John Newhouse* 51
THE SKY LINE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 73
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 78
"GALLOWAY TALE" (POEM) . . . . *Tom Pow* 81
THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver, Mimi Kramer* 82
BOOKS . . . . *Brad Leithauser* 84

COVER: *Barbara Westman*

DRAWINGS: *Mort Gerberg, George Price, George Booth, Dana Fradon, Roz Chast, Michael Maslin, Gahan Wilson, Bernard Schoenbaum, Tom Cheney, Warren Miller, Burt Silverman, Robert Mankoff, Donald Reilly, Jack Ziegler, Al Ross, James Stevenson, Charles Barsotti, Stan Hunt, Ed Fisher*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 525-0643 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Vol. LXIV, No. 47, January 9, 1989. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1989 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

Family Affair. If you're looking for a place to take the family for some great entertainment, don't move an inch. Because with Pioneer's 50″ projection monitor, you can turn an evening at home into a night at the movies.

It's a fact. No other projection monitor delivers a brighter, sharper picture. Images are as crisp and clear from the sides as they are head on. Plus you get built-in digital Dolby Surround™ sound capability and the convenience of a "Smart Remote"™ control.

So if you want the best, you only have one choice: the full line of projection monitors from Pioneer. Finally, theater-quality entertainment in your own home. Just make sure you have plenty of popcorn.

PIONEER®

We Bring The Revolution Home.™

© 1988 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA. For more information, call 1-800-421-1404. Dolby Surround is a trademark of Dolby Labs, Inc.
E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial is available on MCA Home Video, cassette and video laser disc. © 1982 Universal City Studios, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A revival, after ten years, of this celebration of the music and the comic spirit of Fats Waller, in all its beauty and variety, as conceived and directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. With Patti Austin, Jackie Lowe, Ken Prymus, Eric Riley, and Terri White. The invaluable (and protean) Luther Henderson, conductor and arranger, again presides at the piano. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/5/88.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns to his native city in upstate New York to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more convincing or engaging. The play is as sensitive as it is funny, and the actors do it full justice, under Jack O'Brien's direction. Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Bruce Davison, and Keene Curtis are fine, too. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Coriolanus—Irene Worth is magnificent as Volumnia in this highly stylized but simple-minded version of Shakespeare's last tragedy. Steven Berkoff has directed Christopher Walken so as to turn the title character into a heavy-handed comment on Rambo-loving America, but the production is seductive, mostly because the acting is so good almost across the board. (12/12/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Jan. 15.)

The Devil's Disciple—A tame production of Shaw's dashing melodrama. (11/28/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

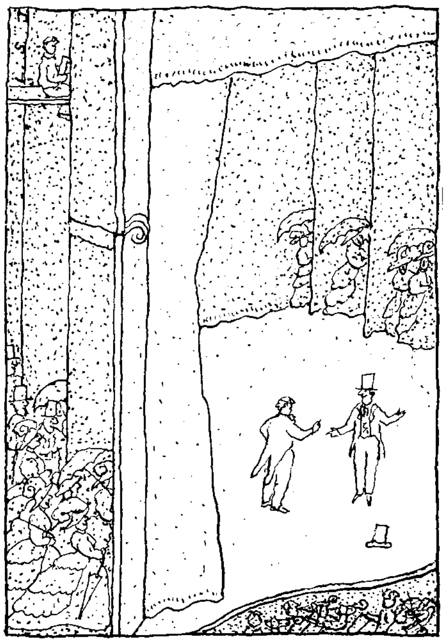
Eastern Standard—An imitation comedy that is as tedious as it is trendy. Seen recently at Manhattan Theatre Club, the show has now moved to Broadway. Previews through Jan. 4. Reopens Jan. 5 at 7. (11/14/88) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of **tomfoolery,** the 1980 revue of Tom Lehrer songs, will be the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Jan. 5, and will run through Jan. 29. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Faith, Hope, and Charity—Three related one-act comedies by Israel Horovitz, Terrence McNally, and Leonard Melfi. With Marilyn Sokol and Claiborne Cary. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway 1989—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Heidi Chronicles—Wendy Wasserstein's new play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare. But some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast led by Joan Allen. (12/26/88) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11			

I Could Go On Lip-Synching!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Written and performed by John Epperson (a rehearsal pianist with American Ballet Theatre), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly, this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Legs Diamond—The Peter Allen musical, which is based on the 1960 movie "The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond." With Mr. Allen, Julie Wilson, Joe Silver, and Randall Edwards; directed by Robert Allan Ackerman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 9, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **babes in toyland.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday and Sunday at 3:30. Closes Jan. 8.)

The Majestic Kid—A new play by Mark Medoff. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 307-7171. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Presenting, in repertory, **sally** and **prince,** the first two of a projected five or six plays by Charles Fuller about the black-American experience. The works will play alternate weeks; both will be performed on Sundays. "Sally": Jan. 4-8; "Prince": Jan. 8 and Jan. 11-14. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 3, and Sundays at 2:30.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—In a production of **the pirates of penzance.** (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Jan. 8.)

Our Town—A disastrous revival of Thornton Wilder's masterpiece. (12/19/88) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Phaedra Britannica—Anyone with an interest in classical drama (or just good classical acting) will want to catch this fascinating adaptation of Racine's "Phèdre" by the poet Tony Harrison. The play, first produced at London's National Theatre, and never before seen in this country, partly recasts the Hippolytus myth as a political allegory about the British colonials in India, a device that sometimes works and sometimes doesn't. Carey Perloff's elegant production, though marred by poor lighting and indifferent music (by Elizabeth Swados), is impeccably cast; the company includes Bob Gunton, Caroline Lagerfelt, and a number of first-rate Indian actors. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Jan. 15.)

Phantasie—A play by Sybille Pearson, directed by John Rubinstein. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals, with Alison Fraser and Barry Williams in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has ever written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Mark Nelson, Ron Leibman, Lisa Banes, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sweethearts—Antoinette Mille and Walter Adkins in a musical tribute to Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**anything goes:** This exuberant revival is primarily a tribute to Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, Bill McCutcheon, and Howard McGillin, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** The longest-running long run. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesday through Saturday at 8:15. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:15, and Sunday at 3. Closes Jan. 8.) . . . **FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE:** Kathy Bates and Tony Campisi in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny —sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with David Dukes and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical dating back to the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. Starting Jan. 9, Herndon Lackey takes over for Norman Large. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SHAYNA MAIDEL:** A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Jan. 8.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—Final performances of the season. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Through Jan. 8. For information about show times and tickets, call 874-6770.)

SONG OF LAWINO—A theatre, dance, and music work based on a poem of the same name by the Ugandan poet Okot p'Bitek. Adapted by Valeria Vasilevski and Jawole Willa Jo Zollar. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100. Jan. 5-7 at 8, and Jan. 8 at 3.)

SKIN: A STATE OF BEING—A new theatre piece conceived and directed by Ping Chong. Opens Jan. 7, and will run through Jan. 22. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

BENEFIT PERFORMANCE—A concert version of "Chess," with the original Broadway cast members, including Judy Kuhn, David Carroll, and Philip Casnoff. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Jan. 9 at 7:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Jan. 3 at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Episodes," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 8: "Episodes," "The Cage," "Tarantella," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Rhapsody in Blue," and "The Unanswered Question." . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 8: "Apollo," "Rhapsody in Blue," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "The Cage," "Tarantella," and "The Unanswered Question." . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "The Unanswered Question," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 1: "Divertimento No. 15," "Episodes," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 7: "Ballo della Regina," "The Unanswered Question," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 8: "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," "The Unanswered Question," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 26.)

PILOBOLUS—Final performances of the engagement. Jan. 2 and Jan. 6 at 8: "Molly's Not Dead," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Début C." . . . ¶ Jan. 3 and Jan. 5 at 8, and Jan. 8 at 2: "Carmina Burana, Side II," "The Golden Bowl," and "Day Two." . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 8, and Jan. 7 at 2 and 8: "Land's Edge," "Ciona," "Moon Blind," and "I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

DANCE THEATRE WORKSHOP—Three dancer-choreographers—Molissa Fenley, Elizabeth Streb, and Wendy Perron—in two programs of their own works. Program A: Jan. 4-7 at 8, and Jan. 8 at 3. . . . ¶ Program B: Jan. 11 at 8. Through Jan. 15. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MONTGOMERY, PLANT & STRITCH**, a sleek vocal group from Texas, conclude their visit to the proper old Oak Room on Jan. 7. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Jan. 3-7. **HARRY CONNICK, JR.**, a twenty-one-year-old pianist and singer from New Orleans, begins a monthlong run on Jan. 10. His sets are Tuesdays and Wednesdays at nine-fifteen and Thursdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. Singer Helen Schneider does an all-Kurt Weill show Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65) after which this airy two-tiered operation is named had a midget m.c. named Pee Wee Marquette, caged finches,

This is where America keeps the America's Cup. But the place is a real zoo.

Climate from Camelot, City from Central Casting: San Diego. The whole story's in the 1989 Discover the Californias Travel Guide. To get your free copy, call 1-800-TO-CALIF, ext. 5738A. Or send us this coupon.

California Office of Tourism, P.O. Box 9278, Dept. T57-38A, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

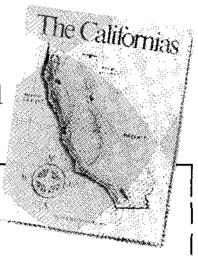
Name

Address

City *State* *Zip*

The Californias®

© 1989 Calif. Dept. of Commerce. All rights reserved.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

and Bird himself; the new room has waiters and waitresses in Reeboks and bow ties, a rainbow-colored Wurlitzer jukebox, neon wading birds, and jazz people of various modern schools. The schedule, in part: Jan. 4, guitarist **JOSHUA BREAKSTONE'S** quartet; Jan. 5, saxophonist **BILL SAXTON'S** quartet; Jan. 6-7, pianist **BARRY HARRIS'S** trio; Sunday, Jan. 8, drummer **JO JONES, JR.,'S** trio; and Jan. 10, pianist **HUGH LAWSON'S** trio. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. **MICHAEL BRECKER,** a heavy-breathing, Coltrane-ish tenor saxophonist who also plays an electronic wind machine called a Steinerphone, leads a band Jan. 3-8; Grover Washington, Jr., who plays easy-listening pop-jazz on his tenor sax, comes in Jan. 10. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and followers of **FLO & EDDIE,** a rock-and-comedy team known to their mothers as Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan. Volman and Kaylan fronted the Turtles in the sixties, singing sunny California folk-rock, and then sang and jeered with mad satirist Frank Zappa before setting out on their own. They'll be here Jan. 4-7. Shows Jan. 4-5 at eight and eleven and Jan. 6-7 at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE** collaborate through Jan. 7, and starting Jan. 9 **HANK JONES** and **RAY DRUMMOND** provide the music. On Jan. 8 a trumpet-piano-bass trio (**JON FADDIS, VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV,** and **BOB CRANSHAW**) holds forth. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Pretty much everything about this jazz room is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Mondays belong to a foursome led by tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS.** Trumpeter John Miller leads a quintet Jan. 3-8; starting Jan. 10, pianist **RANDY WESTON** heads up a quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING** is in the little principality known as the Café Carlyle, transmitting Porter and Parker and Weill and himself ("Lullaby of Birdland") through his fingertips and swaying shoulders. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11			

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts twirl, and smiles break out everywhere. The New York Swing Dance Society organizes these gatherings, and on Jan. 8, it brings in a fifteen-piece band led by Stan Rubin. Music from eight.

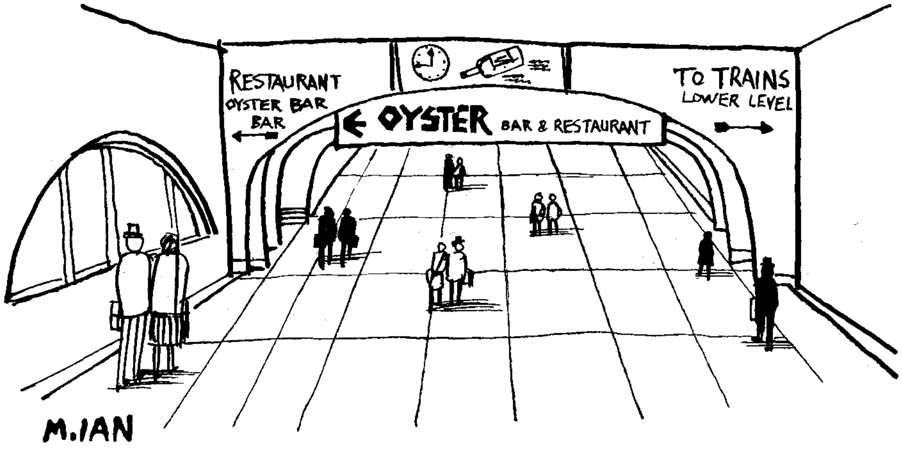
DELTA 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A long, rambling bar and restaurant with a white-trash-chicken-shack theme. The decorator went kind of hog-wild with all the old filling-station and soft-drink signs and the hubcaps and the dime-store portrait of the King and the display of dozer caps and the shingle from the taxidermist in Spanish Fort, Alabama—but it's a friendly enough place. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays and blues on Tuesdays. Jan. 4, Big Fun, featuring vocalist J. T. Bowen; Jan. 5, **LOUP GAROU,** a zydeco group; Jan. 6, **NED SUBLETTE'S** honky-tonk band; Jan. 7, the Tom Russell band; and Jan. 10, singer **CHARLOTTE BROWNE.** Shows after (sometimes *way* after) nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar in the meat-packing district, not too far from the boondocks. The back room, trimmed with seaworthy things, has bluegrass and traditional Celtic music on the weekends. An Irish-music group called Atlantic Wave plays Jan. 6; fiddler Harry Bolick leads a bluegrass band Jan. 7. Music from nine.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* Electrifying jazz violinist **NOEL POINTER** has the floor Jan. 3-8; on Jan. 10 a quartet led by tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** begins a six-night stint. Mondays are reserved for guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese food and American jazz—can be found here, under a greenhouse roof giving onto a patch of midtown sky. The piano, a Steinway that sits grandly in the middle of the room, will be in the hands of **DON FRIEDMAN** Jan. 3-8. He is joined by vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE.** Starting Jan. 10 **STEVE KUHN** will occupy the piano bench; bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **AL FOSTER** will back him up. Music from eight-thirty Mondays, from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, from eight Fridays and Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). Jan. 3 and 10, singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT;** Jan. 4, pianist **MIKE RENZI** and drummer **GRADY TATE;** Jan. 5, guitarist and singer **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; Jan. 6, a quintet run by guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN** and trombonist **DAN BARRETT;** Jan. 7, trombonist **DICK GRIFFIN'S** quartet; Jan. 9, singer **ANDY BEY;** and Jan. 11, guitarist **MARTY GROSZ'S** trio. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.



JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. **BARBARA LEA,** a fine singer and a whistler who could knock a bird out of a tree, will be around Jan. 7, accompanied by **WES MC AFEE.** Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play piano-bass duets Jan. 3-7. Starting Jan. 10 pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** go to work. **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE,** whose assorted talents (she plays piano and accordion, has a voice of impressive size, and does campy variations on a red-hot-mama theme) have made her a favorite in both downtown and uptown spas, will be on view Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat (attained by passing through a recently annexed downstairs restaurant) that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, and miscellaneous weird sounds. It has a slapped-together, homemade look, and, to judge by the S.R.O. crowds, it is a thriving enterprise. On Jan. 2, keyboardist **ROBIN HOLCOMB'S** sextet, which includes her husband, **WAYNE HORVITZ** (also a keyboardist), and percussionist **BOBBY PREVITE,** plays at eleven. Her set is preceded by Mr. Horvitz and cellist **TOM CORA** at nine and by guitarist **BILL HORVITZ** (Wayne's brother) at ten. Tuesdays are now the property of the **REGGIE WORKMAN ENSEMBLE.** The rest of the schedule: Jan. 4, Swiss pianist Irène Schweizer solo at nine and with a quartet at eleven, and saxophonist **JAMES WHITE** at one; Jan. 5, solo pianist **DAVE BURRELL** opens for sax man **DAVID MURRAY'S** trio; Jan. 7-8, Evan Lurie's group; Jan. 9, keyboardist-composer **CARLA BLEY** and bass guitarist **STEVE SWALLOW;** and Jan. 11-12, **DON PULLEN,** a fine jazz pianist with soul and gospel roots (he accompanied Big Maybelle and Arthur Prysock, among others, in the sixties). Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. The schedule: Jan. 5, **LAZY LESTER,** a Louisiana bluesman with a sleepy-rough country voice, warms up for Li'l Ed & the Blues Imperials; Jan. 6, the **PERSUASIONS,** an a-cappella soul and rhythm and blues group, have the stage; and Jan. 7, **ZACHARY RICHARD** and **RAMSEY MC LEAN** make Cajun music. Music after nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned honky-tonk. It has more space than the parent joint; it also has more mirrors, more Miller-beer banners, more fireplaces (two, on the second floor), more carpeting, more Gibson electric guitars serving as wall ornaments, more letters of commendation (posted in the entryway) from Texas dignitaries (Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower, ex-Governor Mark White), and at least as many souvenir T-shirts and ball caps. Most of the music—rock, country, blues—is provided by local talent. Music after nine. Dining.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. Funky jazz, jazzy rhythm and blues, and bluesy funk are usually on the menu. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland) in the theatre district, and not a bad place to calm down in if, for instance, you happen to have just dropped a week's wages by taking the missus and your aunt from Macon to see a Broadway musical. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. It's a place for people who don't mind taking their rock standing up; the few seats that exist—in the balcony—are reserved for the usual suspects. Blue Oyster Cult, a heavy-metal band that had a hit with "(Don't Fear) The Reaper" in 1976, has the stage Jan. 6. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. The lineup: Jan. 3, **3 MUSTAPHAS 3**; Jan. 4, Second Step; Jan. 5, **MARIO RIVERA** & the Salsa Refugees; Jan. 6-7, Rene Cabral; and Jan. 11-12, Frankie Paul. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Jan. 10.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). Singer-guitarist Frank Christian performs here Jan. 7. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Spo-Dee-O-Dee, 565 W. 23rd St., at Eleventh Ave. (206-1990)—A curious mixture of swank and down-home. (The name comes from the 1949 Stick McGee song "Drinkin' Wine Spo-dee-o-dee," which was Atlantic Records' first hit.) The food is barbecue, the music is mainly rhythm and blues, the chandeliers are big, and the sofas are swell. Jan. 6-7 belong to Big Fun, a nine-piece R. & B. outfit. First set at eleven.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**MC COY TYNER,** whose thundering, rhythmically insistent piano style works like an incantation on many people, will be in this Village meetinghouse nightly, except Mondays, with his boon companions, bassist **AVERY SHARPE** and drummer **LOUIS HAYES.** Jan. 9 is reserved for the jazz-rock orchestra created by wizard arranger Gil Evans (who died last year) and now run by his son, trumpeter Miles Evans. Shows from ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room Jan. 6-7, **JOHNNY COPELAND** belts out his Texas-tinged blues along with his band the **BLUES MACHINE,** at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, pianist John Medeski and bassist Dan O'Brien collaborate nightly except Mondays. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS,** a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** plays the harp. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor, and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. Alto saxophonist **CHARLES MC PHERSON,** who worked with Mingus in the sixties, heads up a quartet Jan. 3-8. Bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** and his group descend the stairs on Jan. 10. Mondays are in the hands of the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Capellini finanziera, sepia-toned photos of old Firenze, and jazz. The last emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. Guitarist **TAL FARLOW** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** play nightly, except Sundays, which belong to the long-running duo of **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—The chorus's twelve-member pop-music ensemble, with Sharon McNight. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Jan. 7 at 7 and 10. For information about tickets, call 691-7590.)

Hassan Hakmoun, Attar Bachir, and Papa Susso—Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Jan. 7 at 8.

Robert Longo—Videotapes. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Jan. 7 at 8:30.)

P.S. 122—Jan. 5-8 at 9:30: John O'Keefe. . . . ¶ Jan. 6-8 at 9: Mark Taylor. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Johan Laurentz Jensen (1800-56)—Paintings of lilacs, lilies, chickweed, and double hollyhocks by a Danish artist who held the title Royal Flower Painter. Through Jan. 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932) / **Darryl Hughto**—Cubist paintings. Through Feb. 27. / Paintings from the past thirteen years, ranging in style from abstract to figurative. Through Jan. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—American paintings from Hudson River School artists, from early modernists, from contemporary artists—Asher B. Durand, Stephanie Adam, Marsden Hartley, and Joel Corcos Levy, among others. Through Jan. 5. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Karel Appel—Sculptures that incorporate Polaroid prints, wood, rope, mirrors, and paint, and represent the faces of the artist's dealer, friends, and critics. Through Feb. 4. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Armstrong—Serene, seasonal paintings—barns, inlets, rowboats—done near the artist's home, on the Maine coast. Through Jan. 5. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St.)

Christian Boltanski—New works in a variety of mediums. Through Jan. 7. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. A retrospective can be seen at The New Museum.)

William Glackens (1870-1938)—Drawings done as studies for paintings and as illustrations for such magazines as *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post.* Through Jan. 7. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Roni Horn / **Nicola de Maria**—"Asphere III," a twelve-inch copper sphere weighing in at three hundred pounds. / Recent paintings. Through Jan. 7. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

James McGarrell—New allegorical paintings. Through Jan. 28. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

Malcolm Morley—New paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Jan. 14. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Prints, and a few drawings. Through Jan. 21. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—Pastel drawings of amorphous figures in surreal landscapes, mostly; the works were done between 1961 and this year. Through Jan. 28. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Works in a variety of mediums spanning the years 1913 to 1921, and tracing the Dada artist's modernist roots. Through Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Larry Rivers—Recent relief paintings. Through Jan. 7. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Marianne Schnell—Semi-abstract paintings derived from leaf and plant configurations. Through Jan. 21. (Gallery 84, at 50 W. 57th St.)

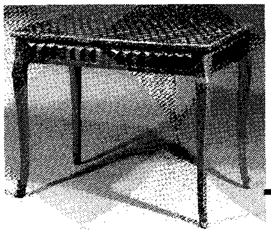
Harriet Shorr—New large-scale still-lifes. Through Jan. 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Bill Traylor (1854-1947)—Two shows of draw-

William Doyle ®
GALLERIES

JANUARY
AUCTIONS

Wednesday, January 11 at 10 a.m.
Belle Epoque



For further information, contact Gavin W. Young

A transitional Louis XV/XVI style kingwood parquetry writing table.

Thursday, January 12, at noon
The Contents
of Maxwell's Plum
64th Street and First Avenue, New York City
Exhibition and Sale on the premises
EXHIBITION
Sat., Jan. 7: 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun., Jan. 8: noon-5 p.m.
Mon., Jan. 9: 10 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues., Jan. 10: 10 a.m.-5 p.m.;
Wed., Jan. 11: 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

Antiques and Decorative Accessories
including Tiffany glass, leaded and stained glass, bronzes, mirrors, wood paneling, chandeliers, sconces, lighting fixtures, ceramic figural sculptures, John LaFarge stained glass panel, etc.

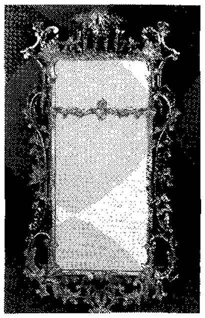
Custom-designed items from Mr. LeRoy's personal wardrobe.

Harley-Davidson motorcycle, formerly the property of Arnold Schwarzenegger

To be offered by private treaty: the world's largest Tiffany stained glass ceiling designed by Warner LeRoy.

For information call Brian Smith (212) 427-2730
Catalogues $10, available at the Gallery or at Maxwell's Plum. $12 by mail.

Wednesday, January 25 at 10 a.m.
Important
17th & 18th
Century
English &
Continental
Furniture &
Decorations



George II giltwood mirror, mid-19th century, with rosettes at top.

Old Master Paintings will be on view by appointment from January 3, 1989. For an appointment contact Elaine Banks at (212) 427-2051

All sales may be previewed Saturday–Tuesday prior to auction date.
175 East 87th Street • New York 10128
Telephone (212) 427-2730

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

ings. At Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 13), and at Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through Jan. 14; open Mondays).

David True—Stain paintings on paper, in which man and nature meet. Through Jan. 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **grand central art galleries,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings chronicling New York City's development between 1875 and 1945. The works, many of which focus on landmarks such as the Brooklyn Bridge and the Flatiron Building, are by Theresa Bernstein, Reginald Marsh, and others. Through Jan. 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . **lamagna,** 50 W. 57th St.: Stories about interracial marriage, puberty, and death are conveyed in the compositions of Faith Ringgold, Nicholas Africano, Bill Cass, and others. Through Jan. 7. . . . **holly solomon,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums (by Nancy Graves, William Wegman, Lucas Samaras, and others), which the gallery is presenting as examples of "American Baroque." Through Jan. 7.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jean-Michel Basquiat (1960-88)—A memorial exhibition of paintings. Through Jan. 14. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Lithographs. Through Jan. 31. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

Raoul Hague—New sculptures that began as tree trunks. Through Jan. 7. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Jacques Halbert—New paintings of fruit, by an artist whose father was a fruit vender in France. Through Jan. 13. (Penson, 149 Wooster St.)

Michael Hurson—Paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 21. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Jeanne Miles—Geometric paintings. Through Jan. 14. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Sam Samore—Works by an artist who hires a photographer to follow people around and catch them in the midst of lighting a cigarette, say, or having a conversation in a restaurant. Through Jan. 14. (American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St.)

Karl Wirsum—Cartoonlike paintings, sculptures, and wall reliefs by an artist who worked with Chicago's Hairy Who group. Through Jan. 7. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Group Material—"AIDS and Democracy" is the fourth and final installation in a series that has taken a roundhouse look at our country's political system. This segment—incorporating works by Louise Lawler, Robert Mapplethorpe, and Jannis Kounellis, among many others—considers sorrow, rage, and fear (and art, of course) as political tools. Group Material is a collaborative made up of Doug Ashford, Julie Ault, and Felix Gonzalez-Torres. Through Jan. 14. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **a.i.r.,** 63 Crosby St.: More than a hundred small sculptures, drawings, and paintings on the theme of "home" by gallery members and invited artists. Through Jan. 6. . . . **the drawing center,** 35 Wooster St.: Works by eight artists selected through the center's viewing program. Through Jan. 7. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ruggiero-henis,** 415 West Broadway: Works on paper by Milton Resnick, Catherine Lee, and Louise Bourgeois, among others. Through Jan. 28. . . . **stark,** 568 Broadway: Three artists who work with slate: Nancy Haynes, Winston Roeth, and Merrill Wagner. Through Jan. 21. (Opens at noon.) . . . **steinbaum,** 132 Greene St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and assemblages that nod in the direction of "Alice in Wonderland;" Bonnie Lucas, Janet Fish, Keith Haring, and May Stevens are on the roster. Through Jan. 7.

OTHER GALLERIES

Stephen Sprouse—Silk screens of Iggy Pop on cruciform-shaped canvases. Through Jan. 21. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

A New Gallery—The Illustration Gallery has opened at 330 E. 11th St. with a show definitively titled "Illustration Is Art." The drawings, which have appeared in such publications as *The Atlantic, Rolling Stone,* and the *Times,* as well as on dust jackets and in cookbooks and advertisements, are by Guy Billout, Vivienne Flesher, Steven Guarnaccia, and Henrik Drescher, among others. Through Jan. 15. (Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, 1 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 11.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11			

PHOTOGRAPHY

Patrick Bailly-Maître-Grand and Irving Pobboravsky—Works by two contemporary daguerreotypists. Through Feb. 2. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Irving Penn—Photographs of animal skulls. Through Jan. 14. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Marie Cosindas, Irving Penn, Ansel Adams, and Henri Cartier-Bresson, among others, are represented in an exhibit of more than two hundred prints. Through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **photofind,** 138 Spring St.: Vintage prints of "New York City in all its glory." About half the photographs were taken by Weegee; the remainder are the work of Berenice Abbott, Walker Evans, and others. Through Jan. 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

The Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Degas exhibit. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ The Georgia O'Keeffe exhibit. Through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ A show of Sienese Renaissance paintings and manuscript illuminations, including sets of narrative panel paintings which were split up years ago. Among the reunited works are six panels from the altarpiece commissioned from Sassetta by the wool merchants' guild. . . . ¶ All the Ingres works in the collections (ten paintings, twenty-two drawings, and seven prints) have been put on view. Through March 19. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute is exhibiting eighty-five outfits from the Victorian era, a period when some women made a career out of appearing in elaborate attire. The Queen herself made career moves in two of these dresses: at a Crystal Palace exhibit in 1851 and at her state entry into Paris in 1855. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of works by the German painter Anselm Kiefer. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A large show of works on paper by Richard Diebenkorn. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

dehrenberg

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—By combining works in the permanent collections with strategic loans, the museum has pulled together a show of paintings and sculptures which represents all the major art movements since the forties, from Abstract Expressionism to Neo-Expressionism. Some of the borrowed works are by Jenny Holzer and Susan Rothenberg; some of the acquired are by James Turrell, Peter Halley, Jannis Kounellis, and Donald Sultan. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of paintings by David Park, which reflects his figurative style of the fifties. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of nearly ninety paintings by Gustave Courbet. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—In what is likely to be a frustrating exhibit for some, the museum has put on view—and view only—a collection of confectionery wonders, such as a six-foot jelly-bean mosaic of the Statue of Liberty and a number of "whimsical chocolate sculptures." "The Confectioner's Art" also features antique and modern tools of the trade. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of furniture and decorative arts in the William and Mary style on loan from numerous collections, chiefly those of Windsor Castle; the Rijksmuseum, in Amsterdam; the Bibliothèque Nationale of France; and the Winterthur Museum. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Celebrated in art circles in nineteenth-century France, François-Marius Granet—painter, curator at Versailles and the Louvre, subject of a famous portrait by Ingres—is just now receiving his first one-man show in this country. It contains sixty landscape watercolors, plus an oil painting that is a version of his "Choir of the Capuchin Church, Rome," a work so popular that the artist made sixteen copies. The Ingres portrait and two portrait studies are also on view. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—When William and Mary ascended the British throne, a certain five-foot vellum scroll called "Declaration of Rights" was first unrolled. That scroll has wound up here—along with books, maps, microscopes, and silver—in a show detailing the cultural and political climate of their reign. Through Jan. 28. (Open Mondays, except Jan. 2, through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The golem—a figure in Jewish folklore comparable to Frankenstein's monster—has appealed to artists and writers since at least the sixteenth century and, as this survey makes clear, continues to fascinate today's painters, sculptors, and illustrators, among them Saul Steinberg, Charles Simonds, and Louise Fishman. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of drawings and watercolors that cover the whole range of subjects (landscapes, portraiture, genre scenes) favored by German Romanticism, which flourished between 1780 and 1850. Caspar David Freidrich, Philipp O. Runge, and Adolph Menzel are among the artists. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A survey of works by Christian Boltanski, a French artist whose sculptures are like time capsules from childhood. Some of the installations are mounted in darkened galleries, evoking the dimness of the past; one is lighted only by six small clamp-on lamps, which focus directly on photographic portraits of high-school students at the Lycée Chases in 1931. Through Feb. 12. A complementary show (ending Jan. 7) is at Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A historical survey of Hebrew books and manuscripts: Bibles, a seventeenth-century parchment scroll of the Book of Esther, the *Tripartite Mahzor*, and volumes on science, law, and literature. Through Jan. 14. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Collage paintings by Benny Andrews, dating from the fifties through the seventies. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Jan. 2 at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Barbara Bonney, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Rosenshein, and Håkan Hagegård; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 8: "Aida," with Aprile Millo, Stefania Toczyska, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Barbara Hendricks, Susanne Mentzer, Natale De Carolis, and Thomas Hampson; Mark Elder. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 8: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, and Sheila Nadler; Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Barbara Bonney, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Rosenshein, and Håkan Hagegård; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 1: "Aida," with Aprile Millo, Stefania Toczyska, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Barbara Hendricks, Susanne Mentzer, Natale De Carolis, and Thomas Hampson; Mark Elder. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 8: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Haddon, Hilda Harris, and Janis Martin; Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Barbara Hendricks, Susanne Mentzer, Natale De Carolis, and Thomas Hampson; Mark Elder. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Erie Mills, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Rosenshein, and Håkan Hagegård; Julius Rudel.

Amato Opera Company—Final performances of "Falstaff." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Jan. 7 at 7:30, and Jan. 8 at 2:30.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances, in English, of Smetana's "The Secret." Michael Spierman will conduct a full-sized orchestra and vocal soloists. (Lehman College Theatre, the Bronx. Jan. 7 at 8, and Jan. 8 at 2. For information about tickets, call 787-1356.)

New York Opera Repertory Theatre—Presenting the première of "Desire Under the Elms," an opera based on the O'Neill play, with music by Edward Thomas and a libretto by Joe Masteroff. Conducted by Leigh Gibbs Gore. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Jan. 11 at 8. Through Jan. 15.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting. Jan. 3 at 7:30: A program of music by Mozart, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Ellen Taaffe Zwilich. With Glenn Dicterow, violin. . . . ¶ Jan. 5-7 at 8: Music by Handel, Marc Honegger, and Mendelssohn, with Sherry Sylar, oboe.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Michael Morgan conducting, with Cecile Licad, piano, in a program that includes the première of Nils Vigeland's "My Father's Song." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Jan. 6-7 at 8, and Jan. 8 at 2.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Klaus Tennstedt conducting the 1890 version of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 10 at 8.)

RECITALS

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano, in a Brahms-Bartók-Schumann program. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 4 at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 6 at 8, and Jan. 8 at 5: Presenting the Emerson String Quartet in works by Debussy and Schubert. Ken Noda will accompany the quartet in the première of Richard Danielpour's Quintet for Piano and Strings. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 2: The same musicians in a Puccini-Debussy-Schumann program.

For the Love of Music—With David Jolley, horn; Ida Kavafian, violin; Richard Sortomme, violin; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 8 at 3.)

Chelsea Chamber Ensemble—Playing, among other works, the American première of "In Memory of a Friend," a wind quintet by the Latvian composer Peteris Vasks. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Jan. 8 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Jan. 9 at 8.)

Music by Max Lifchitz—Three new works and four others by this Mexican-born composer, performed by North/South Consonance, the Mannes Percussion Ensemble, and the Manhattan Vocal Ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 9 at 8.)

Håkan Hagegård—Bass-baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 9 at 8.)

S.E.M. Ensemble—Performing works by Ushio Torikai and John King. The composers will play in their own compositions. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Jan. 10 at 8. For information about tickets, call 674-0766.)

Dmitry Rachmanov—Piano, in a recital of Russian music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 10 at 8.)

Rony Rogoff—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 10 at 8.)

Ivo Pogorelich—Piano, in a Brahms-Liszt-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 11 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Cynthia Raim, piano, in a Mozart-Janáček-Franck program. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 11 at 8.)

Lev Natochenny—Piano, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Toby Hoffman, viola; Timothy Eddy, cello; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 11 at 8.)

Benefit Concert—With Judith Blegen and Barbara Bonney, sopranos; Håkan Hagegård, bass-baritone; Samuel Ramey, bass; Paul Neubauer, viola; Mstislav Rostropovich, cello; William Wolfram, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 9 at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Knicks vs. Boston Celtics, Jan. 3 at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles Clippers, Jan. 8 at 7:30. . . . Byrne Meadowlands Arena: Nets vs. Knicks, Jan. 4 at 7:30.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden: Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Jan. 2 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Jan. 4 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Devils, Jan. 9 at 7:30. . . . Nassau Coliseum: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Jan. 3 at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Jan. 7 at 5:05. . . . Byrne Meadowlands Arena: Devils vs. Detroit Red Wings, Jan. 7 at 7:45.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8. . . . Meadowlands: Nightly at 7:30; starting Jan. 6.

" One day he left for the Pierre Marques and he never came back."

PIERRE MARQUES
A PRINCESS HOTEL®
MEXICO

Contact your travel agent or call 800-223-1818.

I'm intrigued. Tell me more about the Pierre Marques.

Name

Address

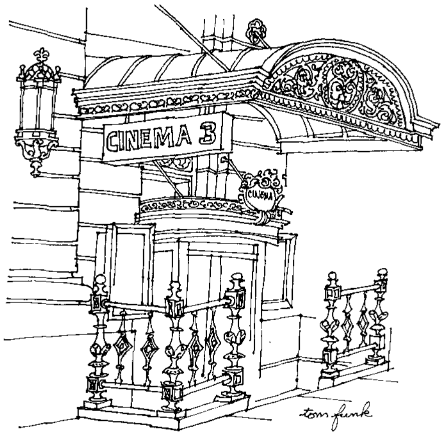
City/State/zip

Princess Hotels International, Inc.
805 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Represented by Princess Hotels International, Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 12.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Jan. 5: "Life Is a Dream" (1986; directed by Raul Ruiz; in French).
Jan. 6: A program of short films on the subject of sex.
Jan. 7 at 4:30: "The Singing Detective" (Jon Amiel), with Michael Gambon. The seven-hour British television series, shown complete at one sitting, with an intermission.
From Jan. 8: A program of short films on the subject of sex.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Naked Gun" (†).
Theatre 3: "Torch Song Trilogy" (Paul Bogart), with Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Beaches" (Garry Marshall), with Bette Midler and Barbara Hershey.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "Scrooged" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rain Man" (Barry Levinson), with Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Working Girl" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Scrooged" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Tequila Sunrise" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Big" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Madame Sousatzka" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Boost" (Harold Becker), with James Woods and Sean Young.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: "Working Girl" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Beaches" (Garry Marshall), with Bette Midler and Barbara Hershey.
Theatre 2: "The Accidental Tourist" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Geena Davis.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 5: "We Think the World of You" (Colin Gregg), with Alan Bates and Gary Oldman. From Jan. 6: "The Accidental Tourist."

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Naked Gun" (†).
Theatre 2: "Torch Song Trilogy" (Paul Bogart), with Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Talk Radio" (Oliver Stone), with Eric Bogosian.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "Rain Man" (Barry Levinson), with Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Mississippi Burning" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "The Naked Gun" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scrooged" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Tequila Sunrise" (†).
Theatre 2: "Working Girl" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 10: "A Hungarian Fairy Tale" (1987; directed by Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian). From Jan. 11: A two-week program of six new films from Russia, Europe, and Taiwan. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre for titles and time schedules.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560).
Theatre 1: "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 5: "A Forgotten Tune for the Flute" (1987; Eldar Ryazanov; in Russian). From Jan. 6: To be announced.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Working Girl" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Tequila Sunrise" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and evenings only) "A Cry in the Dark" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Law of Desire" (†) and "What Have I Done to Deserve This!" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).
Theatre 4: "Matador" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Working Girl" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hellbound: Hellraiser II" (Tony Randel).
Theatre 3: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Jan. 5: "Burning Secret" (Andrew Birkin), with Faye Dunaway, Klaus Maria Brandauer, and David Eberts.
From Jan. 6: "The Accidental Tourist" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Geena Davis.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Torch Song Trilogy" (Paul Bogart), with Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"A Forgotten Tune for the Flute" (1987; Eldar Ryazanov; in Russian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Jan. 5: "Another Woman" (†).
From Jan. 6: "The Dressmaker" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Last Temptation of Christ" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Rain Man" (Barry Levinson), with Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†).
Theatre 2: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair, in Hindi).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 5: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†). From Jan. 6: "36 Fillette" (Catherine Breillat; in French).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
Theatre 2: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Working Girl" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Tequila Sunrise" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.
Theatre 3: "Mississippi Burning" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Naked Gun" (†).
Theatre 5: "Scrooged" (†).
Theatre 6: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hellbound: Hellraiser II" (Tony Randel).
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: "Twins."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 5: (Matinées only) "The Land Before Time" (directed by Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "A Cry in the Dark" (†). From Jan. 6: "The Boost" (Harold Becker), with James Woods and Sean Young.
Theatre 2: "Tequila Sunrise" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 5: "Big" (†). From Jan. 6: "Purgatory."
Theatre 4: "Working Girl" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Jan. 5: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster. From Jan. 6: "Dead Ringers" (†).
Theatre 6: "Night of the Demons" (Kevin S. Tenney).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"The Naked Gun" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "The Naked Gun" (†).

Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.

Theatre 4: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Scrooged" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Hellbound: Hellraiser II" (Tony Randel).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

Theatre 2: "Twins."

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Jan. 2: "The Gang's All Here" (1943; directed by Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, James Ellison, Charlotte Greenwood, and Carmen Miranda; and "Shall We Dance" (1937; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore.

Jan. 3: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

Jan. 4-5: "Babes on Broadway" (1941; Busby Berkeley), with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Richard Quine, and Ray McDonald; and "The Kid from Brooklyn" (1946; Norman Z. McLeod), with Danny Kaye and Virginia Mayo.

Jan. 6-7: "Funny Girl" (†); and "Let's Make Love" (1960; George Cukor), with Marilyn Monroe and Yves Montand.

Jan. 8-9: "My Gal Sal" (†); and "Broadway Melody of 1936" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, Buddy Ebsen, and Jack Benny.

Jan. 10-11: "Sweethearts" (†); and "You Can't Have Everything" (1937; Norman Taurog), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Cesar Romero, and the Ritz Brothers.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 3: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Mouse That Roared" (1959; Jack Arnold), with Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg, and David Kossoff.

Jan. 4-5: "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish); and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.

Jan. 6-7: "Midnight Cowboy" (†) and "Mean Streets" (†).

Jan. 8: "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman; and "Foreign Correspondent" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders.

Jan. 9-10: "Diabolique" (†); and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

From Jan. 11: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, Mildred Dunnock, and Lonny Chapman.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Jan. 2: "State Fair" (1933; Henry King), with Will Rogers and Janet Gaynor; "Mr. Skitch" (1933; James Cruze), with Will Rogers; and "One More Spring" (1935; Henry King), with Janet Gaynor.

Jan. 3: "The Half-Naked Truth" (1933; Gregory La Cava), with Lupe Velez, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan; and "Hips, Hips Hooray" (1934; Mark Sandrich), with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey.

Jan. 4: "A Man's Castle" (1933; Frank Borzage), with Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young; and "American Madness" (1932; Frank Capra), with Walter Huston.

Jan. 5: "Hard to Handle" (1933; Mervyn LeRoy), with James Cagney and Mary Brian; "The Mind Reader" (1933; Roy Del Ruth), with Warren William; and "Grand Slam" (1933; William Dieterle), with Loretta Young and Paul Lukas.

Jan. 6: "Manhattan Melodrama" (†); and "The Wet Parade" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Walter Huston, Myrna Loy, and Lewis Stone.

Jan. 7: "The Whole Town's Talking" (†); and "Broadway Bill" (1933; Frank Capra), with Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter.

Jan. 8: "Dancing Lady" (1933; Robert Z. Leonard), with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable; and "Dames" (1934; Ray Enright), with Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Hugh Herbert, Guy Kibbee, Joan Blondell, and ZaSu Pitts.

Jan. 9: "Counsellor-at-Law" (†); "Love Is a Racket" (1932; William Wellman), with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Frances Dee, and Ann Dvorak; and "Night World" (1932; Hobart Hensley), with Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke.

Jan. 10: "Wake Up and Live" (1937; Sidney Lanfield), with Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Alice Faye, and Patsy Kelly; and "Thanks a Million" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Dick Powell, Fred Astaire, and Ann Dvorak.

Jan. 11: "The Man Who Dared" (1933; Hamilton MacFadden), with Preston Foster; and "Six Hours to Live" (1933; William Dieterle), with Warner Baxter.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Jan. 2: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Meet Me After the Show" (1951; Richard Sale), with Betty Grable, Macdonald Carey, and Rory Calhoun.

Jan. 3: "Thunder Road" (1958; Arthur Ripley), with Robert Mitchum and Gene Barry; and "El Dorado" (1967; Howard Hawks), with John Wayne, Robert Mitchum, and James Caan.

Jan. 4: "Mad Love" (1935; Karl Freund), with Peter Lorre, Frances Drake, and Colin Clive; and "The Beast with Five Fingers" (1946; Robert Florey), with Peter Lorre, Robert Alda, and J. Carrol Naish.

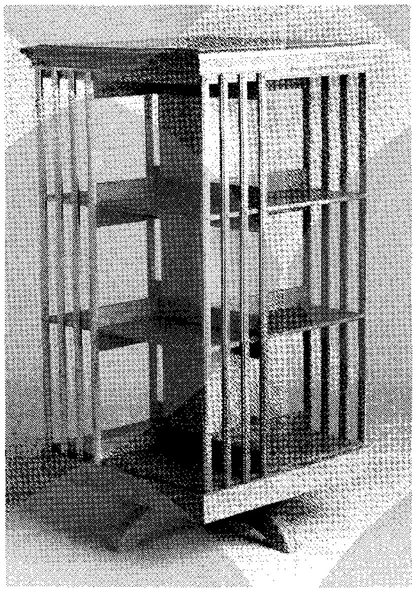
Jan. 5: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.

Jan. 6-7: "RoboCop" (1987; Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller, Nancy Allen, and Kurtwood Smith; and "The Terminator" (1984; James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger, Michael Biehn, and Linda Hamilton.

Jan. 8: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; and "Muriel" (1963; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

Jan. 9: "Sally, Irene, and Mary" (1938; Wil-

One hundred years ago, the revolving bookcase was one of the first forms of furniture in this country to become truly national in style. Still an American favorite, this free-standing movable rack holding up to 200 volumes is being made today and continues to function best when adjacent to desk, work table or reference area or wherever space is limited.



THE REVOLVING BOOKCASE

Cherry, Walnut, or Oak

4 shelf (57x24x24)	$1075
3 shelf (45½x24x24)	$975
2 shelf (34x24x24)	$875

Master Card and VISA welcome.
To order call 207-793-4522.

STUART
•
TOWNSEND
•
CARR

P. O. Box 373 Limington, Maine 04049

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

liam A. Seiter), with Alice Faye, Fred Allen, and Tony Martin; and "Thin Ice" (1937; Sidney Lanfield), with Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power.

Jan. 10: "The Untouchables" (1987; Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner, Robert De Niro, Sean Connery, Andy Garcia, and Charles Martin Smith; and "House of Games" (1987; David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

Jan. 11: "The Face Behind the Mask" (1941; Robert Florey), with Peter Lorre, Evelyn Keyes, and Don Beddoe; "Crime and Punishment" (1935; Josef von Sternberg), with Edward Arnold and Peter Lorre; and "M" (1932 †).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 2: "Forbidden Games" (1952; René Clément; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly; and "Gervaise" (1956; René Clément; in French), with Maria Schell, François Périer, and Suzy Delair.

Jan. 3: "Intruder in the Dust" (1949; Clarence Brown), with Claude Jarman, Jr., and Juano Hernández; and "No Way Out" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell, and Sidney Poitier.

Jan. 4: "White Heat" (1949; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly; and "Shake Hands with the Devil" (1959; Michael Anderson), with James Cagney, Don Murray, Dana Wynter, and Glynis Johns.

Jan. 5: "League of Frightened Men" (1937; Alfred E. Green), with Walter Connolly, Lionel Stander, and Eduardo Ciannelli; and "Meet Nero Wolfe" (†).

Jan. 6-7: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

Jan. 8: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "Face of Another" (1966; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai and Eiji Okada.

Jan. 9: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "The Innocent" (1976; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill.

Jan. 10: "The Browning Version" (†); and "The Winslow Boy" (1950; Anthony Asquith), with Robert Donat, Cedric Hardwicke, Francis L. Sullivan, and Margaret Leighton.

Jan. 11: "Anna Christie" (†) and "Anna Karenina" (1935 †).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE I: Jan. 2 at 2:30: "Race" (1941; directed by José Luis Sáenz de Heredia; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Ana Mariscal. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 6: "The Last Stand in the Philippines" (1945; Antonio Román; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Armando Calvo. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2:30: "Main Street" (1956; Juan Antonio Bardem; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Betsy Blair. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 6: "Eloisa Is Underneath an Almond Tree" (1943; Rafael Gil; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Amparo Rivelles. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2:30: "The Last Song" (1957; Juan de Orduña; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Sara Montiel. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 6: "The Tower of the Seven Hunchbacks" (1944; Edgar Neville; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Isabel de Pomes. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 2:30: "The Little Apartment" (1958; Marco Ferreri; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Mary Carrillo. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 6: "Main Street." . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 2: "The Executioner" (1963; Luis G. Berlanga; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Nino Manfredi. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 5: "The Little Apartment." . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 2: "The Good Love" (1963; Francisco Regueiro; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Simon Andreu. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 5 and Jan. 9 at 2:30: "The Hooligans" (1959; Carlos Saura; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Manuel Zarzo. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 6: "The Executioner." . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 2:30: "The Good Love." . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 6: "With the East Wind" (1965; Mario Camus; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Antonio Gades.

THEATRE 2: Jan. 9 at 6:30: A program of short films by Fred Worden, who will be present.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)

RIKLIS THEATRE: A program of films with Biblical themes. Jan. 4 at 2: "Sodom and Gomorrah" (1963; Robert Aldrich), with Stewart Granger, Stanley Baker, Pier Angeli, and Anouk Aimée. . . . Jan. 5 at 2:30: "Demetrius and the Gladiators" (1954; Delmer Daves), with Victor Mature and Susan Hayward. . . . Jan. 6 at 2:30: "Jesus Christ, Superstar" (1973; Norman Jewison). . . . ¶ A program of films by Cecil B. De Mille. Jan. 6 at 7:30: "The Squaw Man" (1914) and "The Call of the North" (1914). . . . Jan. 7 at 1: "The Virginian" (1914) and "What's His Name" (1914). . . . Jan. 7 at 4: "The Man from Home" (1914) and "The Rose of the Rancho" (1914). . . . Jan. 7 at 7:30: "The Girl of the Golden West" (1915) and "The Warrens of Virginia" (1915). . . . Jan. 8 at 1: "The Unafraid" (1915) and "The Captive" (1915). . . . Jan. 8 at 4: "Kindling" (1915) and "Maria Rosa" (1915). . . . Jan. 11 at 2:30: "The Girl of the Golden West" and "The Warrens of Virginia."

WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM (Wednesdays through Sundays, continuous showings): Two of six programs of video art, television commercials, and short films, all dealing with feminist issues.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the **JONAS MEKAS THEATRE** or the **MAYA DEREN THEATRE:** Jan. 3 at 6: "Safety Last" (1923; Harold Lloyd; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 7:30: A program of films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 9:15: "Los Olvidados" (1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6: A second program of films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 8 and 10: "Four Nights of a Dreamer" (1971; Robert Bresson; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 6 and 10: "Lancelot of the Lake" (1974; Robert Bresson; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 8: "The Text of Light" (1974; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 6: "A Movie" (1958; Bruce Conner), "Cosmic Ray" (1961; Bruce Conner), "Report" (1965; Bruce Conner and Tony Conrad), and "The Flicker" (Bruce Conner). . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 8: "The Marriage Circle" (1924; Ernst Lubitsch; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 10: "L'Argent" (1983; Robert Bresson; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 6: "Forbidden Paradise" (1924; Ernst Lubitsch; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 8: "Symphonie Diagonale" (1924; Viking Eggeling; a silent film), "Anemic Cinema" (1926; Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray; a silent film), and "Le Sang d'un Poète" (1930; Jean Cocteau). . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 9:30: "Pather Panchali" (1955; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 8: "Sherlock Jr." (1924; Buster Keaton; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 10: "La Belle et la Bête" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 6: "Orphée" (1950; Jean Cocteau; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 8 and 10: "Wild 90" (1968; Norman Mailer). . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 6: "Le Testament d'Orphée" (1960; Jean Cocteau; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 8 and 10: "Beyond the Law" (1968; Norman Mailer).

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Jan. 2 at 8: "La Chienne" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Simon. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 8: "Cemil" (1985; Johannes Schafer; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 8: A program of animated films. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 8: "Variety" (1984; Bette Gordon). . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 8: "Artful History: A Restoration Comedy" (1987; Jason Simon and Mark Dion) and "Production Notes: Fast Food for Thought" (1987; Jason Simon). . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 8: "Nathalie Granger" (1972; Marguerite Duras; in French, with English subtitles), with Jeanne Moreau, Gérard Depardieu, and Lucia Bosé. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 8: A program of films by Cornelia Schleime, who will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 8: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Simone Simon, and Fernand Ledoux. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 8: "Cemil." . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 8: A program of animated films.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Jan. 6 at 6:30: "L'Amour" (1933; Heinosuke Gosho; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Yoshiko Okada. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 8:30: "Yae, Our Neighbor" (1934; Yasujiro Shimazu; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Yoshiko Okada.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 11.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 11.)

Another Woman—Woody Allen's (unofficial) version of Ingmar Bergman's "Wild Strawberries" features Gena Rowlands as a firm-minded, judgmental philosophy professor who has just turned fifty. Having taken a year off to write a book, she has rented a workplace, but "reality" leaks through: the voices of an analyst's patients come through an air vent, and she becomes obsessed with the voice of a distraught pregnant woman (Mia Farrow), whose confused feelings awaken her to the risk-taking she has put out of her own fearful, prudent life. She realizes she has missed out on passion, on motherhood, on everything that matters. The picture is meant to be about emotion, but it has no emotion. It's smooth and high-toned; it's polished in its nothingness. The only resonance comes from a few of the performers—especially from Gene Hackman, who comes through with some sexual magnetism, and Sandy Dennis, who lets loose with bursts of smudgy, chaotic anger. The huge cast includes Martha Plimpton, Blythe Danner, Bruce Jay Friedman, Ian Holm, Harris Yulin, Philip Bosco, Kenneth Welsh, Betty Buckley, and John Houseman. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/31/88.) (Paris; through Jan. 5.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Big—A formula fantasy film that has been directed very gently and tactfully by Penny Marshall; she sleepwalks you through the script (by Gary Ross and Anne Spielberg) about a twelve-year-old boy who wishes he were big and is magically given the body of a man in his thirties—Tom Hanks. There are neat, flaky moments, but everything has a tepid inevitability, and even as you smile you may be groaning inwardly, because "Big" is dedicated to awakening the child in all of us. Of course, the Hanks character isn't ready to function as an adult; he wants to go back. The movie wants to go back, too. It's nostalgic for childhood, for suburbia, for innocent fun. (It isn't about kids wanting to be big; it's about grownups feeling little.) In its wholesome way, "Big" is selling the slick wonders of immaturity. With the slyly sexy Elizabeth Perkins, and good comic work by Robert Loggia and Jared Rushton. (6/27/88) (Gotham Cinema. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Jan. 5.)

The Browning Version (1951)—The cuckolded schoolmaster of Terence Rattigan's play requires a virtuoso actor, and in this British film version, directed by Anthony Asquith, it got one. If the sustained anguish of the role does not allow Michael Redgrave a great deal of room to move around in, it does give him a chance to show what he can do in tight quarters, and that, it turns out, is considerable. He is superb. With Jean Kent as his wife, Nigel Patrick as her lover. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 10.)

Counsellor-at-Law (1933)—John Barrymore seems an unlikely choice for the ghetto-born lawyer of Elmer Rice's play, but this is one of the few screen roles that reveal his measure as an actor. His "presence" is apparent in every scene; so are his restraint, his humor, and his zest. The director, William Wyler, sticks close to the play and tells the story in a simple, unadorned way, which has the advantage for us now of preserving the theatrical style of the time. With Bebe Daniels, Melvyn Douglas, Doris Kenyon, Mayo Methot, Thelma Todd, Onslow Stevens, Isabel Jewell, John Qualen, Vincent Sherman, and Richard Quine. The adaptation is by Rice; cinematography by Norbert Brodine. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 9.)

A Cry in the Dark—The director, Fred Schepisi, attempts an epic dissection of how superstitions can spread, and how false the public perception (based on the media) can be. He uses the case of Lindy Chamberlain (Meryl Streep), the wife of a Seventh Day Adventist minister, who was tried for murder and convicted, to ask why Australians cynically rejected her account of seeing a dingo (the Australian wild dog) slink off from the tent her nine-week-old daughter was in. Perhaps the thing that made her the most hated woman in Australia was that TV had accustomed people to grieving mothers who showed their frailty and their naked pathos, and here was Lindy on TV—stoic, matter-of-fact, and bluntly impatient at the endless dumb questions. (From time to time, Streep suggests the strong emotions that Lindy hides in public, and we feel a bond with her—we feel joined to her privacy.) The movie is never less than gripping, but Schepisi, who worked on the script with Robert Caswell (it's based on John Bryson's study of the case, "Evil Angels"), put together more elements than he could develop. Remarkable as Streep is (she does some of her finest screen acting), she seems to be playing a person in a documentary. This is also true of the accomplished Sam Neill, though he seems faultlessly right as Lindy's husband. You come out moved—even shaken—yet not quite certain what you've been watching. (11/28/88) (Art Greenwich Twin. Evenings only. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Jan. 5, evenings only.)

Dangerous Liaisons—With Glenn Close, John Malkovich, and Michelle Pfeiffer; directed by Stephen Frears. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 68th St. Playhouse, Festival, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Dead Ringers—David Cronenberg's psychological thriller tells a lurid story with chilling, clinical austerity. It's about identical twins, Beverly and Elliot Mantle (both played by Jeremy Irons), who have shared everything about their lives since childhood: they live together, practice gynecology together, and sleep with the same women. They look at the world and see only each other; they're dying of self-reflection. When the more sensitive of the twins, Bev, tries to break the pattern, to establish some real emotional link to the world outside, the attempt is doomed. He falls in love with an actress named Claire Niveau (Geneviève Bujold), but he can't handle the pressures and uncertainties of an adult relationship. He retreats into drug addiction and madness, and carries his brother with him. Irons' performance is daring: he turns himself into a nightmarish cartoon of decadence. As usual, Cronenberg's work gleams with intelligence, and goes as far as it can go. But this movie about narcissism keeps turning further and further inward, and it makes us do the same. It affects us like a particularly upsetting visit to the doctor. The script, by the director and Norman Snider, is loosely based on the novel "Twins," by Bari Wood and Jack Geasland. Cinematography by Peter Suschitzky; the excellent score is by Howard Shore.—T.R. (10/3/88) (Criterion Center; starting Jan. 6.)

Diabolique (1955)—The setting is a French provincial school for boys; the headmaster's wife (Vera Clouzot) and mistress (Simone Signoret) conspire to murder him. It sounds simple, but the characters seem fearfully knowing, and there are undertones of strange, tainted pleasures and punishments. According to the director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, "I sought only to amuse myself and the little child who sleeps in all our hearts—the child who hides her head under the bedcovers and begs, 'Daddy, Daddy, frighten me.' " Clouzot does it, all right; his Grand Guignol techniques are so calculatedly grisly that they seem silly, yet they succeed in making one feel queasy and sordid and scared. With Paul Meurisse as the malignant headmaster, and Charles Vanel, Noel Roquevert, and Michel Serrault. From a novel by Boileau and Narcejac. In French. (Cinema Village; Jan. 9-10.)

The Dressmaker—The whole cast rises to the occasion—a chance to appear in John McGrath's fine adaptation of the 1973 Beryl Bainbridge novel (published here in 1974 as "The Secret Glass"). Joan Plowright as Nellie, the prudish unmarried dressmaker and Billie Whitelaw as Margo, the widow with a roving eye who works in a munitions factory, are sisters. The setting is Liverpool in 1944, and the plot centers on what happens when sallow, skinny Rita (Jane Horrocks), the seventeen-year-old niece they have raised, falls in love with Wesley (Tim Ransom), a Yank from Mississippi. She's frightened of his hands on her and keeps slapping him away. There's a tinge of comedy in the situation, but there's also a tinge of queasy horror. This good, inexpensive British movie is about morbid respectability, and the director, Jim O'Brien, makes it possible for the actors to create a maze of claustrophobic subtexts. It's doubtful if either Plowright or Whitelaw has ever before been this scarily effective onscreen; Whitelaw's sky-blue eyes stab you—she seems to have become the nakedest of performers. With Peter Postlethwaite, Pippa Hinchley, and Rosemary Martin. (12/12/88) (Paris; starting Jan. 6.)

Funny Girl (1968)—A bravura performance by Barbra Streisand. As Fanny Brice, she has the wittiest comic inflections since the comediennes of the thirties; she makes written dialogue sound like inspired improvisation. As the shady gambler Nicky Arnstein, phlegmatic Omar Sharif appears to be some sort of visiting royalty, with a pained professional smile to put the common people at their ease. But Streisand's triumphant talent rides right over the film's weaknesses. William Wyler directed, with musical sequences staged by Herbert Ross. Screenplay by Isobel Lennart, from her play; songs by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill. (Biograph Cinema; Jan. 6-7.)

The Last Temptation of Christ—Martin Scorsese's film is based on an intense, rather pon-

LOSE WEIGHT ON HILTON HEAD ISLAND

It's not often that you can enjoy a premier vacation resort while, *at the same time,* lose weight, improve metabolism, reduce cholesterol and develop a healthier lifestyle. But that's exactly what the Hilton Head Health Institute enables you to do.

Since 1976 thousands of men and women have achieved long-term positive changes with our 12 and 26-day Health and Weight Control Programs. Rather than providing a short-term diet and exercise regimen the Institute offers a comprehensive mind/body approach as outlined in our bestselling books which include *The Hilton Head Metabolism Diet* and *If I'm So Smart Why Do I Eat Like This?*

For a healthy vacation that will change your life for years to come call toll-free: 1-800-292-2440 or mail the coupon below.

Hilton Head Health Institute®
Valencia Road, Shipyard Plantation
P.O. Box 7138 NY
Hilton Head Island, SC 29938

Name ____________
Address ____________
____
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ____________
Phone (______) ____________

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11			

derous novel by Nikos Kazantzakis that portrays Christ as a tormented prophet who has to choose between his human nature and his divine nature—who in order to fulfill his role as redeemer must reject the overpowering temptation to be merely a man. If we respond to anything in this movie it's to the idea of Scorsese wrestling with Kazantzakis's conception, thrashing manfully among the tangles of the novel's dense prose, trying to isolate some clear, intelligible meaning from this religious fever-dream. Scorsese hasn't managed to come up with a consistent visual style for the story, and the movie's intensity, over a span of two hours and forty minutes, is sputtering, fitful. The scenes meant to evoke the natural—the human—side of the story don't have much charge, and most of the actors look uncomfortable. (The drab modern idiom of Paul Schrader's dialogue is at least part of the problem.) This movie isn't a sacrilege; it's just an honorable mistake. With Willem Dafoe as Jesus, Harvey Keitel as Judas, Barbara Hershey as Mary Magdalene, and David Bowie as Pontius Pilate. Peter Gabriel composed the music.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Cinema 3.)

Law of Desire (1987)—One of the rare movies that's sensually exciting and, at the same time, funny. This flamboyantly glamorous homosexual fantasy by Madrid's gagster-artist Pedro Almodóvar is satirical, romantic, metaphorical; it has wonderful jokes and the exaggerated plot of an absurdist Hollywood melodrama. It doesn't disguise its narcissism; it turns it into bright-colored tragicomedy. Carmen Maura, a powerful actress in the manner of the early Anna Magnani, with the trippiness and self-mockery of Bette Midler, plays Tina, a transsexual who has a hot, roiling temperament. Tina's celebrity brother Pablo (Eusebio Poncela) directs classy homoerotic films. One night, Pablo takes home Antonio (Antonio Banderas), a government minister's son, who has been stalking him; by morning, Antonio loves him, is determined to possess him completely, and refuses to get out of his life. With Miguel Molina, Manuela Velasco, and the male transvestite Bibi Andersen as Tina's lesbian ex-lover. In Spanish. (4/20/87) (Quad Cinema.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. Our identification with him as a psychopath is so complete it's hard to believe that while appearing before Fritz Lang's cameras in the daytime he was, at night, acting as a comedian in a farce. With Gustaf Gründgens and Otto Wernicke; cinematography by Fritz Arno Wagner; script by Thea von Harbou and others. In German. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 11.)

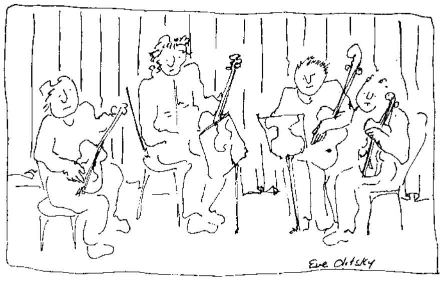
Madame Sousatzka—As a flamboyant, grande-dame piano teacher of Russian lineage, Shirley MacLaine seems to have entered the Simone Signoret sweepstakes, but she doesn't project Signoret's generosity—she doesn't spill over emotionally. This is, arguably, MacLaine's worst performance. She has flurries of physical mannerisms, but she's tight and held in; she's a wacky witch with frizzy red hair; she could be Norma Desmond's small-town spinster sister. Sousatzka lives in London (in an Edwardian house that is to be demolished) and devotes her energies and her hopes to the most prodigious of her students, a fifteen-year-old Indian boy raised in England—a role played with intelligence and poise by Navin Chowdhry. The blindingly derivative movie is about the boy's breaking free of her, though he knows he'll remain in her debt forever. Directed by John Schlesinger, this is a handsomely mounted production, and the musical community may regard it as a treasure—as the "Red Shoes" of the keyboard. With Peggy Ashcroft, Shabana Azmi, Geoffrey Bayldon, Leigh Lawson, and an appealingly understated performance by Twiggy. The script, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and Schlesinger, is based on the 1962 novel by Bernice Rubens. (10/31/88) (Plaza.)

Manhattan Melodrama (1934)—The film made famous when Public Enemy No. 1, John Dillinger, went to see Clark Gable in it (as Blackie, a gangster who strode to the electric chair with a smile on his face) and was shot down as he emerged. It's a de-luxe melodrama. Gable and William Powell play boyhood friends from the slums who grow up on what Hollywood writers used to call "opposite sides of the law." In the climax, Powell, the district attorney, must prosecute his old friend, who gallantly dies rather than allow Powell to jeopardize his career. Despite the heavy moralizing tone, the picture holds one's interest; Powell manages to get his conflicting emotions across, and he has an unusual rapport with Myrna Loy, the woman both men love. (Powell and Loy were then teamed to make "The Thin Man" later that year.) Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast includes Leo Carrillo, Isabel Jewell, the one-man goon squad Nat Pendleton, Leonid Kinskey playing a Trotskyite, and Mickey Rooney playing Clark Gable as a twelve-year-old. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 6.)

Matador—Hugely entertaining. Everything is eroticized in this lush, clownish comedy by Pedro Almodóvar. The characters act out their wildest fantasies—or, like the handsome, wealthy young virgin Ángel (Antonio Banderas), try to act them out—and embarrass themselves. Ángel is training to be a bullfighter, but he faints at the sight of blood. He's such a supreme fantasist that he hallucinates and sees what happened in a recent series of murders—unluckily, he's fantasist enough to think that he committed them. It's all sumptuously sick and funny. Assumpta Serna plays a culmination of the scarlet-woman tradition of Joan Crawford, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, and Anouk Aimée—all those flaming man-killers with their too vibrant smiles. And Almodóvar himself appears as a mad-genius couturier who messes up his curly hair before he appears in public. Also with Nacho Martínez, Eusebio Poncela, Carmen Maura, Eva Cobo, Julieta Serrano, and Chus Lampreave. Written by the director and Jesús Ferrero; cinematography by Ángel Luis Fernández. In Spanish. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. This picture about the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has an unsettling, episodic rhythm and it's dizzyingly sensual. The director, Martin Scorsese, shows us a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel, Robert De Niro, Richard Romanus, Amy Robinson, and, in bits, David Carradine, Robert Carradine, and the director—he's the gunman in the car. Script by Scorsese and Mardik Martin. (Most of the film was actually shot in Los Angeles.) (Cinema Village; Jan. 6-7.)

Meet Nero Wolfe (1936)—Edward Arnold enjoying himself as the illustrious Nero Wolfe, Rex Stout's omniscient, bullying detective, who can trace a killer and his method without leaving the house where he keeps his fine orchids and his special brew of beer. This is one of those thrillers that depend too much upon a lot of things that happened years before to a lot of people whom you can't sort out. Herbert Biberman directed. With Rita Hayworth, Lionel Stander, and Victor Jory. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 5.)



Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as Joe Buck, a dishwasher from a small town in Texas, who hopes to make a living in New York by servicing rich women, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo, the crippled petty thief and con man he meets. The director, John Schlesinger, uses fast cutting and tricky camerawork to provide a satirical background as enrichment of the story, but the satire is offensively inaccurate. If he could extend the same sympathy to the other Americans that he extends to Joe Buck and Ratso, the picture might make better sense. His spray of venom is just about overpowering, yet the two actors and the simple "Of Mice and Men" kind of relationship at the heart of the story save the picture. Hoffman's raspy voice and jumpy walk and Jon Voight's pallor and blue eyes and hurt, bewildered stare provide a core of feeling. With Brenda Vaccaro, Sylvia Miles, John McGiver, Barnard Hughes, Viva, Taylor Mead, Paul Morrissey, Ultra Violet, Paul Jabara, and International Velvet. From James Leo Herlihy's novel, adapted by Waldo Salt; cinematography by Adam Holender. (Cinema Village; Jan. 6-7.)

Mississippi Burning—Set in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, it opens with a fictionalized re-creation of the murder of the three civil-rights workers—James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner—but it isn't really about the civil-rights movement. The director, Alan Parker, treats Southerners the way he treated the Turks ten years ago in "Midnight Express." And he twists facts here as he did there, with the same apparent objective: to come up with garish forms of violence. Two F.B.I. men (Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe) arrive to find out what happened to the three activists, and a huge manhunt is initiated. The movie hinges on the ploy that the F.B.I. men can't stop the K.K.K. from its terrorism against blacks until they swing over to vigilante tactics. And we're put in the position of applauding the F.B.I.'s dirtiest forms of intimidation. This cheap gimmick undercuts the whole civil-rights subject; it validates the terrorist methods of the Klan. Hackman is superb, and there's impressive work by Frances McDormand, Brad Dourif, Park Overall, Stephen Tobolowsky, and others. But the film is morally repugnant. The script is credited to Chris Gerolmo (Parker says he rewrote it). Cinematography by Peter Biziou; the pulsating score, which is designed to work you up for the violence, is by Trevor Jones. (12/26/88) (Loews Tower East, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

My Gal Sal (1942)—A composer named Paul Dresser (he had a distinguished brother, Theodore, who spelled the family name "Dreiser") wrote some songs, including "On the Banks of the Wabash" and the title one. In this big, drawn-out, lachrymose musical bio, set in the eighteen-nineties, he is impersonated by Victor Mature, and his beloved is Rita Hayworth. Dresser's songs are supplemented by some nondescript numbers by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger. Directed by Irving Cummings. (Biograph Cinema; Jan. 8-9.)

The Naked Gun—An explosion of sixth-grade humor: terrible puns, broad slapstick, crushingly obvious sexual innuendo, a strategically detonated fart . . . The filmmakers (most of whom were also involved in "Airplane!") are low-comedy purists. The movie could be dopier only if it were longer: its stupidity has a relentlessness and a formal rigor that are practically French. (The scrupulous aesthetic consistency also extends to the cinematography and the editing, which are sixth-grade quality, too.) With Leslie Nielsen, Priscilla Presley, Ricardo Montalban, George Kennedy, O. J. Simpson, John Houseman, and Jeannette Charles as Queen Elizabeth. Written by David and Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Pat Proft, and directed by David Zucker—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

Pelle the Conqueror—An aging, weak-willed Swedish widower (Max von Sydow) and his young son (Pelle Hvenegaard) emigrate to Denmark and find work on a large estate, where they're exploited and abused. The boy, more spirited than his father, ultimately escapes. The movie, written and directed by Bille August from a novel by Martin Andersen Nexo, isn't as deadly as it sounds. August directs with great skill and feeling, and the cinematography, by Jorgen Persson ("Elvira Madigan"), is sensational. The images are never simply beautiful—they always carry a strong emotional and dramatic charge. Yet there's a basic dullness in Nexo's material which August can't transcend. The story is well constructed, but predictable; the themes are serious, but terribly familiar. For most of the picture's two-and-a-half-hour running time, we're moved and bored simultaneously. Named Best Film at the 1988 Cannes Film Festival. In Danish and Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Scrooged—Bill Murray, in a striking, outsize entertainment based on Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Murray's Frank Cross, who's the youngest network president in history, is the meanest man in television. (That's the same as meanest man in the world.) The performance is a triumphant parody of yuppie callousness. And it's much more: Murray's free-wheeling, screwy generosity is what makes the huge contraption of a movie work. The picture keeps popping surprises: David Johansen (also known as the lounge singer Buster Poindexter) is the grinning cabbie whose identification card reads "Ghost of Christmas Past." John Glover, who sports a collegiate "Tennis, anyone?" haircut, is the new executive who's bucking to replace Frank. Carol Kane, as the Ghost of Christmas Present, is a weirdly dainty Sugar Plum witch. Also with Robert Mitchum, John Forsythe, Alfre Woodard, Michael J. Pollard, Karen Allen, and many other famous performers. Directed by Richard Donner; the script is credited to Mitch Glazer and Michael O'Donoghue. (Elaine May and others also worked on it.) (12/12/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Eastside Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Sweethearts (1938)—One of the liveliest of the Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy musicals. The title is ironic; they are squabbling husband-and-wife operetta stars, trading insults written by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell. The Parker-Campbell script has nothing to do with the original story of Victor Herbert's 1913 operetta; the songs are retained as part of the long-running show, "Sweethearts," that the couple is appearing in. This was M-G-M's first three-color-process Technicolor feature, and it has startling color costuming by Adrian. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke; choreographed by Albertina Rasch. With Ray Bolger, Reginald Gardiner, Mischa Auer, and Frank Morgan. (Biograph Cinema; Jan. 10-11.)

Tequila Sunrise—You have to be able to enjoy trashy shamelessness to enjoy old Hollywood and to enjoy this picture. Robert Towne, who wrote and directed, is soaked in the perfume of thirties and forties Hollywood romanticism. This is a lusciously silly movie; it has an amorous shine. The three talented stars are smashing: Mel Gibson is a former drug dealer who longs for a decent, respectable life and is trying to succeed in the irrigation business; Kurt Russell is his friend who's the head of the narcotics squad in L.A. County; and Michelle Pfeiffer is the woman they both love. The crime plot often seems to be stalled, and by rational standards the stars' triangular shuffle is flimsy and stupid, but by romantic standards the whole thing is delectable. With Raul Julia, who has a big, likable, rumbling presence as a scoundrel, J. T. Walsh as a quintessential flatfoot, Ann Magnuson, Arliss Howard, Ayre Gross, and, in a bit as a judge, Budd Boetticher. The golden cinematography is by Conrad Hall; the aggressively offensive score is by Dave Grusin. (12/26/88) (Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 8th St. Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Thin Blue Line—Errol Morris's trancelike, almost lyrical documentary tells the story of a 1976 cop-killing in Dallas and examines the process by which a man who is almost certainly innocent was convicted and sentenced to death for the crime. The movie's form is circular, spiralling, its obsessive, repetitive visual motifs echoed in Philip Glass's hauntingly monotonous score. In showing us the lies, the fears, the social pressures, the ulterior motives, the stubbornness, and the plain confusion that combined to produce the case against the unfortunate Randall Adams—whose fate is worthy of a Borges hero—Morris seems to be investigating not just this squalid murder but the very nature of untruth. His style is occasionally too fancy and elliptical for absolute clarity, but this is a powerful and thrillingly strange movie. Morris—who actually uncovered new evidence in the course of making the film—has turned Randall Adams' case into a kind of tabloid poetry, a meditation on uncertainty and the fascination of violence.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Quad Cinema.)

What Have I Done to Deserve This! (1984)—This film by Pedro Almodóvar has an Off Off Broadway informality. It's a generally likable dadaist farce about working-class family life in Madrid's housing projects—huge block buildings of dinky, cramped apartments. The heroine, Gloria (Carmen Maura), drags herself through eighteen-hour days with the help of No Doz and an occasional sniff of glue or detergent. She goes out to work as a cleaning woman and also cooks and scrubs for her taxi-driver husband (who's a gifted forger and is involved in a scheme to fake Hitler's memoirs) and her two sons—a fourteen-year-old drug dealer and a twelve-year-old hustler who seduces his schoolmates' fathers. You'll probably never see a woozier treatment of the breakdown of the family and the decay of society. In Spanish. (Quad Cinema.)

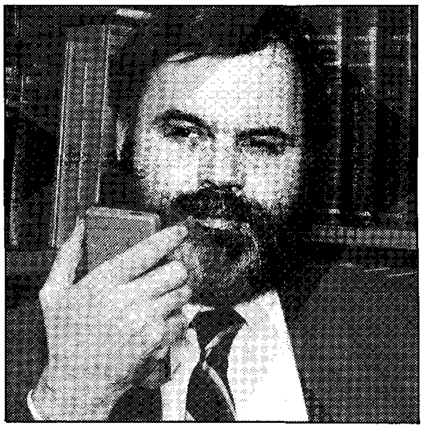
The Whole Town's Talking (1935)—John Ford directed this likable comedy about a gentle clerk, his gangster double (Edward G. Robinson in a dual role), and the hardboiled girl, Bill, whom the clerk adores. Bill is Jean Arthur, the comedienne with the wistful-husky voice; that voice was one of the best sounds in the romantic comedies of the thirties and forties. Adapted from a W. R. Burnett story, by Jo Swerling and Robert Riskin. With Wallace Ford, Etienne Girardot, Donald Meek, Arthur Byron, and Edward Brophy. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 7.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child" stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

Working Girl—With Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith; directed by Mike Nichols. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Coronet, 86th Street East Twin, Waverly, 23rd St. West Triplex, Regency, and Criterion Center.)

Turning Dreams Into Reality



"RFB was indispensable to me in law school and it's indispensable to me now in the practice of law."

DAVID NIES
Attorney

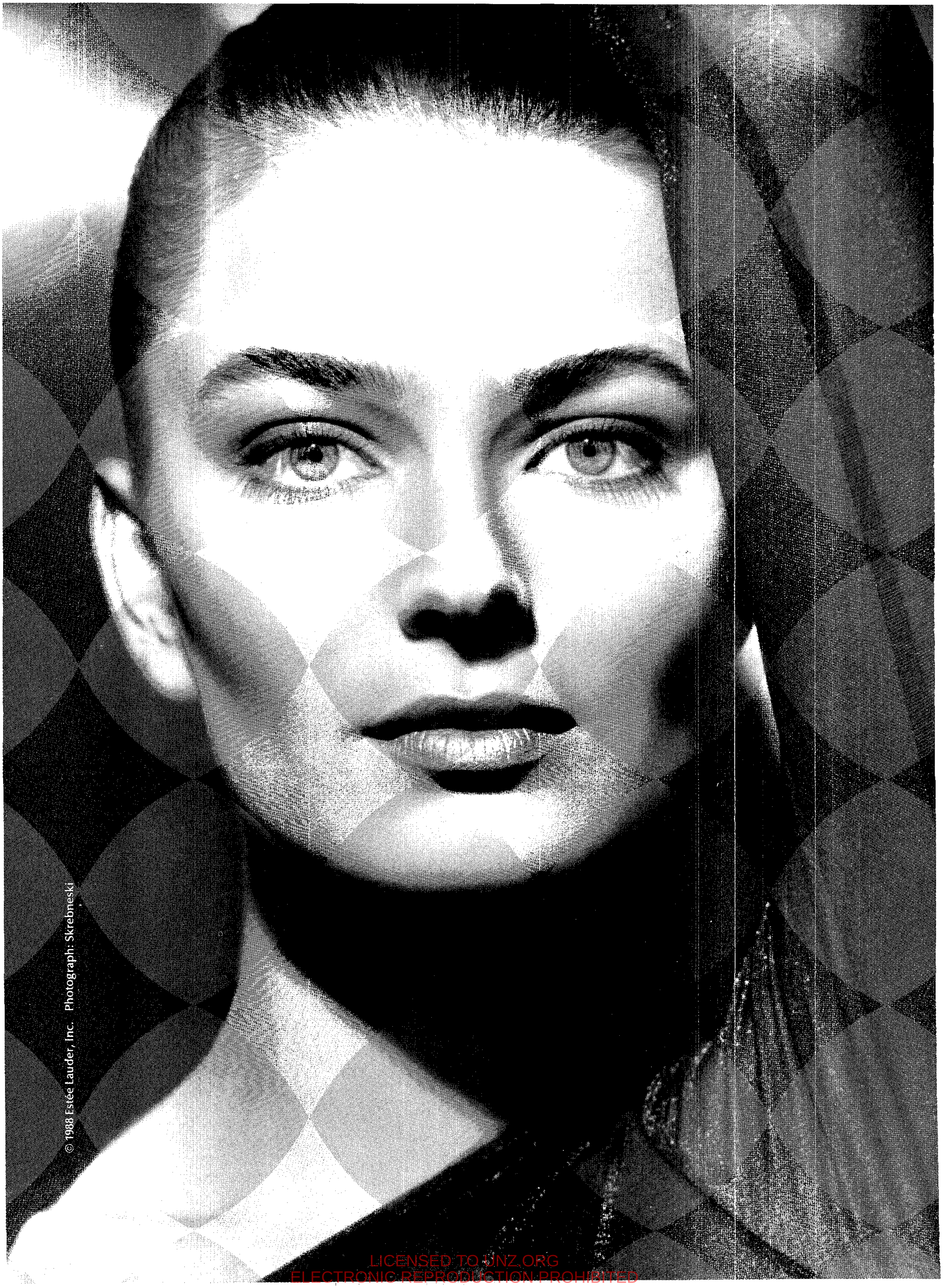
Dreams of a successful career and an independent future have become reality for thousands of blind or print-handicapped persons with the help of Recording for the Blind.

Since 1948 Recording for the Blind has provided more than one million recorded educational books to over 100,000 individuals. Not only to students, but also to business and professional people such as attorney David Nies. All free of charge.

But each year more students and professionals need recorded books. And they need increasingly technical and specialized texts. By joining RFB's corps of recording studio volunteers or giving a tax-deductible donation, you can help more dreams become reality.

To find out more about this service and how you can help, write:
Recording for the Blind
20 Roszel Road
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

Recording for the Blind



© 1988 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski

From the Estée Lauder laboratories comes the new technology to rebuild your skin's appearance.

Eyzone Repair Gel

Before you notice one more little wrinkle, try Eyzone. Its never-before opalescent formula contains Tissue Matrix Fluid to help restore, moisturize and maintain the vulnerable skin around your eyes. So of course, Eyzone is ophthalmologist tested and fragrance-free. And it has a unique continuous delivery system. Use Eyzone regularly and dramatically diminish the visible signs of aging around your eyes, including dark circles and puffiness. Suddenly, the visible aging effects of time seem to be reversed.

And the science of younger-looking skin becomes reality.

ESTEE
LAUDER
Eyzone
Repair Gel

ESTĒE
LAUDER

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We counselled him on estate planning, his son on tax matters and taught his granddaughter about zero-coupon bonds. Then we gave them the afternoon off.

Multi-generational financial counselling is nothing new at U.S. Trust. We've been doing it for nearly seven generations. It may take place in our offices, our clients' homes, or at our Managing Wealth Seminars, where—as seen above—the activities are as enlightening as the education.

It is this dedication to comprehensive service that makes U.S. Trust U.S. Trust. For 135 years, we've been committed to providing innovative, comprehensive service to the individual investor.

Today this takes a team—the U.S. Trust investment team. Led by an experienced investment manager, it is comprised of experts in trust and estate planning, tax counselling, and private banking. This integrated team approach enables us and you to keep a clear focus on the big picture of wealth management.

We believe no investor should be without this breadth and depth of service. If you think so too, ask about an Investment Management Account at U.S. Trust. Contact Mary B. Lehman, (212) 887-0446 (U.S. Trust of New York), Howard E.N. Wilson, (407) 659-1550 (U.S. Trust of Florida) or John DeGroot, (213) 488-4000 (U.S. Trust of California).

U.S.Trust **Uncommon expertise in managing wealth.**

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the Washington *Post* the other morning, it was announced that most of Charlie Chaplin's movies will no longer be available for "theatrical release" in this country—that for as far as anyone can foresee you won't be able to go into a darkened theatre and watch Charlie eat a shoe or bring gifts to the blind flower girl or open a vertically integrated window-glazing business (the Kid breaking windows, the Tramp following along to replace them). The details of this announcement were a little murky, and perhaps the apocalyptic tone of the headline—"CHAPLIN HEADS OFFSCREEN!"—was merely some kind of opening ploy in a negotiation between the American distributor of Chaplin's films and the copyright owners, who are British. Who knows? The movie business is devious and complex. The article went on to point out, consolingly, that the pictures will still be available on videocassette, but added that Chaplin's films were made for audiences, their laughs were timed for audiences, and something is missing when they're not shown for audiences, and that the Chaplin features have been, on the whole, a relative commercial failure on videocassette, and this may explain why.

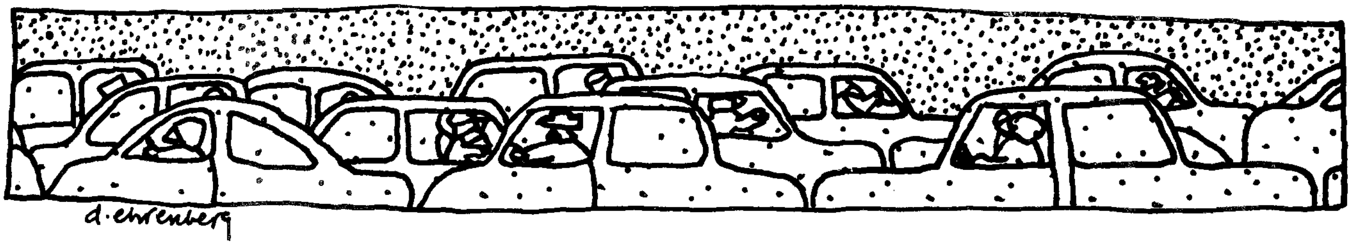
We ourself aren't old enough to remember the first releases of the great Chaplins, back in the teens and twenties. Perhaps in those days Chaplin really did fill up great movie palaces with mobs of laughing people. What we remember instead is the re-releases of the early seventies. When "City Lights" was re-released, we went to see it sixteen times, always in the afternoon. There was hardly ever anybody in the theatre—a few film buffs, a few oldsters, a few of those people whom the movie-house owners just seem to plant there and who over time seem to go white with popcorn dust, until they look like George Segal sculptures. It was the best moviegoing we have ever experienced—really *complete* moviegoing. "City Lights" turned out to be a movie that was in a certain way about the place where you were watching it: it took all the loneliness and anonymity and secrecy of the big modern city and turned them into comic poetry that wasn't funny unless you knew in your bones—as you slipped down in the old upholstered seat in which countless people had sat and watched movies before you—what it felt like to live in a big place where nobody knew exactly who you were or what you were doing. "City Lights" is about making a private life in a public place (the tramp, who is, after all, homeless, still has a network of loves and enemies and gallant opportunities), and to watch it in a public place gives you a renewed sense of privacy. Once, a friend at loose ends in Paris went to see "City Lights" in a movie theatre there; he says that he has never in his life felt more blissfully alone.

We rented "City Lights" the other night on video. It seemed diminished. Of course, video makes movie critics of us all—you and your spouse stop to admire something, you talk about the camerawork, you rate it alongside all the other videos you've seen recently. Perhaps our sadness at the disappearance of Chaplin from the theatres is a little disingenuous. It was people like us, cocooned at home with our VCRs, who finally drove him right out of the revival houses and back into the street. What we have lost in the process is not, as the *Post* suggests, the sounds of shared laughter between friends—invite a few people over to watch a cassette and you can still have that—but the possibility of a shared silence between strangers: the way it felt when there was a great big image of a little man up on a screen in the middle of the afternoon, and there were a dozen people in the audience who had left off doing what they ought to have been doing to come and watch him.

• •

Franco Moschino

WHEN the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum unveiled "From Queen to Empress," its new exhibition of Victorian costumes, the other day, we decided to go and have a look, and asked Franco Mos-


d. ehrenberg

chino, the Italian designer—he was staying at the Royalton to celebrate the publication of his book "To Be or Not to Be: That's Fashion!" and to pay a state visit to Bergdorf's—to come along. He said no, thanks. He told us that his impression of Victorian dress was all "old ladies and lace" and that he knew absolutely nothing about the period. We persuaded him to come anyway.

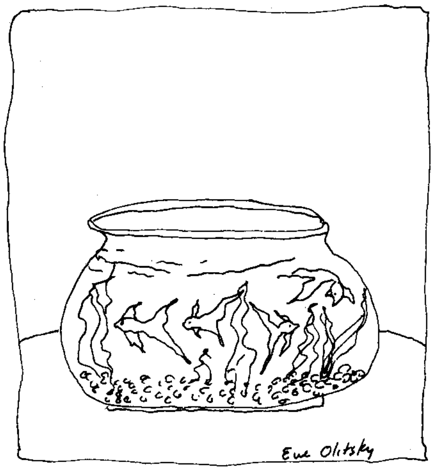
A black-haired, dark-eyed, black-mustached man wearing black pants, black shoes, a black Lacoste shirt, and a black jacket, Mr. Moschino struck us as a simpatico kind of guy, with an outlook on fashion that is fond rather than devout. His shows have featured some of the funniest, most good-natured high jinks ever to take place on a runway, and his philosophy, if that's not too grand a word for it, seems to be that there is something inherently absurd about people who take themselves very seriously. On this particular morning, he arrived at the Met in the company of his assistant Lida Castelli, a slim young woman in bluejeans and in a pink jacket, festooned with snippets of trimmings, from his current collection, and Ed Riley, his publicity man, who wore a boxy black leather jacket and narrow black glasses.

Inside the exhibition, Mr. Moschino seemed amused by what he saw: daytime dresses in magnificent fabrics, many of the fabrics with elaborate floral motifs, and all the dresses with the same pigeon-breasted silhouette. "We relate this period, even if it's not correct, to our grannies," he said. "It's a goofy-old-lady look."

We asked if he was interested in antique clothes, and he replied that he was to the extent that "they all contribute to building up our memories." He told us he has made a tour of costume history, from the Egyptians on, never dwelling on a single period. References from the past sometimes find their way into the clothes he designs, he added, explaining, "But I am only working on my fantasies—strange fantasies, very vague, about the Renaissance in Italy or the Japanese kimono or the Chanel suit." Mr. Moschino has in the past several seasons done some splendid, not entirely serious variations on the Chanel theme—classic suits fastened with plastic whirligigs, for instance, or with buttons laminated with Minnie Mouse cartoons. "I have been making fun of Chanel with very deep respect, but I never took a book and said, 'Now I will learn all about Chanel.' I have been doing this fashion-designer job with everything that I like: the tacky, the sophisticated, the pure, the overdesigned, the short, the long. If you concentrate on one thing—say, you go to a restaurant and you want to study all about a certain wine—the time you spend studying it you lose on something else. I don't dive deep into anything. I stay on the surface." We sympathized. "I'm a very deep person," Mr. Moschino hastened to add, in a mock-serious tone, "but for very important things."

Two women up ahead were exclaiming over a dress that had been worn by Queen Victoria herself: chains of silver rings were woven into pale-pink silk, and there were ruffles of silver lace down the front, bracketed by big, plump pom-poms of pink satin ribbon. "The reason we react to these things is that they are a little tacky, very feminine, overdecorated," Mr. Moschino said. "Who taught the fashion designer to clean everything up and be sophisticated? The hotel where I am staying is wonderful, postmodern. Even the croissant they bring you for breakfast has been designed by an architect. Of course, I am pleased to see nice, visually perfect things, but I can't tell you how I miss the flowered wallpaper with an ugly lamp, the little smell of something that has been cooked recently instead of the smell of Floris perfume."

Strolling past Plexiglas wall cases filled with paisley shawls, including one that had been awarded as a prize in a ladies' archery competition, Mr. Moschino went on, "Our times are too fast. In the past, everything was done much slower, so the evolution was more human-timed. You had time to concentrate on something, to think about it. For growing a flower you need a few months; now we want a carnation immediately. When I watch TV, I like to push a button and see all the channels. What you get is a mess, but it's the mess we live in today."



He came to a halt in front of three mannequins in mourning dresses—two for day, one for evening. The evening gown, in keeping with the regulations issued for General Mourning upon the death of Prince Albert, was an off-the-shoulder affair, its skirt black silk watermarked in a big marbleized pattern. We said something about how attractive it seemed by present-day standards.

"That's because it's black," Mr. Moschino said. "Black makes it already modern."

But why black, we asked him. Why is black ubiquitous these days in fashion?

"It's an aspirin to take while we wait for the next era, until something new has been created," Mr. Moschino said.

In the corners of this same room were five bridal gowns that looked as if they'd been designed by pastry chefs. We asked Mr. Moschino if he had ever designed a wedding dress.

"No," he said, and then "Yes," pleading guilty. "I designed for three years a very cheap, huge collection of wedding dresses made of fabric like paper—horrible. Everything that came into my mind I put onto those dresses. Once, I thought of a wreath of organza flowers with seed pearls, and I put it on the front of a big skirt. It was already too much. But when the people I worked for saw it they said, 'Great, it's going to be four—one on each side.' "

We told him that we would like to have seen his line of wedding dresses.

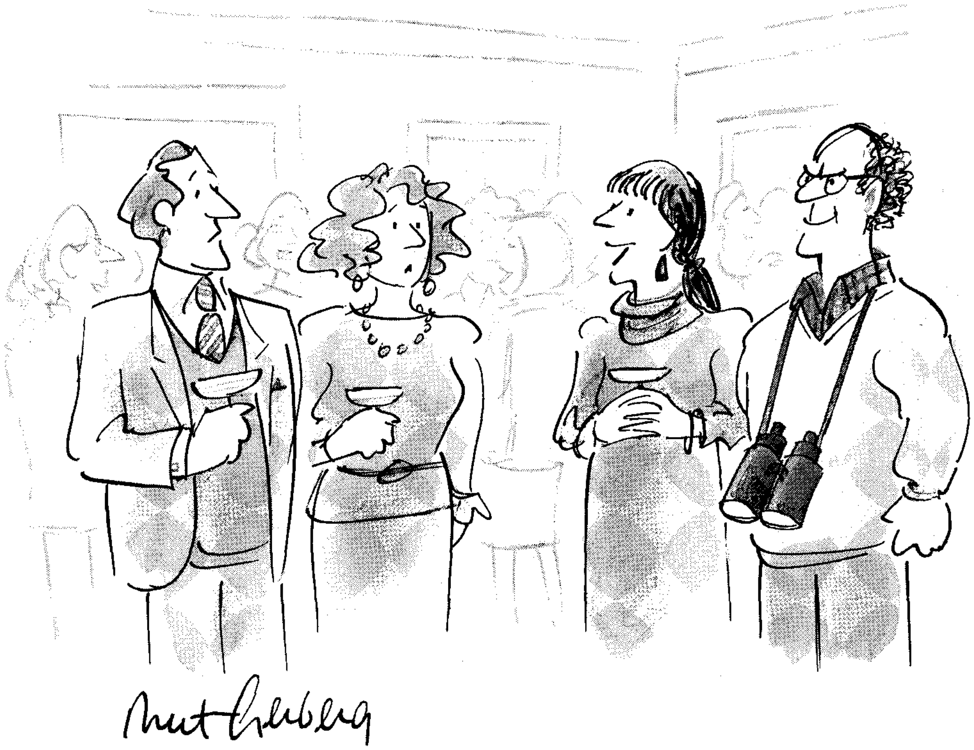
"It looked just like this," he said, with a sweeping gesture that took in the tassel fringe, the lace, the ruffles and ribbons, the sprigs of artificial orange blossoms. "No difference."

China Star

THE most popular television personality in the world is a New York woman named Yue-sai Kan, who is the narrator and executive producer of a series of travelogues that have captivated China's entire viewing population. Her program, "One World," shows her audiences places they are unlikely to visit, such as the pyramids, the Parthenon, and New York's Chinatown, and interviews foreigners they are unlikely to meet, including the Queen of Denmark, a student taxi-driver in London, and the Steenhoek family, who farm twenty-two hundred mu (three hundred and forty acres) in Iowa.

We called on Miss Kan in her apartment, on Sutton Place, recently, and asked her if she had ever dreamed of someday owning the best-known face on earth. She is a fragile beauty in her late thirties who talks animatedly and with a slight—and to our ear unplaceable—accent. She smiled, and told us that her earliest ambition had been to be a concert pianist. She grew up in Hong Kong, where her parents had settled after fleeing from the Chinese Communists, and spent her childhood playing in school concerts and winning local piano competitions. But although later, in New York, she studied with a Juilliard professor, Jacob Latiner, she came to doubt she was good enough. "There's only one Rubinstein in a generation, and I could see it wasn't going to be me," she said. "I still play the piano, though. Alone. Just for myself."

Miss Kan started out in television by forming a company to produce "Looking East," a program about Asia for Americans, which she is still producing, and which has been running on cable stations around this country for the past nine years. "I had no idea how complicated television is," she said. "With the piano, it's between you and the music. The composer is usually dead. In television, you depend on so many other people—cameramen, film editors. If you're doing an interview and your guest is terrible, *you're* terrible. You could say I went into television out of ignorance and idealism. When you're doing something you think is right, you don't worry if you can do it. Today, it's not strange to talk about Asia. Everybody here is convinced that Asia influences our daily lives. But nine years ago, when I started 'Looking East,' it *was* strange. Asia was just a bunch of poor yellow people." She added that this year "Looking East" will be syndicated *in* Asia. "Until now, the peoples of Asia haven't known much about each other," she said. "But they're very interested in each other these days."



"Lionel will be watching the new Administration very closely."

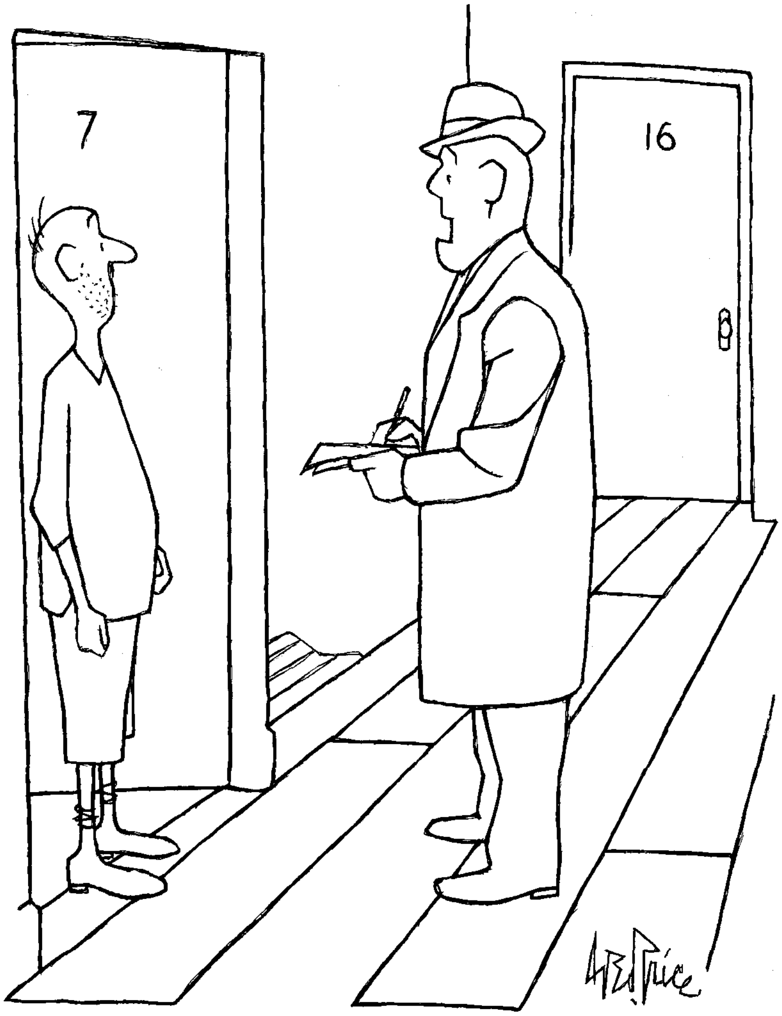
• •

In 1984, Miss Kan narrated the celebrations of the thirty-fifth anniversary of the revolution for PBS, whereupon China Central Television, the state monopoly, invited her to do something for it. "The bureaucracy didn't tell me what they wanted, and they didn't tell me what they didn't want," she said. "They wanted to make sure that they wouldn't take the blame if I failed. Since I'd been doing a program showing Asia to Westerners, I thought I'd turn it around and show the Chinese the rest of the world. We filmed in eighteen countries in eighteen months. I learned how to find what I need anywhere. I have a dentist in Hong Kong and a dentist in New York. By the time the first show was ready, I had worked myself down to ninety-five pounds, and I was exhausted. I remember sitting in my hotel room in Peking and watching the television when I came on and said that I was an adopted American, that New York City was my home, and that for my first program I would like to show my home. Four hundred million people were watching. You can't grasp such figures—those numbers are phantoms. That day, in February of 1986, happened to be the seventh day of the Chinese New Year, and firecrackers were going off all over, and I thought, How marvellous, they're celebrating my program. Then I went to sleep for fourteen hours. The next day, the newspapers said, 'Yue-sai Kan stunned China,' and Hu Qi Li, who is one of the five members of the Central Committee, sent over two secretaries to carry his handwritten letter of congratulations and a gift of a painting. When the secretaries finished the formal presentation, they asked me if I would show them my program again—the one they'd just seen—on my VCR.

"One of the greatest worries I had—everybody had—was that CCTV's hosts speak only the purest Mandarin, and my Mandarin wasn't very good. All the time I was filming, I was also trying to polish my Mandarin, but still it was clear that I was a foreigner. Curiously, that worked out fine. In China today, it's very chic to speak like Yue-sai Kan. My Mandarin has got better as I've kept going to China and kept practicing, but they still think of me as an American. To them I'm very exotic. The adulation just grows and grows. This haircut"—Miss Kan raised a hand to her hair, which she wears in what Westerners call a Dutch bob—"is called the Yue-sai cut. You can go into any Chinese salon and get a Yue-sai cut. Everywhere I go, I'm mobbed. In Shanghai, there's a street of shops for private entrepreneurs, and just recently I wanted to film a sequence showing me going from store to store. The moment I arrived, my car was swamped. There were at least fifty hands stuck through the car windows to get my autograph. There was no way I could even open the door."

We asked Miss Kan if she ever feels deflated when she returns to New York and anonymity.

"It's not a letdown," she said. "It's almost a relief. In the West, there are many celebrities, and a lot of TV that nobody takes seriously. In China, there are very few celebrities, and people study every word I say. My TV scripts have been published as a book, and it's used in schools. The government made me an honorary citizen, and when my mother, who now lives in New York, was ill recently, they sent one of their greatest doctors over here to treat her with acupuncture and herbal medicine. When I'm in China, there are many demands on my time, and I feel I have to do everything I'm asked to, because I feel responsible to all those people who adore me. I don't have that feeling of responsibility in New York. Or anywhere else in the world."



"Next question: I believe that life is a constant striving for balance, requiring frequent tradeoffs between morality and necessity, within a cyclic pattern of joy and sadness, forging a trail of bittersweet memories until one slips, inevitably, into the jaws of death. Agree or disagree?"

Protection

ULTIMATELY, it's all about *protection*, isn't it? Think about wrought-iron gates, sunglasses, and those new, heavy creams, *numbered* to show what degree of protection they provide against the sun—the sun, which may in any case explode or cease to function in the agreed-on way. So threatening. And did you know that the Police Department is not required to protect each individual citizen but only society at large? Threatening, if true. And Stephen D'Andrilli, former member of the New York Police Department and the holder of a degree from the John Jay College of Criminal Justice, says that it *is* true—or may be true, which is almost the same thing.

We know this because we read, digest, and annotate the magazine *Firepower*. You, the average reader, probably do not see *Firepower*, because you are busy with other things in your hectic life, in which there is almost no protection—or not nearly enough. We, high aloft in one of Manhattan's safest buildings, have the time for *Firepower* and, what matters almost infinitely more, the *sense of security* that affords us nearly trouble-free time with it. As a reader of the November number, we have looked carefully at the twelve-gauge twelve-shot shotgun revolver (on the cover) called the Street Sweeper, and we have looked at the offerings of the Paladin Press, which was spotlighting in this issue "Manual of the Mercenary Soldier" and also volumes entitled "Kickass!," "AK 47: The Complete Kalashnikov Family of Assault Rifles," "New I.D. in America" ("Want one more chance at life—with a 'clean slate'?"), and "Get Even: The Complete Book of Dirty Tricks." We have read Steve D'Andrilli's article (beginning on page 47), entitled "Has Society Placed the Burden of Self-Protection on the Individual?" And we have done more. We have visited Mr. D'Andrilli, in the offices of his security-consultation company, Guardian Group International, near City Hall.

Mr. D'Andrilli is a handsome man in his late thirties, and he has often appeared on television. He has appeared with Bill Beutel ("Drugs & Violence—A Community Under Siege"), John Stossel ("Targeting Women"), Morton Downey, Jr. ("Gun Control: Should Citizens Be Armed and Able to Protect Themselves?"), and the WABC Channel 7 Eyewitness News team ("Armed and Frightened").

Here's a transcript of a newsclip from still another appearance—with Steve Dunlop, of Fox News ("Gun Permit"):

(*Sound of gunshot*)

ANNOUNCER: The issue of guns, crime, and self-protection has become the concern of millions of Americans in all walks of life. Media attention has begun to focus on the demand for legally obtained guns for self-defense. Guardian Group International and its president, Stephen D'Andrilli, are experts in these matters.

ANOTHER ANNOUNCER: Live from Channel 5 News in New York, this is the Ten O'Clock News. There are seventy thousand New Yorkers who can carry guns legally—they have permits. Goodness knows how many illegal guns there are out there and how easy it is to get one, but it's very difficult to get that permit, so a lot of people are asking help from an ex-cop. Steve Dunlop reports.

DUNLOP: Tony Cipriano is the driver and bodyguard for a major financier. His boss wants him to carry a gun. And since Tony was a cop in Miami, getting a New York permit should have been easy. Or so you'd think.

D'ANDRILLI: A New York City gun permit is good in the entire state of New York. It is also the most difficult to get.

DUNLOP: For help, Tony turned to Steve D'Andrilli, himself a former cop, now in the business of helping people who want gun permits.

And now, in the interests of time, we will present a montage (with an epilogue) of TV clips relating to Stephen D'Andrilli and Guardian Group. We won't be able to credit all the anchorpersons or give all the titles, but they were all there on a videotape Stephen D'Andrilli showed us in his office. Who else was in Stephen D'Andrilli's office? Andrew Cilenti was there. Andy, a sergeant in the N.Y.P.D. (he will retire soon), is president of Counter Tech, an executive-protection firm. He was Stephen D'Andrilli's partner in the Ninth Precinct on the Lower East Side and will probably be doing a lot of business with him. *What* was in the office? Well, try bullet-resistant vests on for size. Stephen D'Andrilli has a partner who is in the fashion business. No vest is bullet*proof*, by the way. Although garments made from high-tenacity Kevlar will keep a bullet from piercing the body by spreading the impact throughout the fabric, they will not prevent trauma. But on to our montage:

ANCHORWOMAN: Traditionally, few women have owned guns, but there is a push on to change all of that. Gun manufacturers see a new market. The National Rifle Association sees new members. Tappy Phillips has been exploring this new spread of handguns. She joins us now with a special report: "Women and Guns."

PHILLIPS: Indeed, and it is interesting . . .

(*Segue to*)

JOHN: Stephen, what I'd like you to do is vividly show us exactly the firepower of these weapons, and would you demonstrate it on some of these bulletproof vests at the Police Department our officers are out there wearing?

STEPHEN D'ANDRILLI: Sure. See, what I think the best way to demonstrate this is to fire into one of those vests using the nine-millimetre, or the Uzi, or the attack weapon.

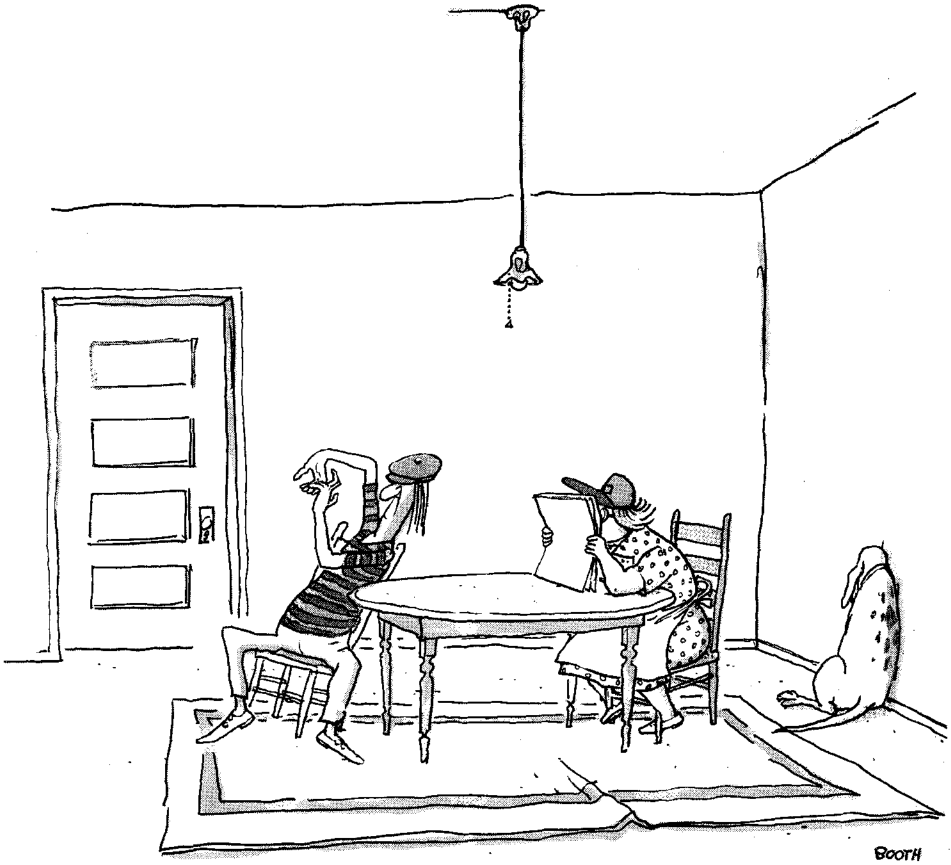
JOHN: Could you do that?

STEPHEN D'ANDRILLI: All right, John, we'll shoot at each of these vests with each of these weapons as quickly as we can. (*Gunshots*) That was the nine-millimetre semiautomatic pistol shooting at these vests. You can see that it knocked off the standard police vest, yet the high-tenacity vests which we have here . . . which are lighter, less restrictive, more comfortable . . .

JOHN: And this is the shotgun now.

STEPHEN D'ANDRILLI: It's quite devastating, isn't it?

Now here's the epilogue. We are watching a videotape that appeared on Japanese TV. We see Stephen D'Andrilli, with Japanese writing on the screen under him. Then we are in a limousine. We see liquor being poured from bottles in the limousine's bar; we see three attractive women clinking glasses. This isn't law and order—it's more. We're getting out of the stretch limo. . . . And now, we're getting *into* a stretch limo, because, suddenly, *this is real life*, and we are heading uptown to a fashion show to see, in addition to bullet-resistant vests, some bullet-resistant trenchcoats and fur coats and leather jackets made by Mr. D'Andrilli's partner. Three attractive women are stapling press releases. We go up the F.D.R. Drive toward the United Nations Plaza Hotel. It happens that this is the day of General Secretary Gorbachev's visit to the United Nations, and every half block there is a policeman. Really, there are policemen everywhere. We are sitting next to Sergeant Andy Cilenti. "In all my years, I never saw so many," he says. He is wearing a bullet-resistant vest. The vest is bulky. In the office, he was wearing a gray knit vest. We asked him about it at the time. "It was my father's," he said. "He was twenty years a detective on the force."



"Two English-speaking people to do cooking and all housework on South Carolina plantation October through May. References required. Must like dogs."

• •

BRUNCH

WHEN Bruce has brunch, he makes two trips to the deli, then sits at his beat-up table and tells me, "There are no happy couples, Leah, only people who haven't broken up yet." Then he jumps up to check the Nicaraguan drip-grind decaf and runs back to the deli and thinks up puns about lox. When Bruce makes brunch, he could invite Jerry, but he can't invite Jerry if he invites me, because since we broke up I won't see Jerry. And Bruce has to give me first dibs on all invitations, because I've known him since before we knew anybody else. Bruce and I met at O'Hare, first day in town for both of us. So he doesn't even ask if he can invite Jerry. He knows. And if he did ask I'd turn around and say, "If I had a brunch, could I invite Susan?" Only it's not the same, because since March Susan's been living in D.C.

Now Bruce is planning a brunch and I ask if Sam is going. Bruce says no, that Sam's got that conference in Carolina on religion and the left, and he'll be back Monday. Bruce doesn't know about Sam and me. If Sam came to brunch, I wouldn't leave, but we'd probably try to ignore each other at first, then talk a little too loud and laugh a little too hard and lecture a little too much, and finally have a tight, whispered conversation in the kitchen. We'd tell people we were talking strategy.

Most of us met through coalitions. Bruce knows Jerry from the fight against Contra aid. Bruce was a liaison to the Quakers; Jerry was a liaison from the Quakers. The first time Jerry said he loved me was at a conference on the Sanctuary Movement. When we broke off, I said, "You take the Religious Task Force, I'll take Fellowship of Reconciliation." When Bruce and Susan broke up, they were both working on Harold Washington's reëlection, out of the North Side. Susan moved down to the South Side headquarters. She refused to help out at the training session for deputy voter registrars, because she knew Bruce and his friends would be running it. She voted absentee so she wouldn't see anybody she knew at the poll.

With each breakup, our territories get smaller and smaller. I do solidarity work with Central American labor unions, but lately only the ones in Guatemala and Honduras. When Jerry and I broke up, he refused to give up El Salvador. He writes to the F.D.R. leaders in Spanish. In his Spanish for Progressives class he met Brenda. She runs a Third World trading outfit and used to live with Ben. They met during Washington's first campaign for mayor. They believe that monogamy is bourgeois. I think she and Jerry sleep together occasionally. I don't think they remove their woven friendship bracelets for the disappeared in Guatemala. I don't take mine off when I sleep. No one was wearing them back when I first met Bruce. The disappeared weren't disappeared yet, or we didn't know about them yet, word hadn't filtered back to us. Susan used to wear hers even when we went swimming. Jill, my ex-roommate, doesn't have one. Jerry had his before I met him. I think some Buddhists gave it to him when he protested at the U.N.

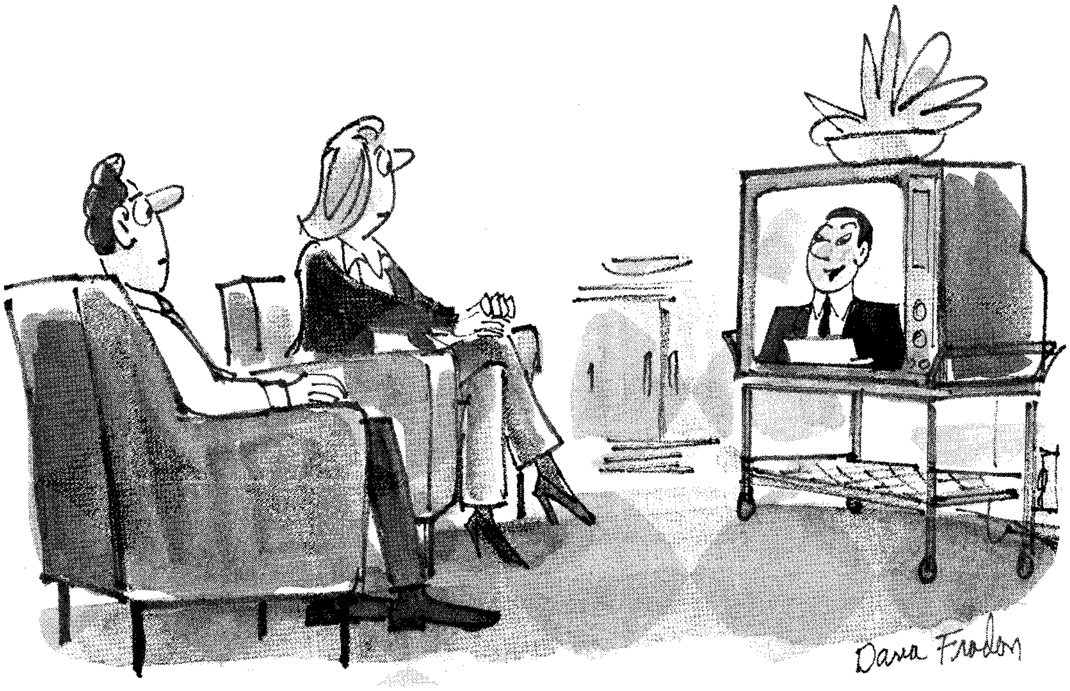
In the middle of the old days, Jerry and I would have brunch and invite Bruce, Susan, Brenda, Ben, Alan, Jill, Art, Crista, Mark, Esther, Liz, Frank. We didn't hang out with Sam. Now Crista and Art are divorced, Liz and Frank are engaged, Brenda and Ben are an occasional. The rest aren't speaking. Jerry has my skis and skates and we discuss his returning them on the phone, in exchange for his socks and second-best tennis racquet. He gets mad because I won't talk about this with him in person.

So I don't make brunch.

ONCE there was a time when I didn't know all of them, but I hardly remember it. I get calls from that time—from Ajax, who's out in California making bookcases. I wait for him to want me back. He tells me about his kids. I know you can't erase kids.

Jerry doesn't want me back. Bruce doesn't want Susan back. Crista doesn't want Art back. Jill doesn't want Alan back. Mark wants Esther back but is too proud to say so. Brenda and Ben still talk free love. On weekends I see Crista and Alan and Tom or Art and Jan and Esther, but never Crista and Art or Jan and Alan. We can't go to anyone's old favorite restaurants, so we go to new places no one likes all that much. Before fund-raisers, we make extensive calls to determine who'll be there.

Riding on the El, I think: I'll run into someone I know. Or: That man over there will fall for me.



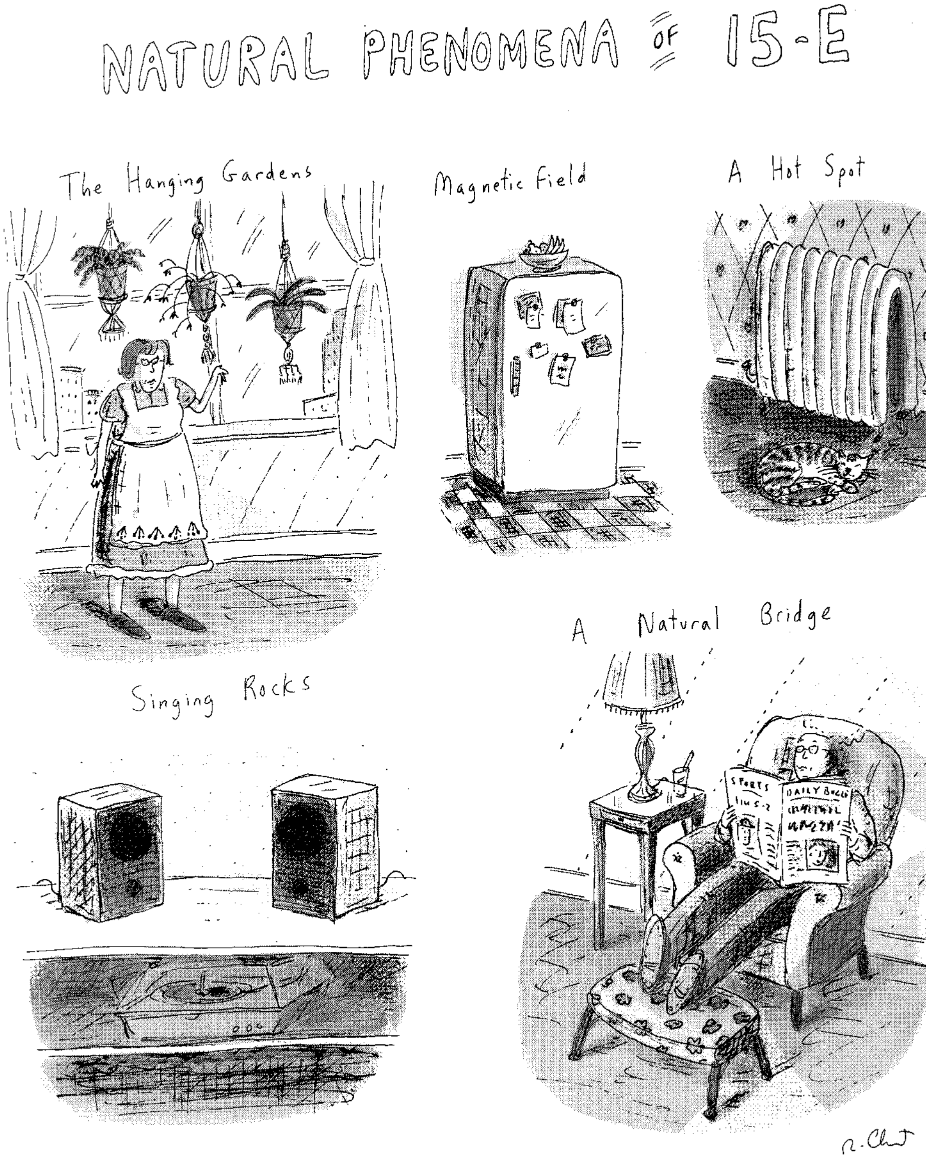
"The Japanese today dumped all their TV announcers on the U.S."

I know that Jerry sees Sam on the El. They talk baseball and nerve-gas legislation.

On weekends, Jerry goes camping in Michigan. He doesn't take anyone to his fund-raising dinners, doesn't mention my name anymore at work, doesn't have anyone to call "my little June Bug." I don't know why he started calling me that. He'd write it in letters, say it into my answering machine, buy me bugs made of licorice or chocolate. He'd send me cards showing sweet domestic scenes in color on the front, and inside, on the blank part, he'd write, "To my one, my only, Bed Bug."

On weekends, I call Susan in Washington or she calls me. We talk about Bruce. I don't tell her about Sam and me. It's been three weeks. Three Saturday nights ago, after the benefit at the Heartland Cafe for Nicaraguan medical aid. Weather a bit warmer than tonight, even. We were sitting on Sam's porch. I said, "It's nice out here." Sam said, "You're pretty." He said, "You fascinate me." He twirled the curls at the back of my neck. He frightened me. Fascination, I thought. Awe. I can't live with awe. But I did. I hung in. Two weeks later, he said, "I bit off too much, I confess. I hadn't expected . . ." He said, "It's not the right time."

I am not the right person at the right time. I was not the right person for Sam, Jerry, or Jill. Tom and Ajax were not the right people for me. Susan was not the right person for Bruce. I am thirty-two. Jill is twenty-eight. Bruce is thirty-two and has worked in three Presidential campaigns. Susan is twenty-eight. Jerry is thirty. Sam is thirty-five. Art is forty. Tom is thirty-five. Michael the sculptor is a month and a day younger than Susan. Ajax is thirty-eight. Bebe, his new girlfriend, is twenty.



• •

BACK when my sister and I were little, before either of us had ever had a boyfriend, we would ask each other, "If you had to marry somebody now, who would it be?"

Who would it be? Would it be Bruce, Sam, or Jerry? Or Ajax? Or Tom? Maybe Sam, because it would be a challenge to make him grow to love me, the way he said he did three Saturday nights ago. It's the challenge that people accept when they adopt a dog from the S.P.C.A. that's said to have "a discipline problem," and they think: Not with me—I'll be the one who tames him. Would it be Jerry? No, because he would grow abrupt again. He would be impatient and refuse counselling.

Bruce knew Jerry first but it was Susan who'd introduced me to him. She'd met Jerry through Michael the sculptor, whom she'd met at a New Year's Eve party put on by Artists Against Racism. When she came back from Washington to visit this summer, she showed me the house where the party had been. Or so she thought—she wasn't sure. She'd been drunk and it was nine years ago. Every time we passed a yellow Rabbit, she said, "I wonder if that's the car I sold when I left here."

Once I was going to be her maid of honor. She was going to marry Bruce. She bought a midcalf-length tea dress, pinky-peach, with lace. Then he decided he didn't want anything for life, though he still wanted to live with her. She left for six months, and came back for two years before leaving for good. During that six months, she went around the world. One afternoon she was on a boat in Indonesia. She turned and saw a man sitting on a bench on deck, in three-quarter profile. He looked like Michael—Michael the sculptor from her early twenties, whom she'd met on New Year's and had left by May because he was jealous of her time. The man on the bench was asleep and he slept like Michael—head thrown back, arms out. Susan cried for two hours. When she describes this to me, her voice still breaks.

—S. L. WISENBERG

DOG HEAVEN

EVERY so often that dead dog dreams me up again.

It's twenty-five years later. I'm walking along Forty-second Street in Manhattan, the sounds of the city crashing beside me—horns and gearshifts, insults—somebody's chewing gum holding my foot to the pavement, when that dog wakes from his long sleep and imagines me.

I'm sweet again. I'm sweet-breathed and flat-limbed. Our family is stationed at Fort Niagara, and the dog swims his red heavy fur into the black Niagara River. Across the street from the officers' quarters, down the steep shady bank, the river, even this far downstream, has been clocked at nine miles per hour. The dog swims after a stick I have thrown.

"Are you crazy?" my grandmother says, even though she is not fond of dog hair in the house, the way it sneaks into the refrigerator every time you open the door. "There's a current out there! It'll take that dog all the way to Toronto!"

"The dog knows where the backwater ends and the current begins," I say, because it is true. He comes down to the river all the time with my father, my brother MacArthur, or me. You never have to yell the dog away from the place where the river water moves like a whip.

SPARKY SMITH and I had a game we played called Knockout. It involved a certain way of breathing and standing up fast that caused the blood to leave the brain as if a plug had been jerked from the skull. You came to again just as soon as you were on the ground, the blood sloshing back, but it always seemed as if you had left the planet, had a vacation on Mars, and maybe stopped back at Fort Niagara half a lifetime later.

There weren't many kids my age on the post, because it was a small command. Most of its real work went on at the missile batteries flung like shale along the American-Canadian border. Sparky Smith and I hadn't been at Lewiston-Porter Central School long enough to get to know many people, so we entertained ourselves by meeting in a hollow of trees and shrubs at the far edge of the parade ground and telling each other seventh-grade sex jokes that usually had to do with keyholes and doorknobs, hot dogs and hot-dog buns, nuns, priests, preachers, schoolteachers, and people in blindfolds.

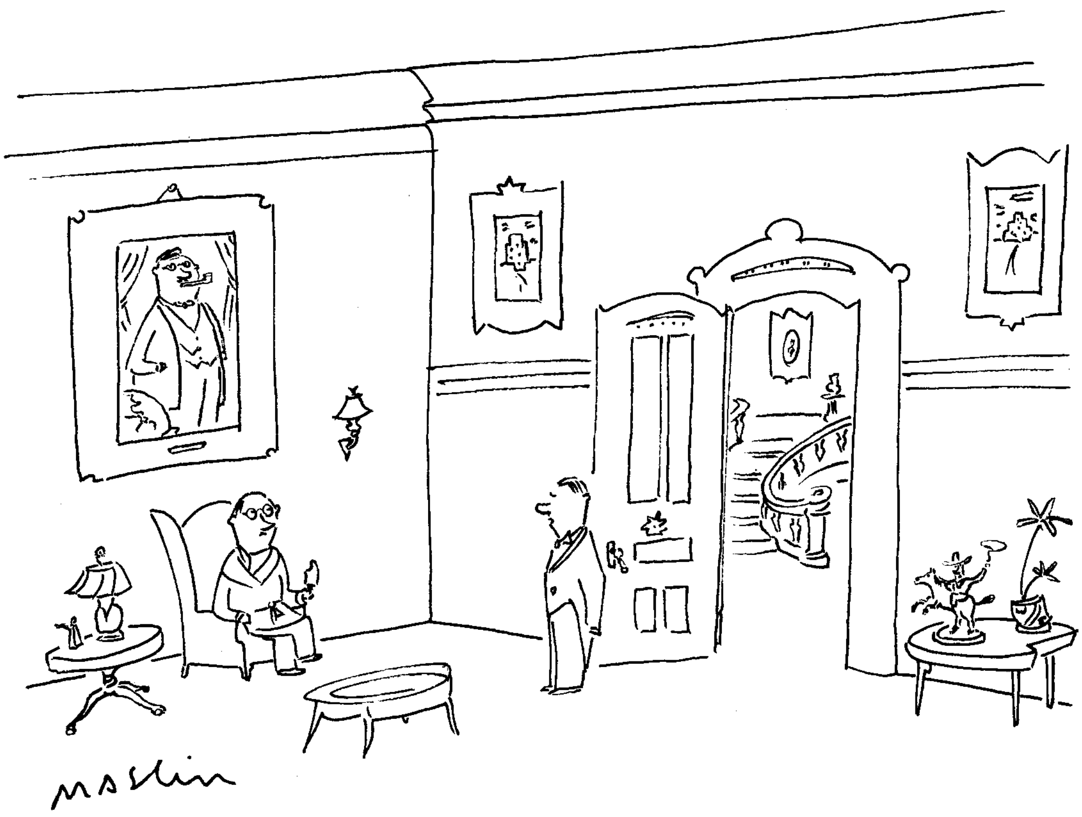
When we ran out of sex jokes, we went to Knockout and took turns catching each other as we fell like a cut tree toward the ground. Whenever I knocked out, I came to on the grass with the dog barking, yelping, crouching, crying for help. "Wake up! Wake up!" he seemed to say. "Do you know your name? Do you know your name? My name is Duke! My name is Duke!" I'd wake to the sky with the urgent call of the dog in the air, and I'd think, Well, here I am, back in my life again.

Sparky Smith and I spent our school time smiling too much and running for office. We wore mittens instead of gloves, because everyone else did. We made our mothers buy us ugly knit caps with balls on top—caps that in our previous schools would have identified us as weird but were part of the winter uniform in upstate New York. We wobbled onto the ice of the post rink, practicing in secret, banged our knees, scraped the palms of our hands, so that we would be invited to skating parties by civilian children.

"You skate?" With each other we practiced the cool look.

"Oh, yeah. I mean like I do it some—I'm not a racer or anything."

Every school morning, we boarded the Army-green bus—the slime-green, dead-swamp-algae-green bus—and rode it to the post gate, past the concrete island where the M.P.s stood in their bulletproof booth. Across from the gate, we got off at a street corner and waited with the other Army kids, the junior-high and high-school kids, for the real bus, the yellow one with the civilian kids on it. Just as we began to board, the civilian kids—there were only six of them but eighteen of us—would begin to sing the Artillery song with obscene variations one of them had invented. Instead of "Over hill, over dale," they sang things like "Over boob, over tit." For a few weeks, we sat in silence watching the heavy oak trees of the



"I could double-check, sir, but I believe the last of the coconut frozen-fruit bars now rests in your hand."

town give way to apple orchards and potato farms, and we pretended not to hear. Then one day Sparky Smith began to sing the real Artillery song, the booming song with caissons rolling along in it, and we all joined in and took over the bus with our voices.

When we ran out of verses, one of the civilian kids, a football player in high school, yelled, "Sparky is a *dog's* name. Here, Sparky, Sparky, Sparky." Sparky rose from his seat with a wounded look, then dropped to the aisle on his hands and knees and bit the football player in the calf. We all laughed, even the football player, and Sparky returned to his seat.

"That guy's just lucky I didn't pee on his leg," Sparky said.

Somehow Sparky got himself elected homeroom president and me homeroom vice-president in January. He liked to say, "In actual percentages—I mean in actual per-capita terms—we are doing much better than the civilian kids." He kept track of how many athletes we had, how many band members, who among the older girls might become a cheerleader. Listening to him even then, I couldn't figure out how he got anyone to vote for us. When he was campaigning, he sounded dull and serious, and anyway he had a large head and looked funny in his knit cap. He put up a homemade sign in the lunchroom, went from table to table to find students from 7-B to shake hands with, and said to me repeatedly, as I walked along a step behind him and nodded, "Just don't tell them that you're leaving in March. Under no circumstances let them know that you will not be able to finish out your term."

In January, therefore, I was elected homeroom vice-president by people I still didn't know (nobody in 7-B rode our bus—that gave us an edge), and in March my family moved to Fort Sill, in Oklahoma. I surrendered my vice-presidency to a civilian girl, and that was the end for all time of my career in public office.

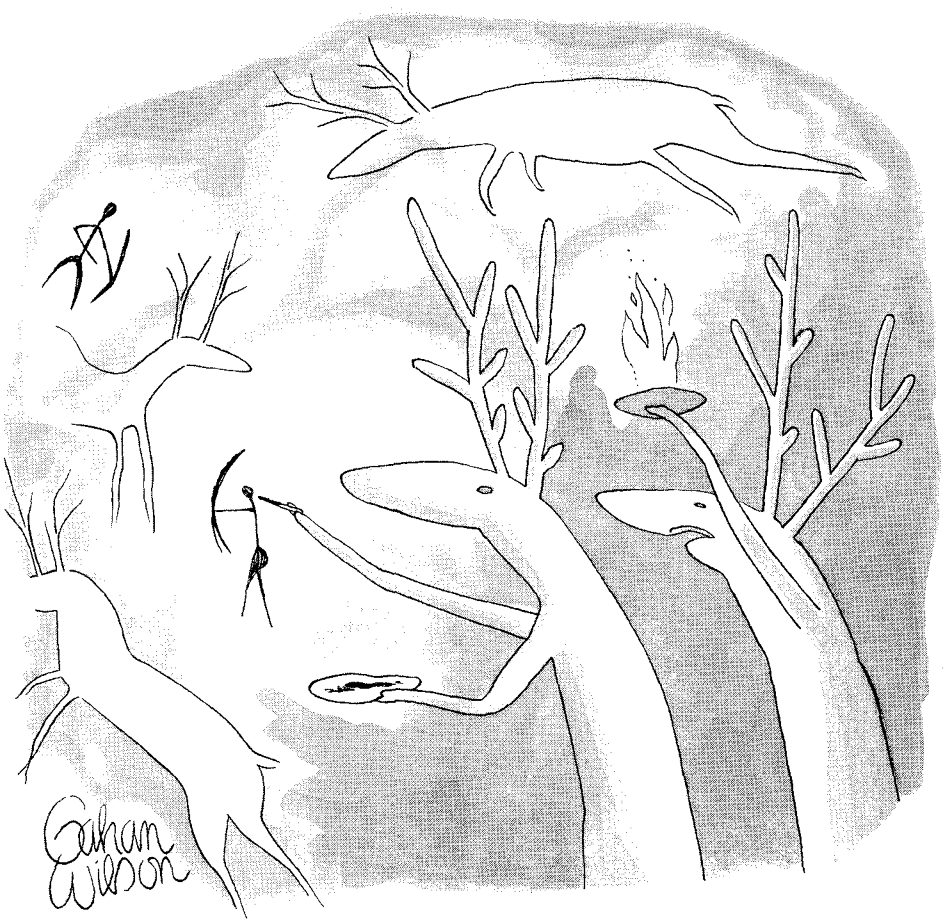
TWO days before we left Fort Niagara, we took the dog, Duke, to Charlie Battery, fourteen miles from the post, and left him with the mess sergeant. We were leaving him for only six weeks, until we could settle in Oklahoma and send for him. He had stayed at Charlie Battery before, when we visited our relatives in Ohio at Christmastime. He knew there were big meaty bones at Charlie Battery, and scraps of chicken, steak, turkey, slices of cheese, special big-dog bowls of ice cream. The mess at Charlie Battery was Dog Heaven, so he gave us a soft, forgiving look as we walked with him from the car to the back of the mess hall.

My mother said, as she always did at times like that, "I wish he knew more English." My father gave him a fierce manly scratch behind the ears. My brother and I scraped along behind with our pinched faces.

"Don't you worry," the sergeant said. "He'll be fine here. We like this dog, and he likes us. He'll run that fence perimeter all day long. He'll be his own early-warning defense system. Then we'll give this dog everything he ever dreamed of eating." The sergeant looked quickly at my father to see if the lighthearted reference to the defense system had been all right. My father was in command of the missile batteries. In my father's presence, no one spoke lightly of the defense of the United States of America—of the missiles that would rise from the earth like a wind and knock out (knock out!) the Soviet planes flying over the North Pole with their nuclear bombs. But Duke was my father's dog, too, and I think that my father had the same wish we all had—to tell him that we were going to send for him, this was just going to be a wonderful dog vacation.

"Sergeant Carter has the best mess within five hundred miles," my father said to me and MacArthur.

We looked around. We had been there for Thanksgiving dinner when the grass was still green. Now, in late winter, it was a dreary place, a collection of rain-streaked metal buildings standing near huge dark mounds of earth. In summer, the mounds looked something like the large grassy mounds in southern Ohio, the famous Indian mounds, softly rounded and benignly mysterious. In March, they were black with old snow. Inside the mounds were the Nike missiles, I sup-



"You're putting in too many people!"

• •

posed, although I didn't know for sure where the missiles were. Perhaps they were hidden in the depressions behind the mounds.

A VILLAGE WALK UNDER SNOW

Roiling flakes,
The lunge of a million carousels
In free fall makes
Frame houses' old pastels

By contrast bright
As fresh enamel; while that Ford
(In negative white)
Reveals the silkenly scored

Streamlines wind
Tunnels were designed to test.
Cold weather, friend,
Truest if not the best,

Is seeing saving—
This tufted pine branch, thick with spume
As a poised shaving
Brush or egret's plume,

Mine to keep?
And those post-Xmas Xmas trees
Fallen asleep
In snow and left to freeze

On kelp-strewn sands of
The vacant public beach. . . . Enough
That wheeling bands of
Gulls patrol a rough-

Hewn, bile-dark sea,
Rising to meet the falling sky
Where gulls are free,
Hovering, to dive or cry.

(A bold one dives
Right now, just past my head—one more
Of those close shaves
Outdoors is noted for.)

Jumbo lace,
A complex tire-track hems the path
My steps retrace
In the homeward aftermath—

Gray skies, bare trees,
Houses seen through veils of snow,
Affording ease
Good for an hour or so.

—Alfred Corn

• •

ONCE during "Fact Monday" in Homeroom 7-B, our teacher, Miss Bintz, had given a lecture on nuclear weapons. First she put a slide on the wall depicting an atom and its spinning electrons.

"Do you know what this is?" she said, and everyone in the room said, "An atom," in one voice, as if we were reciting a poem. We liked "Fact Monday" sessions because we didn't have to do any work for them. We sat happily in the dim light of her slides through lectures called "Nine Chapters in the Life of a Cheese" ("First the milk is warmed, then it is soured with rennet"), "The Morning Star of English Poetry" ("As springtime suggests the beginning of new life, so Chaucer stands at the beginning of English poetry"), and "Who's Who Among the Butterflies" ("The Monarch—*Anosia plexippus*—is king"). Sparky liked to say that Miss Bintz was trying to make us into third graders again, but I liked Miss Bintz. She had high cheekbones and a passionate voice. She believed, like the adults in my family, that a fact was something solid and useful, like a penknife you could put in your pocket in case of emergency.

That day's lecture was "What Happens to the Atom When It's Smashed." Miss Bintz put on the wall a black-and-white slide of four women who had been horribly disfigured by the atomic blast at Hiroshima. The room was half darkened for the slide show. When she surprised us with the four faces of the women, you could feel the darkness grow, the silence in the bellies of the students.

"And do you know what this is?" Miss Bintz said. No one spoke. What answer could she have wanted from us, anyway? She clicked the slide machine through ten more pictures—closeups of blistered hands, scarred heads, flattened buildings, burned trees, maimed and naked children staggering toward the camera as if the camera were food, a house, a mother, a father, a friendly dog.

"Do you know what this is?" Miss Bintz said again. Our desks were arranged around the edge of the room, creating an arena in the center. Miss Bintz entered that space and began to move along the front of our desks, looking to see who would answer her incomprehensible question.

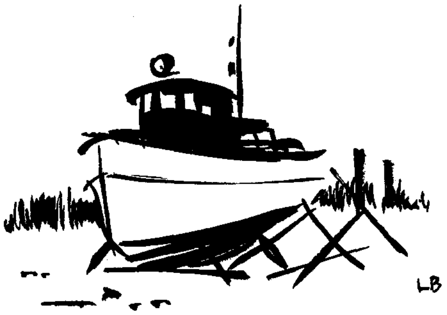
"Do you know?" She stopped in front of my desk.

"No," I said.

"Do you know?" She stopped next at Sparky's desk.

Sparky looked down and finally said, "It's something horrible."

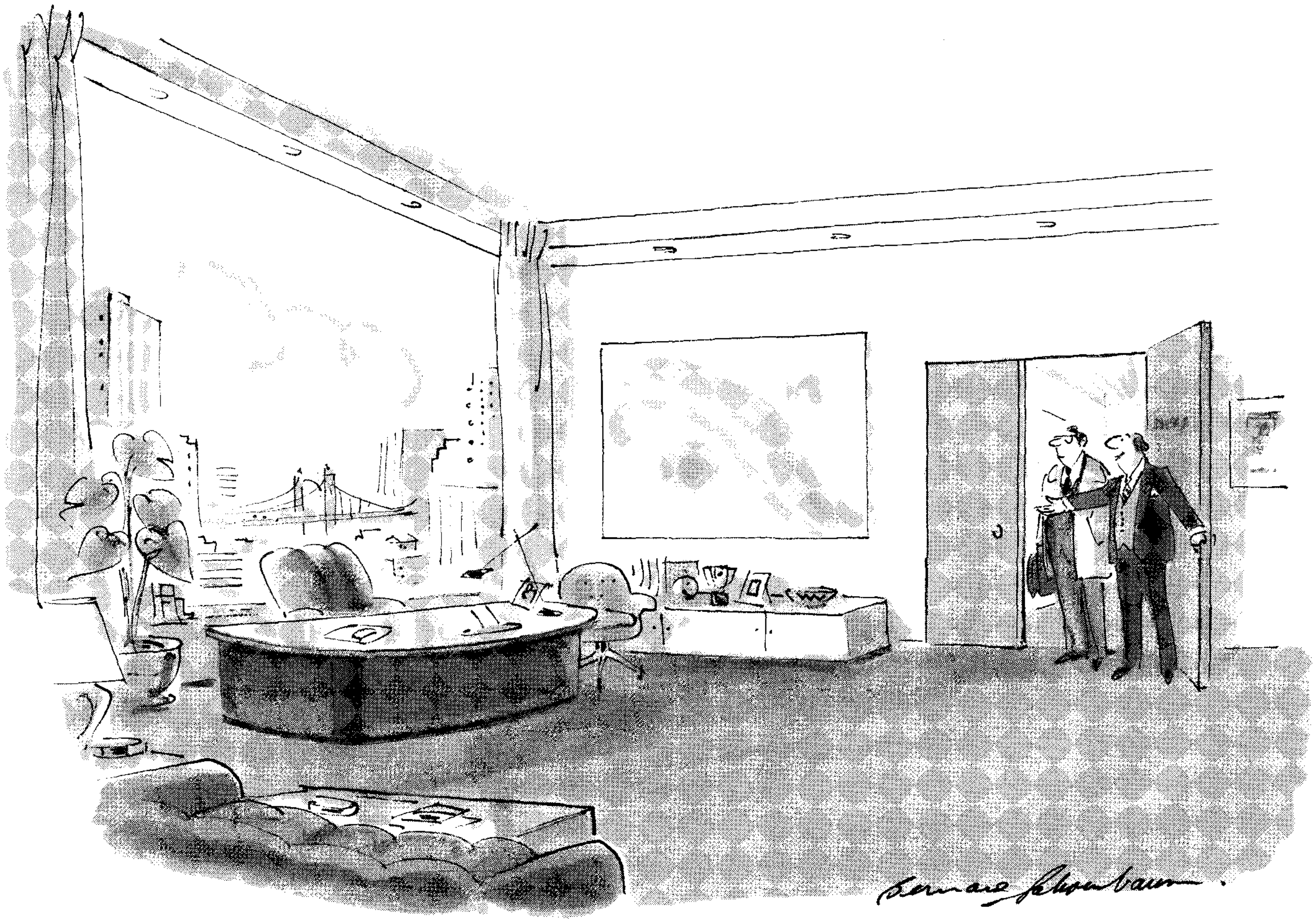
"That's right," she said. "It's something very horrible. This is the effect of an atom smashing. This is the effect of nuclear power." She turned to gesture at the slide, but she had stepped in front of the projector, and the smear of children's faces fell across her back. "Now let's think about how nuclear power got from the laboratory to the people of Japan." She had begun to pace again. "Let's think about where all this devastation and wreckage actually comes from. You tell me," she said to a large, crouching boy named Donald Anderson. He was hunched over his desk, and his arms lay before him like tree limbs.



"I don't know," Donald Anderson said.

"Of course you do," Miss Bintz said. "Where did all of this come from?"

None of us had realized yet that Miss Bintz's message was political. I looked beyond Donald Anderson at the drawn window shades. Behind them were plate-glass windows, a view of stiff red-oak leaves, the smell of wood smoke in the air. Across the road from the school was an orchard, beyond that a pasture, another orchard, and then the town of Lewiston, standing on the Niagara River seven miles upstream from the long row of red brick Colo-



"And this is where I sweat the details."

• •

nial houses that were the officers' quarters at Fort Niagara. Duke was down by the river, probably, sniffing at the reedy edge, his head lifting when ducks flew low over the water. Once the dog had come back to our house with a live fish in his mouth, a carp. Nobody ever believed that story except those of us who saw it: me, my mother and father and brother, my grandmother.

Miss Bintz had clicked to a picture of a mushroom cloud and was now saying, "And where did the bomb come from?" We were all tired of "Fact Monday" by then. Miss Bintz walked back to where Sparky and I were sitting. "You military children," she said. "You know where the bomb comes from. Why don't you tell us?" she said to me.

Maybe because I was tired, or bored, or frightened—I don't know—I said to Miss Bintz, looking her in the eye, "The bomb comes from the mother bomb."

Everyone laughed. We laughed because we needed to laugh, and because Miss Bintz had all the answers and all the questions and she was pointing them at us like guns.

"Stand up," she said. She made me enter the arena in front of the desks, and then she clicked the machine back to the picture of the Japanese women. "Look at this picture and make a joke," she said. What came next was the lecture she had been aiming for all along. The bomb came from the United States of America. We in the United States were worried about whether another country might use the bomb, but in the whole history of the human species only one country had ever used the worst weapon ever invented. On she went, bombs and airplanes and bomb tests, and then she got to the missiles. They were right here, she said, not more than ten miles away. Didn't we all know that? "You know that, don't you?" she said to me. If the missiles weren't hidden among our orchards, the planes from the Soviet Union would not have any reason to drop bombs on top of Lewiston-Porter Central Junior High School.

I had stopped listening by then and realized that the pencil I still held in my hand was drumming a song against my thigh. Over hill, over dale. I looked back at the wall again, where the mushroom cloud had reappeared, and my own silhouette stood wildly in the middle of it. I looked at Sparky and dropped the pencil on the floor, stooped down to get it, looked at Sparky once more, stood up, and knocked out.

Later, people told me that I didn't fall like lumber, I fell like something soft collapsing, a fan folding in on itself, a balloon rumpling to the floor. Sparky saw what I was up to and tried to get out from behind his desk to catch me, but it was Miss Bintz I fell against, and she went down, too. When I woke up, the lights were on, the mushroom cloud was a pale ghost against the wall, voices in the room sounded like in-sect wings, and I was back in my life again.

"I'm so sorry," Miss Bintz said. "I didn't know you were an epileptic."

AT Charlie Battery, it was drizzling as my parents stood and talked with the sergeant, rain running in dark tiny ravines along the slopes of the mounds.

MacArthur and I had M&M's in our pockets, which we were allowed to give to the dog for his farewell. When we extended our hands, though, the dog lowered himself to the gravel and looked up at us from under his tender red eyebrows. He seemed to say that if he took the candy he knew we would go, but if he didn't perhaps we would stay here at the missile battery and eat scraps with him.

We rode back to the post in silence, through the gray apple orchards, through small upstate towns, the fog rising out of the rain like a wish. MacArthur and I sat against opposite doors in the back seat, thinking of the loneliness of the dog.

We entered the kitchen, where my grandmother had already begun to clean the refrigerator. She looked at us, at our grim children's faces—the dog had been sent away a day earlier than was really necessary—and she said, "Well, God knows you can't clean the dog hair out of the house with the dog still in it."

WHENEVER I think of an Army post, I think of a place the weather cannot touch for long. The precise rectangles of the parade grounds, the precisely pruned trees and shrubs, the living quarters, the administration buildings, the PX and commissary, the nondenominational church, the teen club, the snack bar, the movie house, the skeet-and-trap field, the swimming pools, the runway, warehouses, the Officers' Club, the N.C.O. Club. Men marching, women marching, saluting, standing at attention, at ease. The bugle will trumpet reveille, mess call, assembly, retreat, taps through a hurricane, a tornado, flood, blizzard. Whenever I think of the clean, squared look of a military post, I think that if one were blown down today in a fierce wind, it would be standing again tomorrow in time for reveille.

The night before our last full day at Fort Niagara, an Arctic wind slipped across the lake and froze the rain where it fell, on streets, trees, power lines, rooftops. We awoke to a fabulation of ice, the sun shining like a weapon, light rocketing off every surface except the surfaces of the Army's clean streets and walks.

MacArthur and I stood on the dry, scraped walk in front of our house and watched a jeep pass by on the way to the gate. On the post, everything was operational, but in the civilian world beyond the gate power lines were down, hanging like daggers in the sun, roads were glazed with ice, cars were in ditches, highways were impassable. No yellow school buses were going to be on the roads that morning.

"This means we miss our very last day in school," MacArthur said. "No goodbyes for us."

We looked up at the high, bare branches of the hard maples, where drops of ice glimmered.

"I just want to shake your hand and say so long," Sparky said. He had come out of his house to stand with us. "I guess you know this means you'll miss the surprise party."

"There was going to be a party?" I said.

"Just cupcakes," Sparky said. "I sure wish you could stay the school year and keep your office."

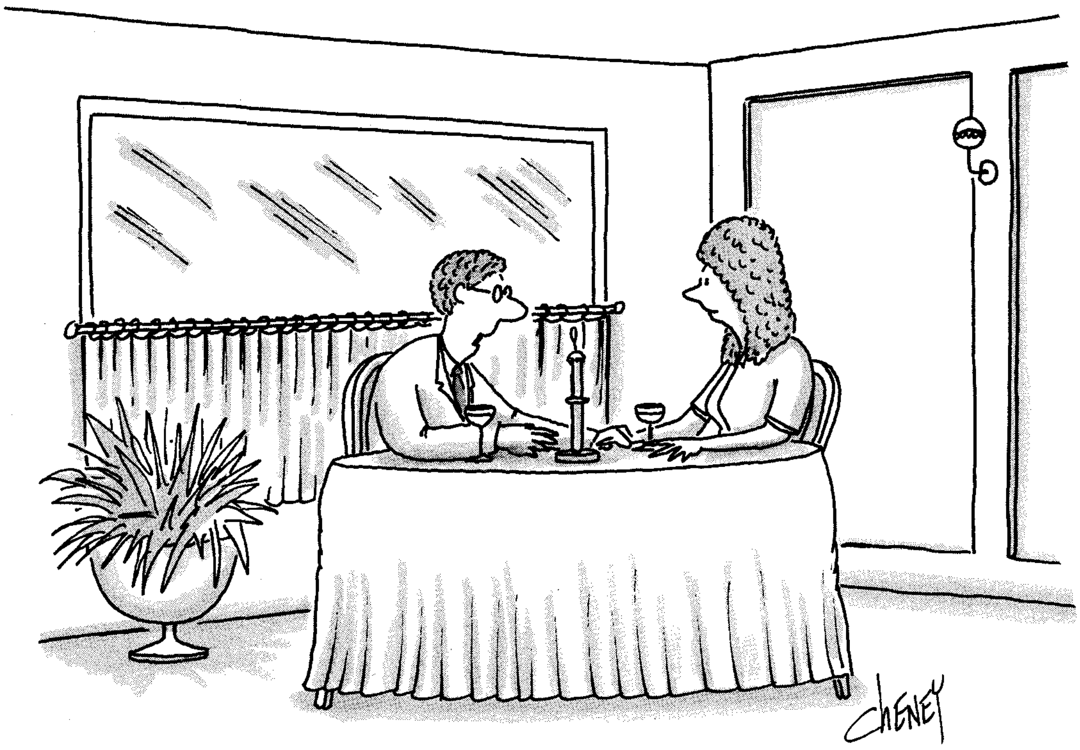
"Oh, who cares!" I said, suddenly irritated with Sparky, although he was my best friend. "Jesus," I said, sounding to myself like an adult—like Miss Bintz, maybe, when she was off duty. "Jesus," I said again. "What kind of office is home goddam room vice-president in a crummy country school?"

MacArthur said to Sparky, "What kind of cupcakes were they having?"

I looked down at MacArthur and said, "Do you know how totally ridiculous you look in that knit cap? I can't wait until we get out of this place."

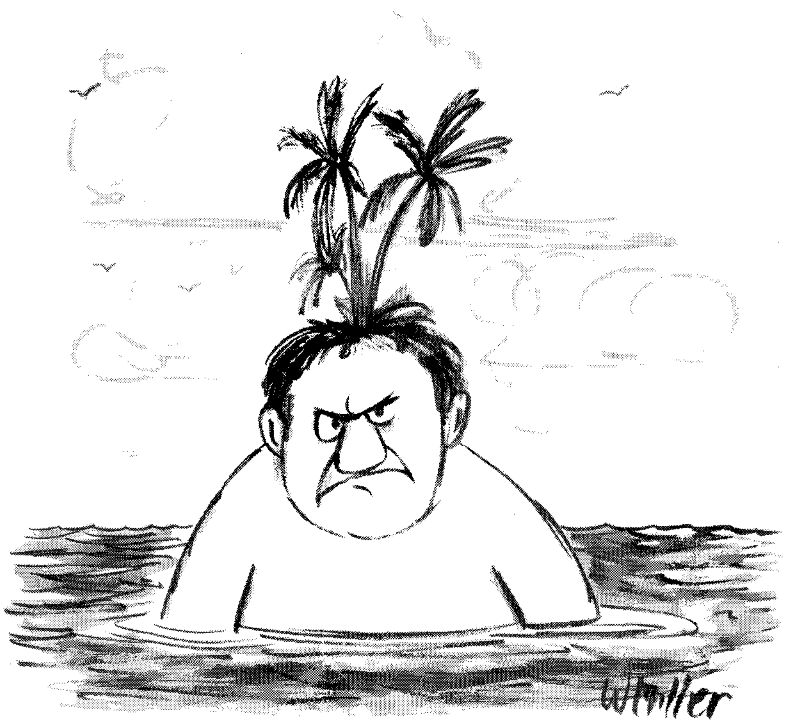
"Excuse me," MacArthur said. "Excuse me for wearing the hat you gave me for my birthday."

It was then that the dog came back. We heard him calling out before we saw him, his huge woof-woof "My name is Duke! My name is Duke! I'm your dog! I'm your dog!" Then we saw him streaking through the trees, through



"Ellen, I wish you'd had the chance to know me before my medication was adjusted."

the park space of oaks and maples between our house and the post gate. Later the M.P.s would say that he stopped and wagged his tail at them before he passed through the gate, as if he understood that he should be stopping to show his I.D. card. He ran to us, bounding across the crusted, glass-slick snow—ran into the history of our family, all the stories we would tell about him after he was dead. Years and years later, whenever we came back together at the family table, we would start the dog stories. He was the dog who caught the live fish with his mouth, the one who stole a pound of butter off the commissary loading dock and brought it to us in his soft bird dog's mouth without a tooth mark on the package. He was the dog who broke out of Charlie Battery the morning of an ice storm, travelled fourteen miles across the needled grasses of frozen pastures, through the prickly frozen mud of orchards, across back-yard fences in small towns, and found the lost family.



THIS MAN IS AN ISLAND.

• •

The day was good again. When we looked back at the ice we saw a fairyland. The red brick houses looked like ice castles. The ice-coated trees, with their million dreams of light, seemed to cast a spell over us.

"This is for you," Sparky said, and handed me a gold-foiled box. Inside were chocolate candies and a note that said, "I have enjoyed knowing you this year. I hope you have a good life." Then it said, "P.S. Remember this name. Someday I'm probably going to be famous."

"Famous as what?" MacArthur said.

"I haven't decided yet," Sparky said.

We had a party. We sat on the front steps of our quarters, Sparky, MacArthur, the dog, and I, and we ate all the chocolates at eight o'clock in the morning. We sat shoulder to shoulder, the four of us, and looked across the street through the trees at the river, and we talked about what we might be doing a year from then. Finally, we finished the chocolates and stopped talking and allowed the brilliant light of that morning to enter us.

Miss Bintz is the one who sent me the news about Sparky four months later. "BOY DROWNS IN SWIFT CURRENT." In the newspaper story, Sparky takes the bus to Niagara Falls with two friends from Lewiston-Porter. It's a searing July day, a hundred degrees in the city, so the boys climb down the gorge into the river and swim in a place where it's illegal to swim, two miles downstream from the Falls. The boys Sparky is visiting—they're both student-council members as well as football players, just the kind of boys Sparky himself wants to be—have sneaked down to this swimming place many times: a cove in the bank of the river, where the water is still and glassy on a hot July day, not like the water raging in the middle of the river. But the current is a wild invisible thing, unreliable, whipping out with a looping arm to pull you in. "He was only three feet in front of me," one of the boys said. "He took one more stroke and then he was gone."

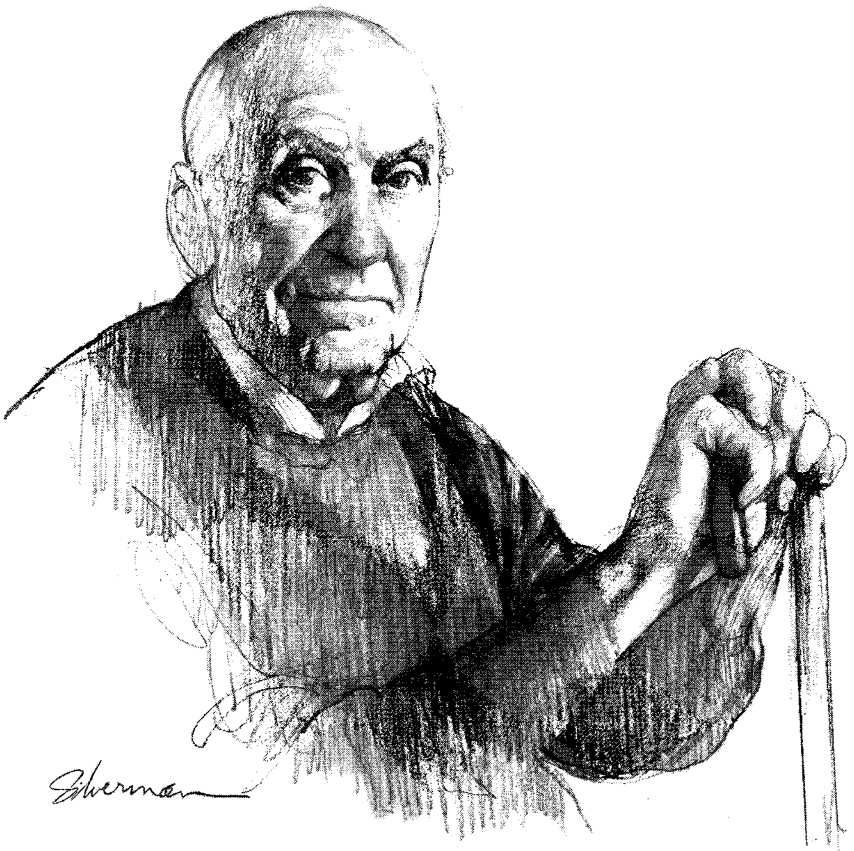
We were living in civilian housing not far from the post. When we had the windows open, we could hear the bugle calls and the sound of the cannon firing retreat at sunset. A month after I got the newspaper clipping about Sparky, the dog died. He was killed, along with every other dog on our block, when a stranger drove down our street one evening and threw poisoned hamburger into our front yards.

All that week I had trouble getting to sleep at night. One night I was still awake when the recorded bugle sounded taps, the sound drifting across the Army fences and into our bedrooms. Day is done, gone the sun. It was the sound of my childhood in sleep. The bugler played it beautifully, mournfully, holding fast to the long, high notes. That night I listened to the cadence of it, to the yearning of it. I thought of the dog again, only this time I suddenly saw him rising like a missile into the air, the red glory of his fur flying, his nose pointed heavenward. I remembered the dog leaping high, prancing on his hind legs the day he came back from Charlie Battery, the dog rocking back and forth, from front legs to hind legs, dancing, sliding across the ice of the post rink later that day, as Sparky, MacArthur, and I played crack-the-whip, holding tight to each other, our skates careening and singing. "You're AWOL! You're AWOL!" we cried at the dog. "No school!" the dog barked back. "No school!" We skated across the darkening ice into the sunset, skated faster and faster, until we seemed to rise together into the cold, bright air. It was a good day, it was a good day, it was a good day.

—Stephanie Vaughn

PROFILES

A KIND OF DANCER



On February 3rd of last year, the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble performed a program of music by Vittorio Rieti at Merkin Concert Hall, in New York. The concert was given in celebration of the composer's ninetieth birthday. He was there, and so was an audience of more than two hundred. Rieti's contribution to twentieth-century music has been steady in both quantity and quality—not innovative but still unique and valuable. As if in keeping with this status, Merkin Hall is near Lincoln Center but not a part of it. The concert was subsidized by two patrons, a corporation, and a foundation. Many of the people attending were musicians themselves and also friends of the composer. So while the concert was a public event the atmosphere in the hall was personal, and there was a special intensity that sprang from the sense that the evening represented a lifetime. Involvement was deep on the part of the ensemble, too, for it was celebrating a long association with Rieti. It played without reservation, and with visible pleasure.

All the pieces on the program were in the French neoclassical style—an intellectual music employing classical disciplines but playing against classical rules, often gay, sometimes flippant, a style of charm, jokes, artifice, and disguises, sweet one moment and acerbic the next, a music intended to give pleasure rather than insight, to create a civilized atmosphere rather than passion and introspection. To an ear unaccustomed to contemporary music it would sound modern and difficult; to someone familiar with dissonance and atonality it would sound conservative—because there is structure, because there is melody, because there is traditional orchestration. Historically, however, the neoclassical style was a radical style, employing academic skills in much the same way they were employed in Surrealist painting—for surprise through the disruption of established unities. Which is to say that the composer of the evening was indisputably a modernist. He was a modernist involved not in stripping away the surface to reveal emotional truth but in playing around with the surface. He was a modernist whose reaction to modern times had been to involve himself with fun and liveliness, irony and wit. In this he reflected the period in which he started out but also something deep within himself, for he continued in this style when the musical world turned away from it. The neoclassical period was at its peak between the wars, and ended after the Second World War, yet the pieces on the program at Merkin Hall were written between 1931 and 1987, and would have been impossible to date by ear.

The last piece appeared thus on the program:

Congedo (1987)
(Farewell)
World Première

A piece called "Farewell" seemed raw stuff at a ninetieth-birthday celebration. How, I wondered, were we in the audience to respond to such a statement? Mercifully, just before the piece was played, the violist spoke to the audience. She said that when the ensemble players had been rehearsing "Mr. Rieti told us that 'congedo' meant 'farewell.'" She held up her index finger and added, "However, he said that it is not the *last* farewell." The piece that followed was a spirited one, which, as someone near me said, "sounded more like 'hello' than 'goodbye.'" When it was over, Rieti, who had been in the audience, went up onstage and, removing his glasses, stood in the light amid the cascading sound of applause. He has a great bald dome of a head, Mephistophelian eyebrows, and a strong jaw. He looked indelibly European. He presented himself with a formal dignity, and yet there was great simplicity in the way he stood there. Though he was bent with age, he was still debonair.

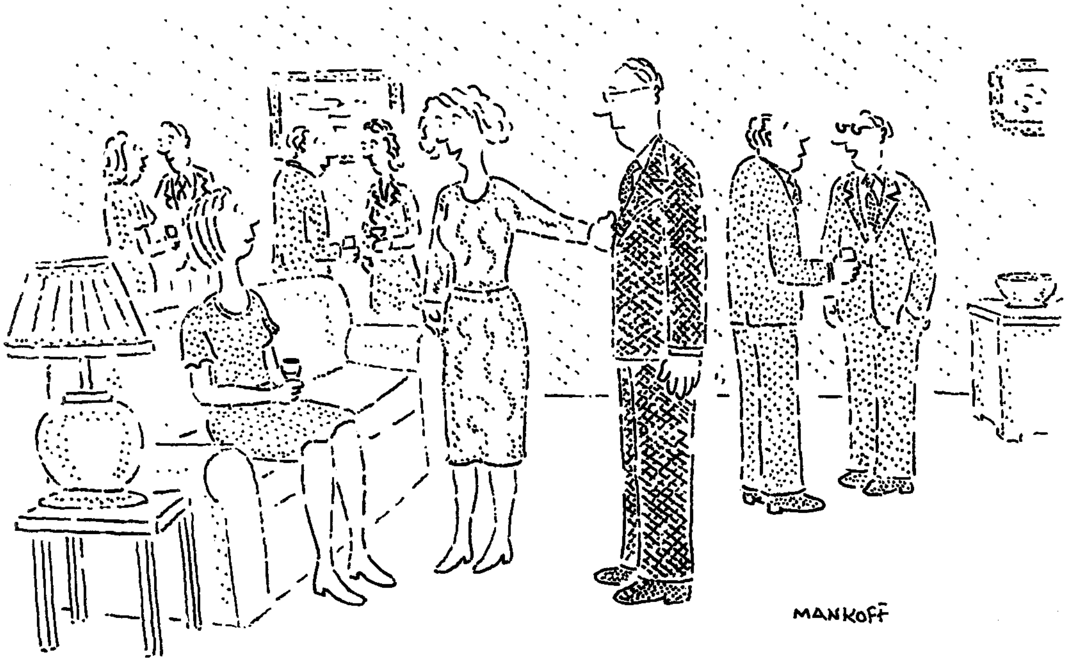
Rieti lives in a two-bedroom apartment on Madison Avenue in the Nineties. One morning, I arrived at nine to talk to him, and asked him if I had come too early. "I have done several errands, including shopping for our lunch, and have taken my walk," he replied. "I have called Rome and Massachusetts. I am going to Massachusetts for the weekend. It is ridiculous. I am decrepit. I am going to visit Rosanna Warren. Rosanna is my latest love." Rosanna Warren, thirty-five, happily married and the mother of two children, is the daughter of Rieti's old friends Robert Penn Warren and Eleanor Clark. It is typical of Rieti to have a friendship with someone several generations younger than he is, to take trouble to cultivate the contact, and to sauce his description of the relationship with romantic innuendo. He has a rich voice, and occasionally he will wrap it around an English word that takes his fancy with the savoring enjoyment of a wine taster. That morning, it was "decrepit": he pronounced it staccato, with a rolling "r" and a heavy accent on the middle syllable. He was dressed in somewhat tattered clothes. According to friends, he has dressed in tatters all his life. According to his son, Fabio—a painter who lives in Paris and is well known for large outdoor paintings on buildings—he has always been completely oblivious of his physical surroundings. And yet he is profoundly stylish. Even the way he leans on his cane turns it into an accessory to cosmopolitan grace.

Fabio's view of his father's relationship to physical things is borne out by Rieti's apartment. It's tidy, absolutely tidy, but the absence of capital maintenance also seems to be absolute. Many of the keys on his upright piano, in his living room, are missing their ivory. In his living room, the rug is worn through in several spots. Rieti is not of the consumer society. He describes himself as a rootless person, and in a way the description is true, but it is also true that he has lived in this apartment for thirty years. There is a stillness in the rooms. One has the impression that the furniture was arranged and the pictures—many of them quite interesting—were hung shortly after he moved in, and have not been moved since. The exception to the stillness was a work in progress laid out on the piano. This was the score to "Kaleidoscope," a score commissioned by the Indianapolis Ballet Theatre, and the prolific pencilled notes—the "handwriting"—gave off energy and an aura of rapid happening. I knew that this was probably true of the music itself, for fluid mobility is a characteristic of Rieti's style.

We sat down in the living room, Rieti in an armchair and I on the sofa. His back was to one of two tall, narrow windows, through which filtered a gray light and muted sounds from the avenue.

Rieti told me that he had been born in Alexandria, Egypt, in 1898. (Mahler was then involved in emotional self-revelation using orchestras six times the size of those used in Beethoven's day. This kind of excess later spurred the neoclassicists in the other direction.) He told me that his family were Italian Jews—his paternal grandfather was a tailor who had emigrated to Egypt to improve his economic lot, and his father became rich in the importing business. Rieti was the oldest son of four children, two boys and two girls. He described a prosperous colonial life, British style, with tutors and tennis, butlers and lawns, that was quite cut off from the Arab life all around. He was taught in Italian, French, and English. There were also piano lessons, and duet playing with his sisters and cousins. "When I was ten or eleven, I wrote my first composition," he said. (This was around the time that Schoenberg was writing his first atonal compositions.) "I imitated the album for four hands that contained overtures of Romantic nineteenth-century operas arranged for piano. But immediately I had a knack for the instrumentation, so I immediately tried to figure out not just the piano but also the orchestra. I didn't even know that there was such a thing as a score. I took pieces of paper, one for flute, one for French horn, et cetera, and did it that way. So, little by little, I learned how to do it." Rieti is greatly admired for his subtle, sophisticated orchestration, and yet, except for a few casual lessons from Respighi, he never received formal instruction in any of the techniques of composition. He doesn't make much of his precociousness, but he does like to say, "Who taught me music? Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin. They taught me music."

Rieti has composed steadily ever since. "Writing music is for me a vice, in the sense that I prefer to write daily," he told me. "If I don't do it, I become uncomfortable." In a recently published biography of Rieti, by Franco Carlo Ricci, which was written in Italian but is soon to be translated into English, a hundred and fifty-one works are listed, including seven sym-



"Diana, this is Russell. Russell is a single scientist."

phonies and five operas, twelve concertos and seventeen ballets, five quartets, seven sonatas, and seven sets of songs for voice, with many a capriccio, romanza, waltz, and serenata in between. He is best known for the ballets. "I would have preferred to be like Verdi, and to write an opera a year, but for me it turned out to be ballets," he said. "I don't know anything about the technical side of ballet, but apparently my music is sympathetic for dancing. I am a kind of dancer."

Rieti says he still has arguments in his head with his father. This could be because his father wanted him to take over the family business: "Before I was even born, he had this in mind for me." To that end, in 1912, when Rieti was thirteen, he was sent off to Bocconi University, in Milan, to study economics. By special arrangement, expatriate Italians were allowed to attend the university at an early age. (It was during this period that the two great introductory classics of twentieth-century music, Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" and Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" were first performed. Both met with outrage and derision.) In Milan, Rieti acquired a piano teacher, Giuseppe Frugatta. "He introduced me to the moderns—to Debussy, to Stravinsky, and to a man who was absolutely the last word, Schoenberg. I became familiar with Stravinsky and Schoenberg at the very beginning." While Rieti was in Milan, the First World War broke out. During this period, Debussy, for patriotic reasons, turned away from the emotional Austro-German tradition toward the abstract French eighteenth-century tradition, laying the ground for the French neoclassical style, in which Rieti would find a lifelong home.

After completing his course in economics, in 1915, Rieti returned to Alexandria to work in his father's business, but in the meantime Italy had entered the war, and in 1917 he was drafted. He fought in the Italian artillery in the Alps. "I remember perfectly the moment when the news came that Debussy had died," he said. His voice had a grim edge that turned his comment into a statement. He did not mean that the deaths around him did not impress him. He meant that he chose not to give the dignity of recognition to the kind of senseless horror that they represented.

THE CONTINUOUS LIFE

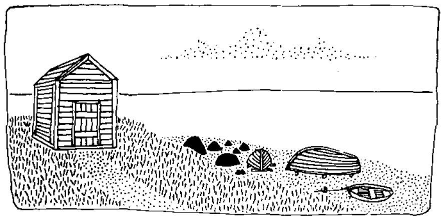
What of the neighborhood homes awash
In a silver light, of children hunched in the bushes,
Watching the grownups for signs of surrender,
Signs the irregular pleasures of moving
From day to day, of being adrift on the swell of duty
Have run their course? O parents, confess
To your little ones the night is a long way off
And your taste for the mundane grows; tell them
Your worship of household chores has barely begun;
Describe the beauty of shovels and rakes, brooms and mops;
Say there will always be cooking and cleaning to do,
That one thing leads to another, which leads to another;
Explain that you live between two great darks, the first
With an ending, the second without one, that the luckiest
Thing is having been born, that you live in a blur
Of hours and days, months and years, and believe
It has meaning, despite the occasional fear
You are slipping away with nothing completed, nothing
To prove you existed. Tell the children to come inside,
That your search goes on for something you lost: a name,
A book of the family that fell from its own small matter
Into another, a piece of the dark that might have been yours—
You don't really know. Say that each of you tries
To keep busy, learning to lean down close and hear
The careless breathing of earth and feel its available
Languor come over you, wave after wave, sending
Small tremors of love through your brief,
Undeniable selves, into your days, and beyond.

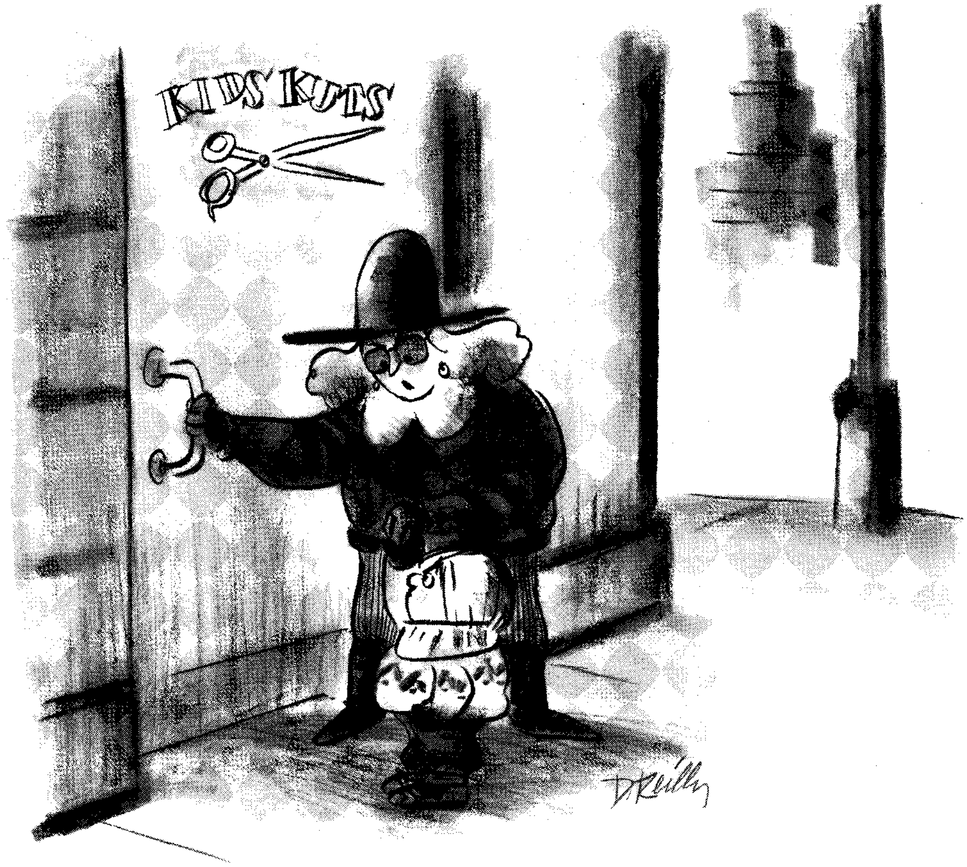
—MARK STRAND

* *

After the war, it became obvious to Rieti's father that his son could not be deterred from undertaking a musical career. He sold the business, and in 1920 the family moved to Rome. "This is how I became Roman," Rieti said. "This is why I have no particular roots." He was taken up by the major figures of the Roman musical world—among them Casella and Respighi—and, through them, met Stravinsky, Ravel, Schoenberg, Milhaud, Berg, and Webern. He likes remembering that he lent his score of "Pierrot Lunaire" to Puccini. There was also a rather distinguished social set into which he was invited. He was, for example, a regular guest of Lord Berners, a young English composer, who entertained lavishly. One of the paradoxes of Rieti's personality is that he is a man who dresses in tatters but gravitates to high social circles.

In 1924, Rieti married Elsie Rappaport, a third cousin and the daughter of a Rumanian financier, and in 1925 they had a son, Fabio. It was in Paris, however, that the developments in music that interested Rieti were taking place, and he began to spend more and more time there. Paris in the mid-twenties was also a freewheeling melee of adventurers, political refugees, profiteers, crooks, and "*tout Paris*"—the combination of artists, literati, and aristocrats which had supplanted bohemia as the cradle of the avant-garde. The atmosphere of the city was anti-heroic: it was a time of drugs, sex, open homosexuality, and falling social barriers; the time of Charlie Chaplin, Coco Chanel, and Jacques Maritain. Paris was the capital of the modern movements in all the arts, but it also nourished an "in"-group snobbery, an élitism of taste, and a confusion of novelty with merit. Serge Diaghilev, the producer of the Ballets Russes, and probably the most powerful cultural figure in Europe, had told Cocteau, "*Étonne-moi*," and some





"Remember what you promised Mommy—no screaming if your stylist happens to be off."

• •

felt that by the mid-twenties astonishment had become an end in itself.

In music, the French neoclassical movement reigned, with Diaghilev very much at the center. The groundwork for it had been laid during the war, when, with the encouragement of Debussy, French composers rejected the influence of German music, especially the music of Wagner and the late Romantics—of what they felt was emotionalism and grandiloquence. In 1919, Diaghilev asked Stravinsky to orchestrate some pieces by Pergolesi for a ballet. Stravinsky did more than that, turning the music topsy-turvy with alterations in rhythm and harmony, and violating convention by giving winds, rather than strings, the dominant parts. "Pulcinella," as the result was called, was greeted with outrage, which by then had become almost a traditional reaction to innovation. It was felt that the music and also the ballet's sets—by Picasso, in pseudo-eighteenth-century style—mocked the classical period.

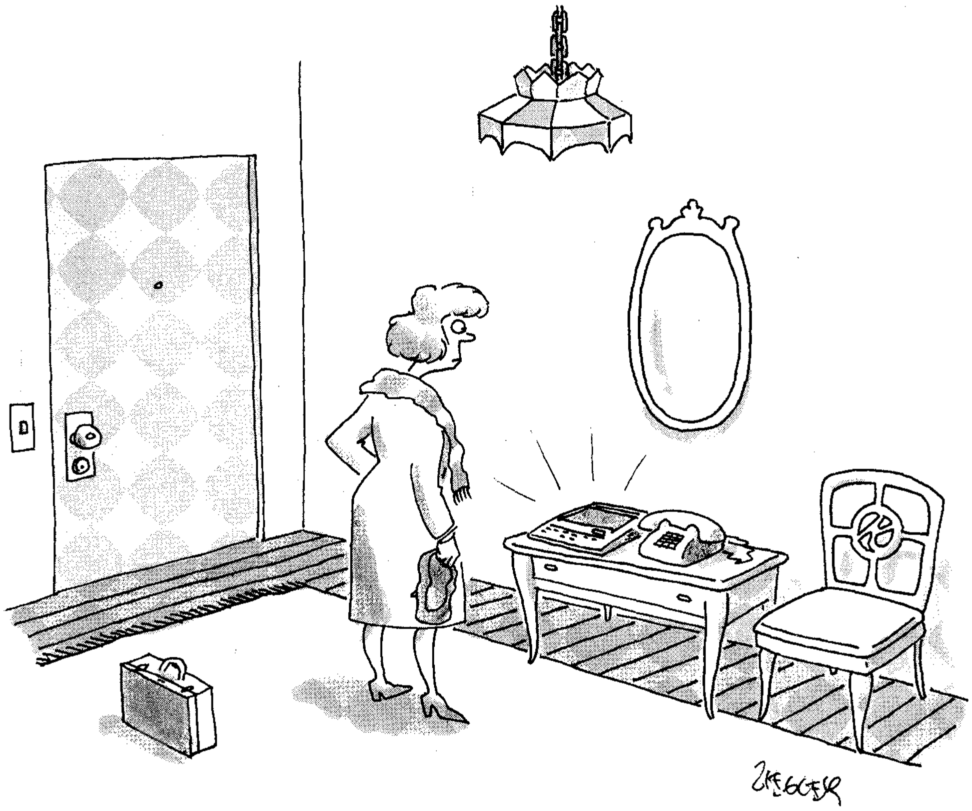
Stravinsky's "Octet," written in 1922, is generally considered the first fully developed neoclassical piece, and by that time many other composers were trying their hand at the new style. More and more, its character became cerebral rather than expressionistic. In contrast to Schoenberg, who said that his goal was to come as close as possible to total self-revelation, Stravinsky wrote, "I consider that music is, by its very nature, essentially powerless to *express* anything at all, whether a feeling, an attitude of mind, a psychological mood, a phenomenon of nature, etc. . . . The phenomenon of music is given to us with the sole purpose of establishing an order in things, including, and particularly, the coördination between *man* and *time*." When Rieti came to Paris, in 1925, this style had become the musical lingua franca; Schoenberg's serialism was to remain far in the background for decades. To many then and now, it was neoclassicism, not serialism, that sounded the death knell of tradition.

Rieti's music tended clearly toward the Stravinskian mode. In 1924, a major piece of his, a concerto for woodwinds and orchestra, had been performed in Paris, and attracted Diaghilev's attention. "Out of a blue sky, I received a telegram asking me if I could meet him in Venice in September," Rieti has said of his first meeting with Diaghilev. "I was exactly twenty-seven." Although Rieti had no connection with ballet at that time, he had been composing music for ballet. "Just for fun," he said. "I had three ballets, three scores. One was about Noah's Ark. One was about Robinson Crusoe. And the third one was 'Barabau,' which is based on a Tuscan nursery rhyme. Diaghilev chose that one. Then he asked me to revamp, to cut this and that and that and that, and so on, and finally it was ready. It was performed in London in December of 1925, and that was the beginning of my being introduced to the ballet world. And from then on I worked in the ballet more than in any other form."

"Barabau" was performed in 1925. It was about a peasant:

> Barabau, Barabau, why did you die?
> You'd wine in your cellar, your bread was not dry,
> And salad you grew in your garden nearby.
> Barabau, Barabau, why did you die?

Rieti embellished this whisper of a plot by inventing a prosperous peasant and his friends who live a life of simple, earthy pleasures and are suddenly destroyed by soldiers who appear out of nowhere. Barabau seems to be killed, but when the soldiers go away he comes back to life, to carry on as before. ("Barabau" was later interpreted in London as an anti-Fascist piece.) In "Barabau," the ballerinas wore false bosoms and bottoms and the men wore false noses, and the action included lots of lusty innuendo. "When the curtain rose, there was a line of peasants standing parallel to the footlights and with their backs to the audience laboriously wriggling their buttocks," one incensed English critic wrote. "Their movements, inspired by drunkeness and other attributes of low comedy, were correspondingly coarse and ugly." The choreographer was George Balanchine, who was then twenty-one years old, and "Barabau" was his first original choreography for Diaghilev. Balanchine and Rieti would remain friends for life. "It was pure garlic,"



"Hi. This is Steve. Just called to hear your new phone message. It's really funny. Well, so long." . . . "Hi, it's Nancy. Just called to hear your message. Neat-o!" . . . "Hi. Sammy here. Wow, great message. See you." . . . "Hello, dear. This is Mom, and I'm a little curious. Have you lost your mind or what? Please call me."

• •

Balanchine said of "Barabau" many years later. "It was a very funny ballet. It was the first time I'd heard people laugh non-stop all through a ballet." The sets for "Barabau" were done by Maurice Utrillo. Alexandra Danilova, who was then twenty-one, danced the part of one of three peasant girls who star in it. The critics did not approve of the unconventional ambiance, but in London, Paris, and Monte Carlo the audiences laughed. "Barabau" was a popular success.

With the commission to write "Barabau," Rieti's career took a leap forward. He began to spend most of his time in Paris—until 1939, the last year of his stay in Paris, his wife and son remained in Rome—and moved to the center of the social whirl there. In particular, he gravitated toward a group of composers whose mood was especially Parisian. Dubbed Les Six by Cocteau, who had appointed himself their promoter, the group comprised Georges Auric, Francis Poulenc, Darius Milhaud, Germaine Tailleferre, Arthur Honegger, and Louis Durey. They abhorred pretension, ambition, élitism, and abstruseness in music. They thought that music should be accessible, and opened themselves to jazz, folk music, circus and parade music, and whatever else took their fancy, quoting these things in their compositions. They liked to clown and satirize. They could be flippant, even cynical. The sardonic Erik Satie—a typical Satie title is "Choses Vues à Droite et à Gauche (Sans Lunettes)"—was their spiritual leader, and Stravinsky, who was never flippant or cynical but was often witty and given to musical quotation, was their giant. Rieti was a natural associate of Les Six, yet not quite one of them, because a special quality of his music is that, while it can be acerbic, ironic, and farcical, it is always fundamentally positive, and even, in a way, Romantic. (Some call him Neo-Romantic.) "This was the central period of my life—the twenties and thirties, between the two wars," Rieti told me. "It was in Paris that I came in contact with Cocteau, Poulenc, Auric, Milhaud, Ravel, and, of course, Stravinsky. The person who counted most for me was Stravinsky."

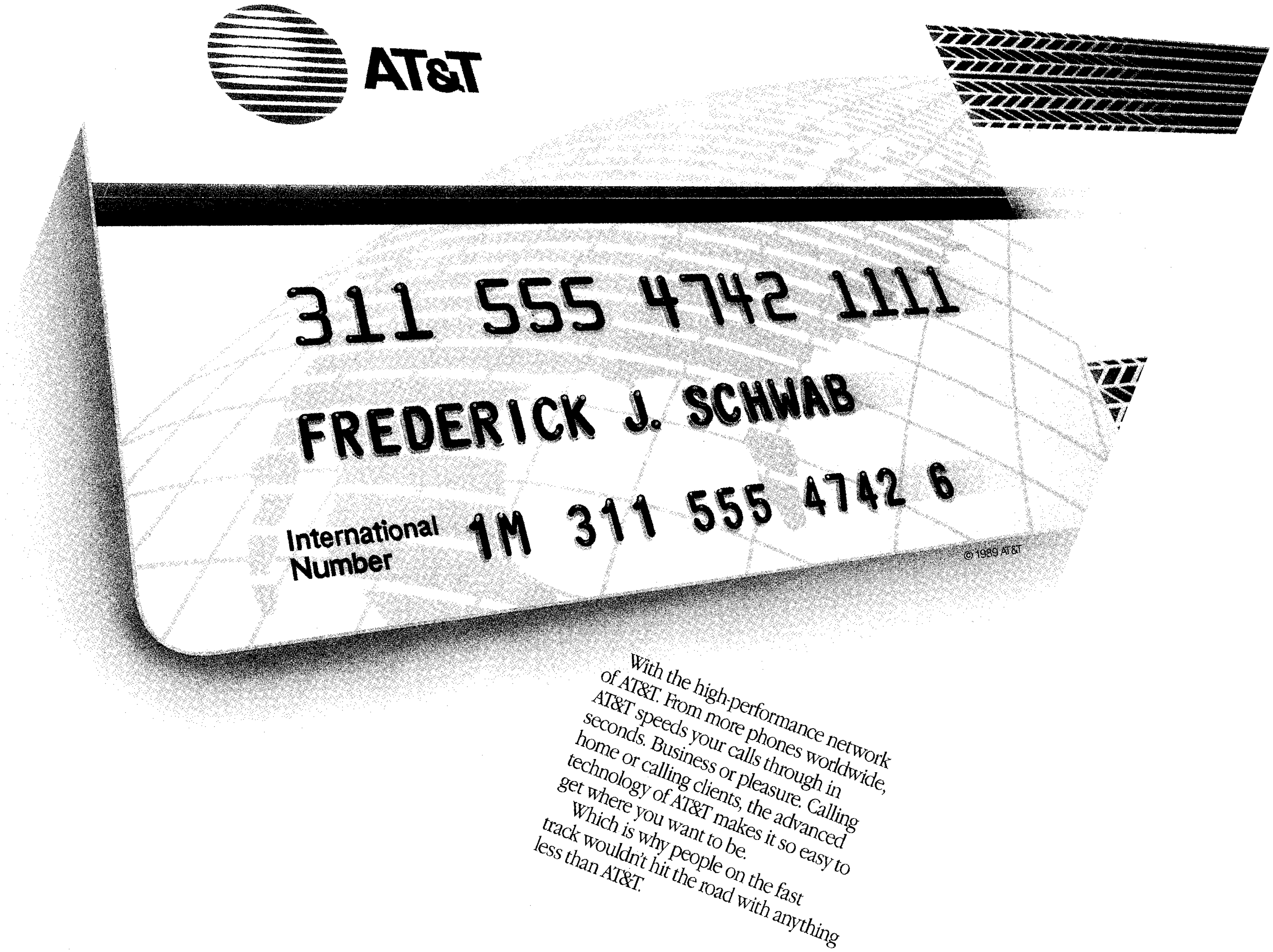
Rieti's second score for Diaghilev was "Le Bal," for which he chose the most conventional setting possible—an aristocratic ball. With the librettist, Boris Kochno, he worked on the plot for two years. " 'Le Bal' is about a young man who falls in love with a woman, but then it turns out that she is an old woman," Rieti told me. "When she takes her mask off, the young man is horribly shocked. Then it turns out that there is a second mask, and she is really a young woman, and there is also an old man, who is masked, and really young, and the two go off together, leaving the first young man in a state of total collapse." Diaghilev pestered Rieti for so many changes in "Le Bal" that when he finally delivered the score, in February of 1929, he included a note that said:

> DEAR MR. DIAGHILEV:
> Here is *Le Bal*. It is dedicated to you; it is for you; do what you want with it, but above all do not hope that I will work on it any more!

"Le Bal" had its première that May. The sets were by de Chirico. It was choreographed by Balanchine, and Alexandra Danilova danced the female lead. The ballet was performed in Monte Carlo, Paris, and London, to good reviews.

In August of 1929, Diaghilev died, at the age of fifty-seven. For the past four years, Rieti had been involved in numerous subsidiary activities for him—orchestrating, composing music for the entr'actes of ballets (it was the custom then to have a piece played at intermission), conducting. "I was with these people day and night," Rieti said of Diaghilev and his entourage. But during that period Rieti had also written music that was performed independently of Diaghilev, and in Brussels, Turin, and Rome as well as in Paris. He had written music for the actor-director-producer Louis Jouvet, who, in stark contrast to Diaghilev, favored a bare stage and had an aversion to star systems. Rieti had written scores for movies, too. In the three years following Diaghilev's death, he wrote three symphonies. Over the next seven years, he wrote a variety of pieces, including a song cycle—settings of poems by his friend the Surrealist poet Max Jacob—

How Does The CFO Of Porsche Stay Ahead Of The Competition?


AT&T
311 555 4742 1111
FREDERICK J. SCHWAB
International Number
1M 311 555 4742 6
© 1989 AT&T

With the high-performance network of AT&T. From more phones worldwide, AT&T speeds your calls through in seconds. Business or pleasure. Calling home or calling clients, the advanced technology of AT&T makes it so easy to get where you want to be.

Which is why people on the fast track wouldn't hit the road with anything less than AT&T.

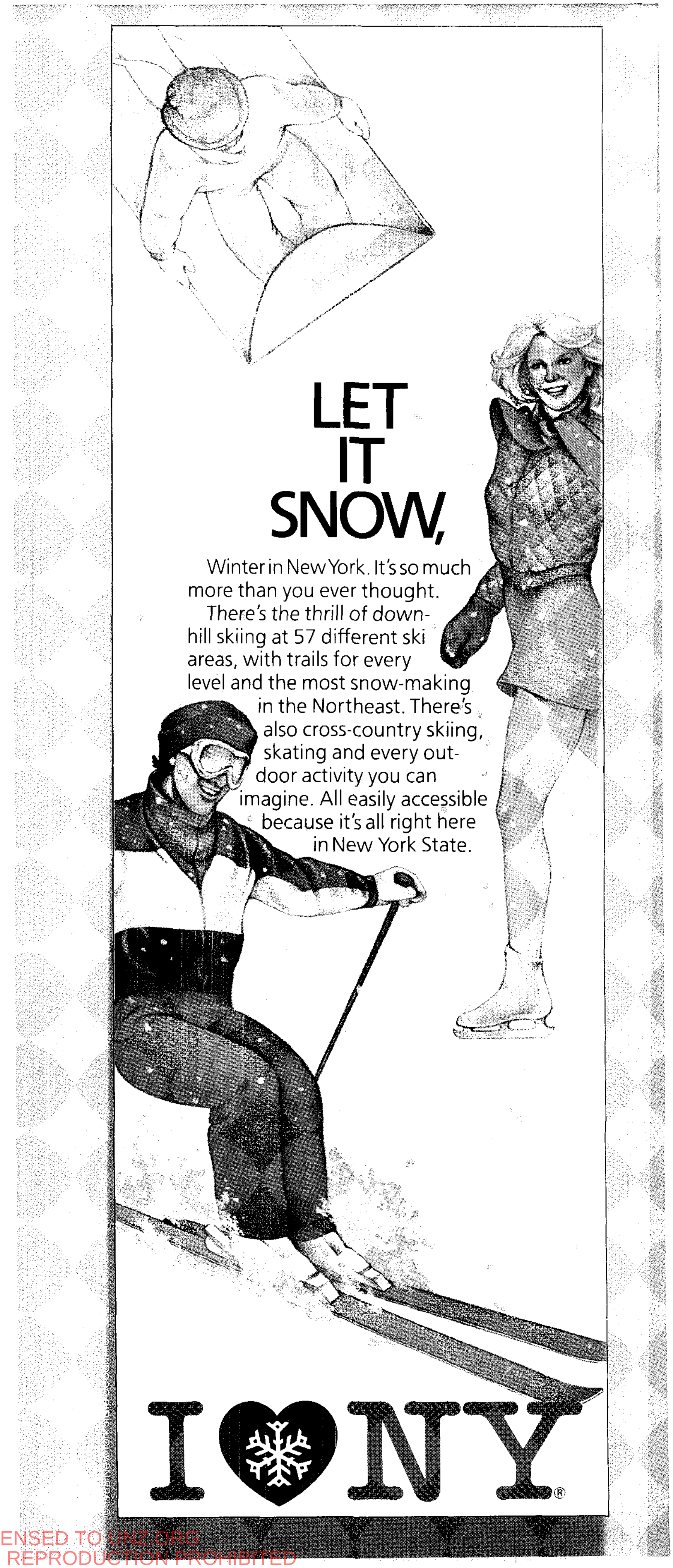
AT&T
The right choice.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a chamber opera called "Teresa nel Bosco," which was performed at the Teatro Goldoni, in Venice, in 1934. In 1931, with Yvonne de Casa-Fuerte, a violinist, he founded La Sérénade, a musical society dedicated to playing contemporary chamber music. La Sérénade was regarded as chic. One of its patrons was the Princesse de Polignac, née Winaretta Singer, of the Singer sewing-machine fortune. Some Parisians, such as members of a rival society called Le Triton, regarded La Sérénade as too chic to be serious, but in fact a number of important world premières took place there. "And so I became a little bit Frenchified," Rieti said of the two decades in France. "It is one of my aspects. I have no roots. I am a citizen of the world. Reviewers always say that my music is strongly influenced by the French—except for the French, who say that they always appreciate how much I have remained Italian."

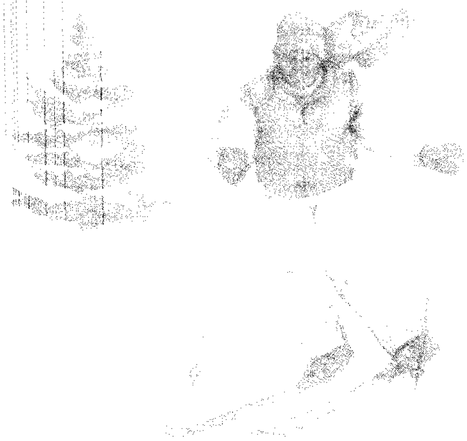
RIETI told me during our conversation that he was leaving for Europe in ten days. He needed a new suitcase, and he wanted to buy it at a store on the West Side, so we took the Ninety-sixth Street crosstown bus. Rieti's music is characterized by abruptly changing rhythms, but he himself seems to have only one rhythm—andante. Writing a list, reading a list, waiting for a bus, riding a bus—practically everything he does takes place at a steady andante. The only variation is a kind of theatricality that suddenly bursts out, as when, in telling me, on the bus, that on first hearing Dante, at age seven, he got a shock, he said "shock" in an emphatic, staccato way. Then, when we reached Broadway, he said that a Tudor ballet he had seen the night before was a bit "psychological," and he inflected the word in a singsong tone and at length, creating a spooky atmosphere. Even on the Upper West Side, Rieti looked foreign: that day, he wore a beret, an ascot, and floppy jeans with ragged cuffs.

At the luggage store, the proprietor was angrily impatient. Rieti persisted until he had seen every suitcase of the size he was interested in, and then, without fuss, chose one, inspected the inside thoroughly, checked to see how it rolled on its wheels and how the strap by which one pulled it was attached, and paid for it in cash. He then stopped at a candy store to buy choco-


LET IT SNOW,

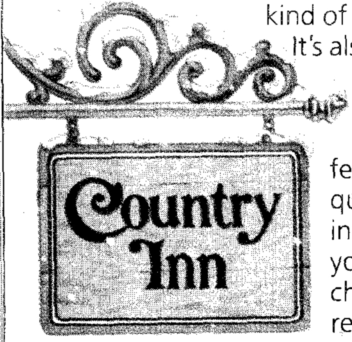
Winter in New York. It's so much more than you ever thought. There's the thrill of downhill skiing at 57 different ski areas, with trails for every level and the most snow-making in the Northeast. There's also cross-country skiing, skating and every outdoor activity you can imagine. All easily accessible because it's all right here in New York State.

I ♥ NY®

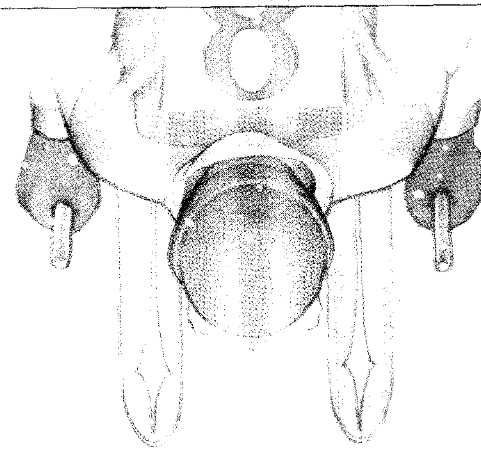


LET
IT
SNOW,

New York's not only the perfect playground for every kind of winter sport. It's also the place where colorful winter festivals and quaint country inns welcome you. Where charming restaurants and great shops beckon you. And where the nights are filled with fun.



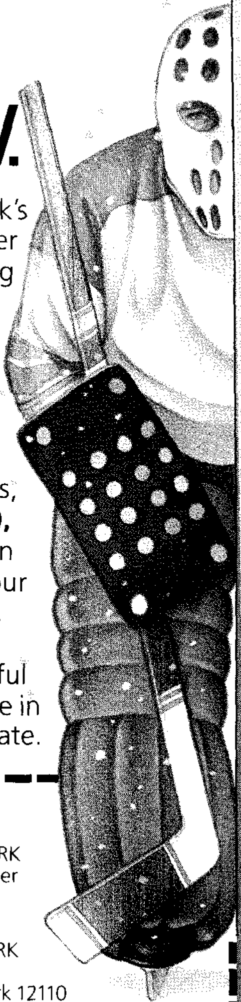
I ♥ NY®

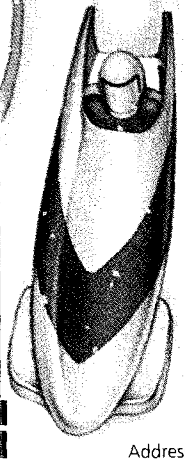


LET
IT
SNOW.

And when it snows, New York's the home of your favorite winter sports. From international skiing competitions to hometown hockey, you'll find the excitement you're looking for in New York State.

For more information about skiing and our other winter activities, call **1-800-637-8800, Ext. 911**, or send in the coupon for our free brochures. And discover how wonderful winter can be in New York State.





Please send me the free I LOVE NEW YORK Skiing and Winter Adventures Kit

Mail to:
I LOVE NEW YORK
P.O. Box 490
Latham, New York 12110

or call 1-800-637-8800, Ext. 911

Name ____________
Please Print
Address ____________ Apt. # ____
City ____________ State ____________
Zip Code ____________ Telephone ( ) ____________
033

I am also interested in the following N.Y. State Ski Region:
A ☐ Adirondacks • North Country
C ☐ Central-Leatherstocking • Finger Lakes
S ☐ Catskills • Hudson Valley
W ☐ Western

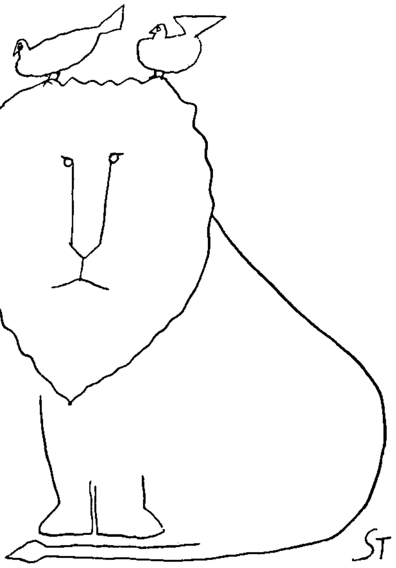
I ♥ NY®

lates for Rosanna Warren. Here the proprietors made a fuss over Rieti and seemed to want to draw out the transaction, but he was impervious to this form of pressure as well, and concluded the purchase carefully but without ado. Nothing that happens around Rieti seems to affect his andante. It's even present in the way he listens to music, regardless of the tempo. And it's present in his silence. There are many silences when one is with Rieti. A Rieti silence is not awkward; it is a natural state that words might occasionally frame.

During lunch, back at Rieti's apartment, he spoke of the musical soirées held by the Princesse de Polignac in Paris in the thirties, at which the artistic world and the aristocracy met. Patrons of this sort were no longer around, he said, and so one rarely experienced the kind of evening in a private home at which one hears excellent music and afterward enjoys pleasant company. Then he remembered that a wealthy businessman, Juan de Casa-Fuerte (the son of Yvonne de Casa-Fuerte), was going to hold just such an evening in Paris in a month's time. The evening would feature Rieti's music and that of Henri Sauguet, another neoclassical composer, with whom Rieti had become friends in the twenties. Later, he would be going on to Rome for a concert of his music that would be broadcast nationally on the radio, and in June he would return in time to attend performances of his music at two summer festivals.

After lunch, Rieti told me of his coming to America, in 1940. Elsie, having been born in New York, and having grown up in England, France, and Italy, already had an American passport, along with two others, and Rieti, having been born in Alexandria, came in easily as part of the Egyptian quota. Rieti's brother, Ettore, also came, but his mother, then in her eighties, and an uncle and an aunt refused to leave Italy. They died at Auschwitz. (His father had died in 1932, in Italy.) Rieti has such contempt for the Fascists that he expresses no hatred of them. He mentions the fate of his mother and his uncles as a kind of sad mishap that might have been avoided if they had been more prudent. Since the Rietis were not religious, and Rieti himself has never belonged to a Jewish community, he does not feel that he has a Jewish identity at all. He said one day, "What difference does it make who the ancestors of my flesh were? My ancestors were Beethoven, Chopin, and Bach." Fabio told me that this attitude was part of a family tradition of secular humanism—that to his father the idea of avowing Jewishness is on exactly the same level as the idea of persecuting Jews. With Ettore Rieti it was different. When Ettore came to America, he changed his name to Hector Ritey, and did everything he could to shed his European identity but not his Jewish identity: he became a passionate Zionist. "Ettore was *angry* with Europe," Rieti said. Hector was a psychoanalyst. When I asked Rieti if he, too, was interested in psychology, he said, "Sure. In the same way that I am interested in astronomy. Why not?" Hector died in New York in 1968, at the age of sixty-eight.

Once Vittorio, Elsie, and Fabio had arrived in the United States, they moved into one of two wooden houses —formerly farmhouses—that were still standing on Sixty-sixth Street near Second Avenue. The other was taken by three friends of theirs: Phyllis Nahl, who danced for the Marquis de Cuevas Ballet company under the name Antonia Cobos, and two sisters, Yolanda and Marcelle de Manziarly. (Marcelle was a composer and a longtime associate of Nadia Boulanger, who taught composition to so many Americans and others.) John Coleman, also a composer and a friend of all of them, rented an apartment in the Rietis' basement. The ensuing decade was a happy time in a community of musical friends—one of the few times that Rieti lived with his wife and son for an extended period. He got a job teaching theory and composition at the Peabody School of Music, in Baltimore, to which he commuted, succeeding Nadia Boulanger, who had recommended him. The households often ate together: John Coleman remembers Rieti sitting at the head of the table, silent in his serene way. "We all assumed that he was composing music in his head," Coleman said. "A lot of the émigrés did nothing but talk about how they had had lunch with Diaghilev, but Vittorio got right down to work."

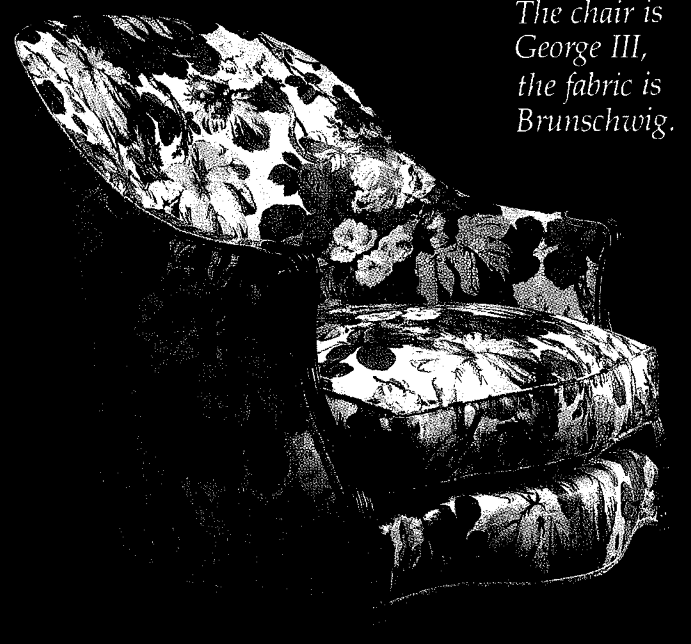


"Work is what I have always done," Rieti told me. One of the first things he wrote was a series of six short pieces called "The Second Avenue Waltzes." Playing against the formal convention of the waltz, they are both funny and heartfelt. Almost everyone who hears these droll, lovely-sour compositions finds them irresistible. Ego would require most composers to pick an ambitious piece as their favorite. Rieti, however, says that of all his pieces he likes the third of the "Second Avenue Waltzes" best—a piece he wrote for Elsie.

The friendship with Stravinsky was a cozy one, but it had to do more with music than with anything else—as most of Rieti's important relationships have. In Rieti's view, Stravinsky's "Octet," of 1922, is the perfect neoclassical piece—one need not look further for models. Stravinsky had a mentorlike, protective attitude toward the younger man, and shared his work with him freely. "I was the first one for whom he played 'The Rake's Progress,' " Rieti told me. "He played it at that piano." He nodded toward the upright with the missing ivories. On one wall was a photograph by Cartier-Bresson of Rieti and Stravinsky at a piano. There is an equal intensity of concentration. Stravinsky looks like a cat who has just spotted a mouse. Rieti, in profile, looks brainy and theatrical. The relationship with Balanchine was also concerned with work. In 1944, Rieti developed "The Second Avenue Waltzes" into a score for Balanchine called "Waltz Academy"—a mostly abstract ballet, held together by the idea of a competition among students in a dance school. In America, Rieti also wrote "La Sonnambula," the most successful work of his career. He is modest about it, because the music is the reorchestration of several works by Bellini, but the truly original contribution, and probably the reason the work has remained so popular, is the story.

The ballet starts with a conventional ball, given by the Baron in a courtyard. The Poet arrives and falls in love with the Baron's mistress. When the guests go in to dinner, leaving the Poet behind, a sleepwalking woman descends from a tower. The Poet tries to get a reaction from the Sleepwalker, who floats around holding a candle in front of her, though she appears unable to see. Still, as if with a sixth sense, she unerringly avoids him. Even when he throws himself in her path, she steps over him. When the Baron's mistress discovers that the Poet has fallen in love with the Sleepwalker, she is jealous. She tells the Baron that the Poet has been trying to seduce her, with the result that the Baron kills the Poet. In death, the Poet gets the Sleepwalker's attention. She floats up to his body, and this time is stopped by it. Then, in a very strange theatrical moment, she picks up the Poet's body and carries him away with her into the tower.

Two other Rieti ballets—"Native Dancers" and "The Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne"—were choreographed by Balanchine in America. But it is "Sonnambula" that has endured. It was performed by the New York City Ballet last season, and also, in another version, by the American Ballet Theatre—a performance broadcast on the Public Broadcasting System, with Mikhail Baryshnikov and Alessandra Ferri in the leading roles. Rieti estimates that "La Sonnambula" has had between two and three thousand performances. Rieti wrote ten other ballets in America for other choreographers, five of them for George Verdak of the Indianapolis Ballet Theatre. (Verdak was a dancer with the Ballets Russes when they first met.) Five of his symphonies and "Don Perlimplin," the most successful of his operas, were written here, as were many lighter works, including a radio opera, "Viaggio in Europa," and two operini buffi—"The Pet Shop" and "The Clock," with librettos by Claire Nicolas White. In the catalogue of Rieti's work, there are several pieces listed for most of the American years. For the last year in the catalogue, 1986, there are six entries. On Rieti's living-room wall is a photograph, by Robert Penn, of Rieti, Balanchine, and Corrado Cagli, the artist who did the sets for "Triumph," lounging around a standing Tanaquil Leclerq, who is

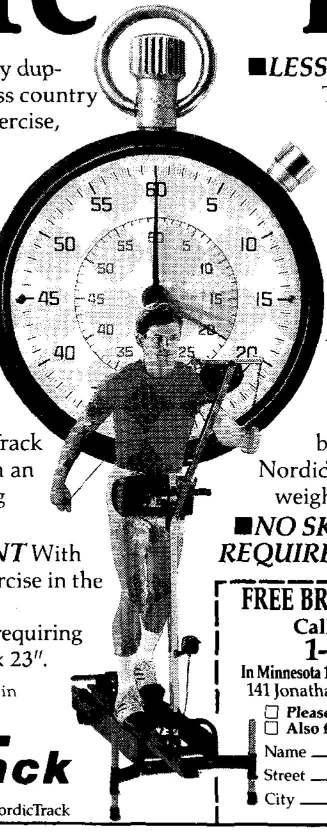


The chair is George III, the fabric is Brunschwig.

Brunschwig & Fils

75 Virginia Road, North White Plains, New York 10603 Through architects and interior designers

ROSES AND LEAVES glazed chintz.



Exercise More with Less

■*MORE EFFECTIVE* By duplicating the motion of cross country skiing, the world's best exercise, NordicTrack provides the ideal aerobic workout.

■*MORE COMPLETE* Unlike bikes and other sitdown exercisers, NordicTrack exercises all the body's major muscles for a total body workout.

■*MORE CALORIES BURNED* In tests at a major university, NordicTrack burned more calories than an exercise bike and a rowing machine.*

■*MORE CONVENIENT* With NordicTrack, you can exercise in the comfort of your home. NordicTrack easily folds, requiring storage space of only 17″ x 23″.

*Scientific test results included in NordicTrack brochure.

■*LESS TIME* Because NordicTrack is so efficient, you burn more calories and get a better aerobic workout in less time.

■*NO IMPACT* Running and some aerobic workouts can cause painful and potentially harmful jarring. A NordicTrack workout is completely jarless.

■*NO DIETING* No other exercise machine burns more calories than NordicTrack...so you can lose weight faster without dieting.

■*NO SKIING EXPERIENCE REQUIRED* Easy and fun to use.

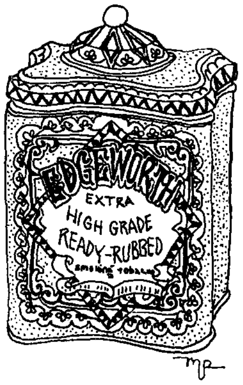
FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO
Call Toll Free Or Write:
1-800-328-5888
In Minnesota 1-612-448-6987 In Canada 1-800-433-9582
141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318

☐ Please send free brochure
☐ Also free video tape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
Name ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
265A9

NordicTrack
A CML COMPANY © 1988 NordicTrack

dressed in the Grecian costume in which she danced the lead. The men all have a vain, insouciant air.

But the people behind such sophisticated surfaces—and works—were not always as polished as one might expect. Rieti says that neither Stravinsky nor Balanchine spoke very much. "I recently saw on Channel Thirteen, for a second time, a tape of the two of them," he told me. "They could say nothing. You would have thought that they were two morons." Rieti himself can be less than loquacious; at times, while making a loose, Italian gesture with his hands, he will lapse into wordless speech, saying, "Mmm, mmm, mmm." When I asked him what Balanchine was like, he said, "George was always mmm, mmm, mmm." As for Stravinsky, he said, "What about him? Stravinsky was Stravinsky. I'm not interested in gossip." The only time he truly lit up when I asked him about his days in Paris was on the subject of Utrillo. "Utrillo!" he said. "I never saw him! He made the sets for 'Barabau' and never even came to see the ballet!"



In the nineteen-forties, most composers, including Stravinsky, abandoned the neoclassical style, first for a more romantic vein and then for serialism. (It was only then that Schoenberg's work came into the mainstream. Schoenberg had come to America in the thirties. He moved to California, where Stravinsky eventually settled, too. Though they lived quite close together, they never met.) The new movement was full of energy and, often, intolerance. In the fifties, Pierre Boulez said, "Every musician who has not felt . . . the necessity of the serial language is *useless*." In the same period, Rieti tried his hand at serialism, and concluded, "It has nothing to do with me."

As the fifties rolled along, it came about that there was no longer one predominant idea governing the musical world, or even two competing ideas. Chance, electronics, natural sound, the "I Ching," and turning choices over to performers were just a few of the musical methods and materials that were being used. Karlheinz Stockhausen wrote a piece in which some of the instruments were shortwave radios playing whatever happened to be on the air. "What can be more world-wide, more ego-transcending, more all-embracing, more universal and more momentous . . . ?" he wrote. The American composer Christian Wolff, who composed a piece for anything from one to twenty-five pianos, the pages to be arranged in any order, said that music "should have in it a persistent capacity to surprise (even the performers themselves and the composer)." John Cage, whose scores look like abstract drawings on the motif of a topographical map, said, "The music I prefer even to my own or anybody else's is what we are hearing if we are just quiet." The only unifying idea in this period was originality. It was unthinkable for a composer to repeat himself. Rieti repeated himself. He continued to write neoclassical music in the French style with an Italian Neo-Romantic bent. What is most surprising about this part of his career—which now amounts to two-thirds of his career over all—is that after nearly forty years without the stimulation of others composing in the same vein his music has not become impoverished. Nor is it stale. One of the principal reasons composers abandoned the neoclassical style was that by playing against the rules it fed on a finite past that was quickly becoming exhausted. But what was true for others was not true for Rieti. For him, the past remained abundant, and his pieces remain fresh. "Vittorio is absolutely alone," an old friend of his has said.

IN 1950, Rieti became the chairman of the Department of Theory and Composition at the Chicago Musical College. In the late nineteen-fifties, he taught at Queens College, and in the early sixties at the New York College of Music (which was subsequently absorbed by New York University). He taught the history of music as well as theory and composition, and he enjoyed teaching. "I learned a lot of things," he said of his days as a teacher. "Especially if you are self-taught, you come across a lot of things that you didn't know you knew." He developed close relationships with students, and a few of these connections have endured. One is with John Downey, whom he taught in Chicago. Downey has become an established composer, and is the head of theory and composition at the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee. In celebration of Rieti's ninetieth birthday, Downey arranged a concert there last January 24th, and for this Rieti and I flew to Milwaukee.

We arrived at night in a blizzard and were met by Downey, a tall, slim, youthful-looking man of sixty, auburn-haired, with an air of mischief about him. He wore a sheepskin coat, open and revealing a purple shirt. "I've never seen you dressed like *that*," Rieti said, poking Downey in the stomach with his cane. We set off in an ancient Cougar convertible, with Downey talking to Rieti in an avid way while snow blew in through cracks in the canvas top. When we arrived at the Downeys' house, on the outskirts of town, Downey's wife, Irusha, was standing in the doorway. She had large blue eyes and golden hair wound in a thick plait around her head. The house was full of books, plants, musical instruments, and paintings.

The next morning, while Irusha cooked breakfast, Downey sat at the kitchen table with Rieti, talking and drawing him out—"Did you know Varèse? What about Toscanini?"—in a way that seemed to be less for the purpose of gathering information than for enjoyment of the subject. The subject was always music, in one way or another, and Irusha was a part of it, for she, too, had been a student of Rieti's in Chicago. (She is now a linguist.)

Rieti answered Downey's questions as best he could, always andante. "I was on very good terms with Varèse," he said. "He was a very nice man. Very sincere, very outspoken, a kind of engineer of music." And "Toscanini conducted my Fourth Symphony in 1945, when he had the NBC Orchestra. The orchestra was not used to this kind of music, so it was a perfect performance, but on the side of the prudential." He pronounced "prudential" in a voluptuously elongated, ironic way.

"You don't hear much coming out of France," Downey remarked. With Rieti's encouragement, Downey went to Paris after graduating from the Chicago College to study with Nadia Boulanger and then Darius Milhaud.

"There are those around Boulez,"

Rieti said. He added, "Messiaen was in New York again last week."

"I took classes with Messiaen," Downey said. "He would come late, and then it would go on for six hours."

"With Messiaen, it never ends," Rieti said, elongating the word "ends." "I went the last time they performed his work at Carnegie Hall. Three numbers were enough to make a whole program. Messiaen's music never leaves me indifferent."

Downey halted the conversation so that we could observe a cardinal in the fresh snow outside the window.

"All the group of Boulez, et cetera, they consider Messiaen their father figure," Rieti continued.

"Well, he had a new conception of rhythms," Downey said. "A Hindu division of the beats, and interesting structural conceptions."

"And birds," Rieti said, referring to Messiaen's fascination with bird song.

"Yes, birds," Downey said.

"Birds, birds, birds," Rieti said, breaking into a goofy grin.

"We went to Australia," Downey said. "We went for the première of my double-bass concerto at the Sydney Opera House. I also gave some talks on American music. The beautiful thing was the countryside."

"Ah!" Rieti said. "You had a piece played in Australia?"

"It was played for two nights in a row," Downey said. "Both nights, the hall was packed. The Opera House holds two thousand people."

"Do you have a recording?" Rieti asked.

"Yes," Downey said.

"Well, let's hear it," Rieti said.

We went into the living room. While Downey readied a tape, Rieti sat on a couch with the score and started reading it, saying, "Mmm, mmm, mmm." Downey sat on the sofa close to him, so that he could follow the score, too. They looked very much the student and the sage, Downey a head higher than Rieti, with one arm lying along the back of the sofa behind the older man, the other extended outward, palm down, the hand moving a little with the music. To my ear, the music was strong and energetic, with sometimes shocking contrasts in texture. There were large, lush, semi-Romantic passages with lacings of dissonance, and lots of big drumwork. A crashing orchestra suddenly gave way to a tiny sound.

"A little cat," Downey said, his fingers walking in the air. At another moment, he said, "There's my Rieti counterpoint." Rieti was completely absorbed. Sometimes he tilted his head back, with eyebrows raised; at other times, his head came forward.

A jazzy rhythm was played on the double-bass. Rieti licked his lips and said, "Ah! Terrific player."

"Gary Karr—oh, he's terrific," Downey said. "He's great."

Something in the music made Rieti stamp the floor and laugh. Then he went back to a steady attentiveness. Irusha came in with a camera.

When the piece was over, Rieti said, "I find it like Ernest Bloch."

"Some people say Puccini," Downey said.

"You can always say Puccini, because there is always something," Rieti said.

"I wanted to write something lyrical and introspective in the first movements," Downey said. "Do you like the piece?"

"I like the pizzicato," Rieti said.

"Is that all you like?" Downey asked.

"Oh, no," Rieti said.

"John, don't push your luck," Irusha said.

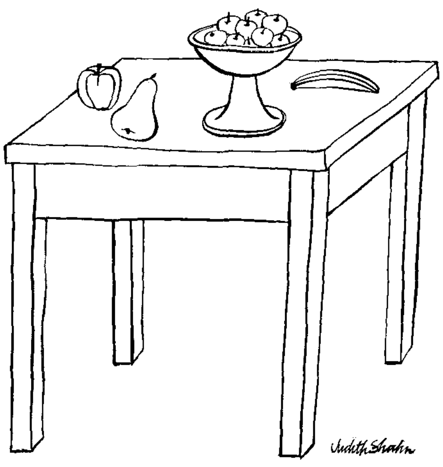
"I have to tease Vittorio, because he is always so difficult," Downey said.

"It is too short," Rieti said.

"I am glad you asked to hear my piece," Downey said. "You are my teacher. You have to hear my music." He hugged Rieti.

Irusha snapped a picture, and Rieti, crumpled up in the hug, said "Bravo! Bravo!" and grinned.

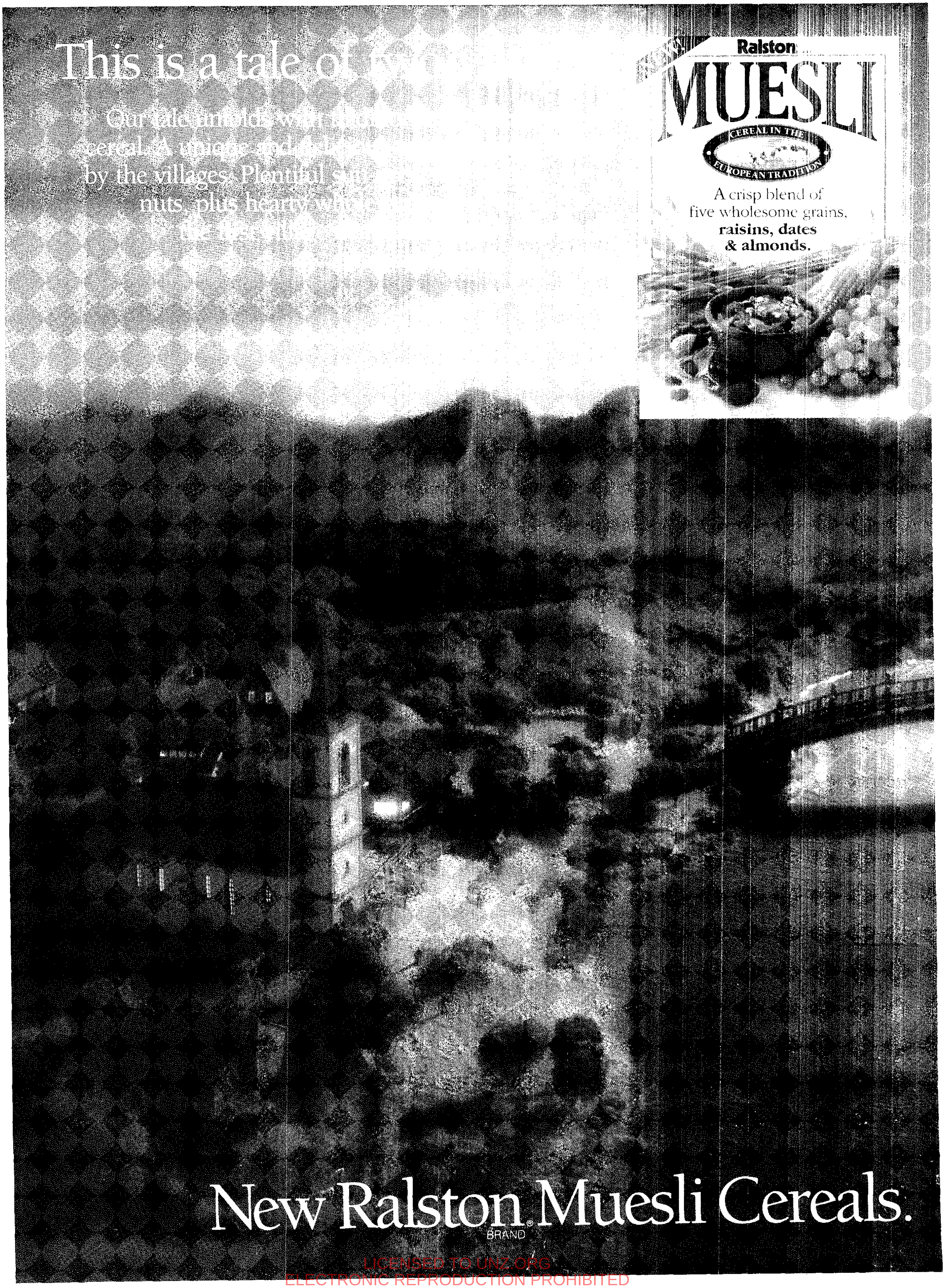
The conversation turned to the Rieti pieces that were to be played that evening—in particular, a partita, which Downey was going to conduct. "There is a general tendency to play the fast movement too fast and the slow movement too slow," Rieti said. Downey demonstrated the tempo at which he had rehearsed the fast movement, singing the melody. Rieti said that it was too fast, and demonstrated what he thought it should be, playing an imaginary piano on the couch; then suddenly he was up and playing the real piano. "In my partita, I put everything that I felt," he said when he was done. He continued, "Each sentence lacks one of the notes of the scale." Downey looked surprised. "Did you notice the connection between the jig and the fugue?" Rieti continued, keeping Downey off balance.

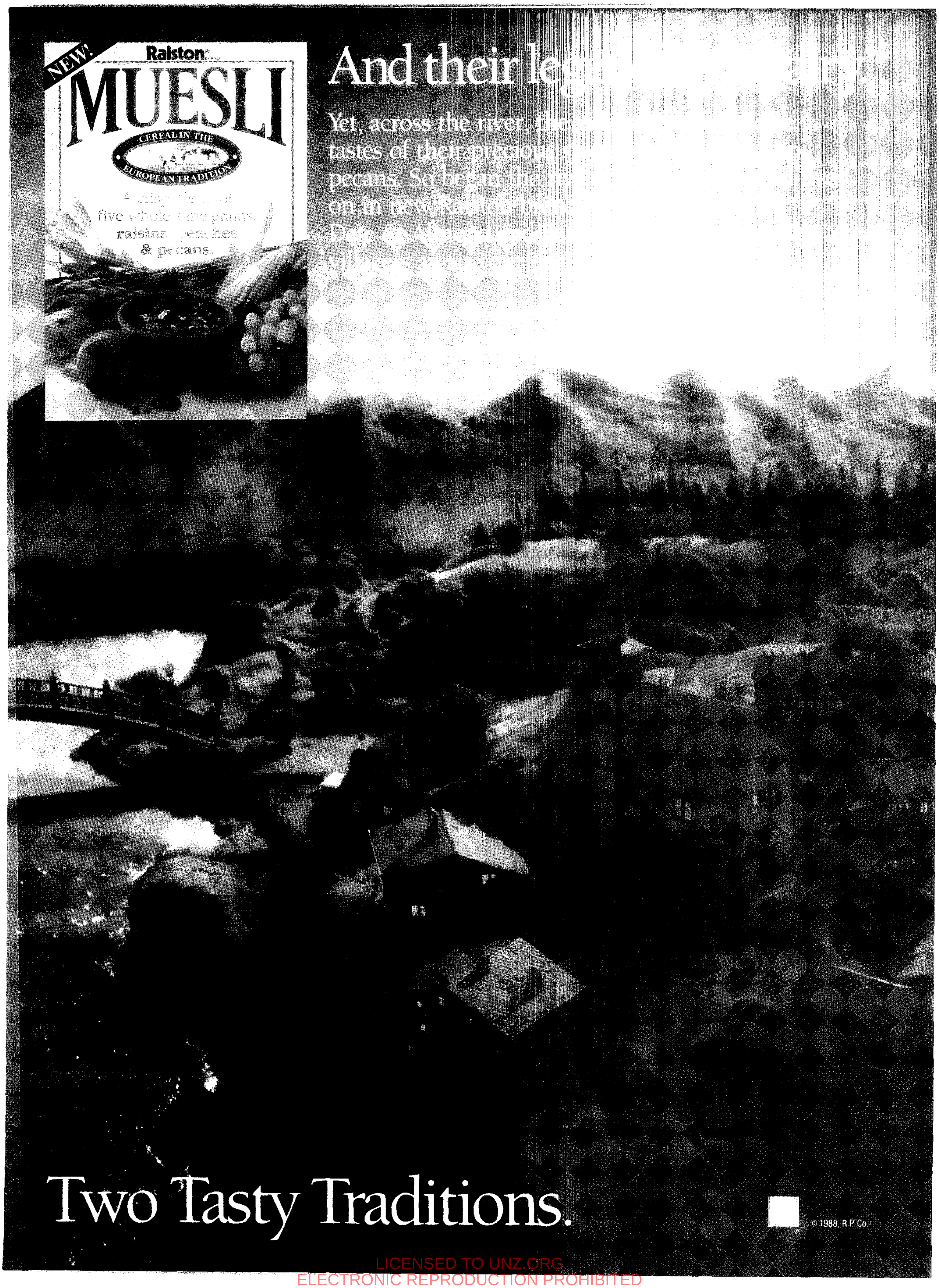


Although the day was splendid, the snowfall had been heavy, and the roads were bad. Throughout the day, calls came from people who said that because of the roads or for some other reason they would not be able to make it to the concert. When this happened, the Downeys' spirits sank. They spoke of the difficulty of getting people in Milwaukee to come to hear contemporary music under any conditions. They said that the newspapers often failed to publicize concerts. In those moments, a feeling of sadness before daunting odds arose.

That evening, it became bitterly cold, and the roads were even worse. People were spaced at intervals in the concert hall. Irusha was relieved to see them. She and Downey worked the room like a host and hostess. The Downeys' daughter, Lida, had come up from Chicago; she, too, had golden hair but wore it loose to her waist. Their son, Marc, was also there, a strapping young man with thick ash-blond hair. Marc is a musician and a pre-law student at the University of Wisconsin. Jerome Kitzke, a composer who had studied with Downey, was seated behind Rieti and me. He was a tall, thin young man with his hair in a ponytail. Irusha introduced them as grandson and grandfather—by which she meant that Rieti had taught Downey and Downey had taught Kitzke. He and Rieti shyly shook hands. Perhaps because everybody present seemed pleased to be there, the sparseness of the audience suggested a sense of privilege rather than of marginality.

Before the concert began, Downey, poised and natty in a dark jacket and turtleneck, spoke briefly from the stage. He said that Rieti's music had great


This is a tale of
Our tale unfolds with
cereal. A unique and
by the villages. Plentiful
nuts, plus hearty wh
Ralston
MUESLI
CEREAL IN THE EUROPEAN TRADITION
A crisp blend of five wholesome grains, raisins, dates & almonds.
New Ralston® Muesli Cereals.
BRAND


NEW!
Ralston
MUESLI
CEREAL IN THE EUROPEAN TRADITION
A crispy blend of five wholesome grains, raisins, peaches & pecans.

And their le

Yet, across the river, th
tastes of their precious
pecans. So began the
on in new Ralston br
Date & Al
[illegible]

Two Tasty Traditions.

© 1988, R.P. Co.

harmonic range and swiftness, that Rieti was a great contrapuntalist, and that the music was enduring because of an underlying melancholy. He spoke with feeling. The performances were respectable, and Rieti listened impassively. "A pretty quartet," he said after his string quartet had been played by four young women. The last piece was the partita, which Downey conducted. It's a lovely piece, with the surprising shifts of rhythm and mood, the witty citations, the sudden sweetness that characterize Rieti's work. There were moments when I could hear hints of the melancholic depth of which Downey had spoken, but to me, as with most of Rieti's music and indeed most of French neoclassicism, its charm was that of a music of camouflage and disguise. The partita was the centerpiece of Downey's gesture to Rieti, and Rieti received it with full attentiveness, sunk in his seat, chin on fist.

Afterward, there was a reception in the lobby, catered by Irusha, which included a birthday cake. People—a lady with a punk haircut, a diminutive man in a suit too large for him, a huge man in a suit too small—came up to Rieti to express appreciation, and he rocked on his feet and smiled and said, "Mmm, mmm, mmm."

Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo pianists and authors, faithful performers of Rieti's music, and friends of his throughout his American years, suggested that Rieti be present when I talked to them about his work. It turned out that they wanted us to come to their house, in Water Mill, on Long Island, and they suggested that we bring along Alexandra Danilova, who had danced in "Barabau" in 1925. Mme. Danilova, a dainty woman with blond hair and large blue eyes, teaches classical technique at the School of American Ballet. She is in her eighties.

"Ah, Choura, hello, hello!" Rieti said as we got under way. Choura is Danilova's nickname. "I think you and Boris Kochno are the only survivors of the Diaghilev company. Of the composers there are only Sauguet and myself."

"Yes, everybody's dead," Mme. Danilova said, with twinkling eyes. She has a heavy Russian accent, but speaks clearly, enunciating each syllable slowly.

"Yes, even Tchaikovsky is dead," Rieti said. "What's new with your school?"

"We have a new angel," Mme. Danilova said. "Mr. Wien. His wife died, and he came to the school and wanted to give some money in her name. He gave us a million, and then he said he wanted to establish prizes for a boy and a girl, and also a chair. And for this we will have a party. And I received the chair for my honorary, so if you talk to me, if you please, make it Madame la Professeur."

"That is nice news. So the school is doing very well."

"At the party, Peter Martins was so charming," Mme. Danilova said, referring to the dancer who is now a co-director of the New York City Ballet and chairman of the faculty of the School of American Ballet. "He was young and charming. What more do you want?"

Turning to me, Rieti said, "Choura has been my leading lady in 'Le Bal' and in 'Sonnambula.' She was my first Sonnambula. You should have seen Danilova in 'Sonnambula.' "

"In 'Barabau,' I was one of the peasants," she said. "It was comical."

"Ah, Choura, I was in love with you," Rieti said, turning to her. "But you didn't know it."

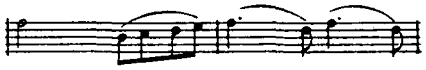
"No, I didn't know it," Mme. Danilova said, in a matter-of-fact way.

The conversation turned to Sarah Bernhardt, of whom Gold and Fizdale were writing a biography. "She was the founder of publicity," Mme. Danilova said. "She went up in a balloon, and she slept in a coffin."

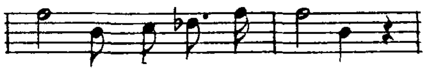
"I saw her in Egypt in my childhood," Rieti said. "Do you know that she went on acting with one leg? She imitated the Comédie Française style"—an exaggerated, highly mannered style. "The other actors were speaking normally. Things weren't directed then. That was the period of my life when I was taken with Wagner. I was sixteen. In the early years of this century, Wagner was a kind of illness. You were taken by it. And then you were out of it. From Wagner's death to 1914 or 1915, you had to go through this period. It was a subjugation. I think I know every word of 'Parsifal,' 'Walküre,' 'Götterdämmerung,' all of them. Every note." He hummed some snatches and then continued. "Now I can live without Wagner. But I can't live without Verdi. I very seldom go to the opera to hear Verdi, because I get angry. Balanchine said, 'The only one who knows how to dance is me.' I can say that I am the only one who can sing Verdi. I am angry in Italy more than in New York. American singers have not been spoiled by what has been called the tradition. The tradition is nothing more than an accumulation of errors. In my youth, I didn't have my critical senses. They developed with the years. Now I know that I am the only one who can sing Verdi."

We passed a body of water, Prussian blue, rumpled by the wind, with three white swans swimming on it.

"Swan Lake," said Rieti. "There is something in common between the swans in 'Swan Lake' and in 'Lohengrin,' " he said, and sang the famous passage from "Swan Lake":



"Then, when Lohengrin sings the swan-song theme":



"So there is a connection between them, between the swans."

Gold and Fizdale had moved from the city to Water Mill for the season only the day before. Boxes of possessions were still stacked around, and their kitchen was not yet in working order, but they themselves were as serene and genial as if they had been in the place for months and needed a little socializing to break the monotony. Fizdale has dark short hair and an intense, focussed face, and he is extraordinarily solicitous about the comfort of his guests. Gold has close-cropped gray hair and wide-set eyes, and is expansive and mirthful. As pianists, cooks, and biographers, they are a team, and after we had settled in they began talking to Rieti almost as a team.

Gold asked, "What about Diaghilev? Did Diaghilev ask for lots of changes?"

"It could have been worse," Rieti said. "Of Rimsky-Korsakov he said, 'Cut from the beginning.' "

"Who played the scores for him?" Fizdale asked.

"He listened to music without the score, so I thought that as far as music was concerned he was amateurish," Rieti said. "And then once, all of a sudden, in London, he wanted to have interludes in the ballet, and asked me to orchestrate for him. He sat down at the piano and played four hands with me, a Glinka polka."

Gold asked, "What was more important to him—the music or the choreography?"

"Diaghilev was first of all interested in music," Rieti replied. "First he commissioned the composer, and after that had been worked on extensively and was done he hired the choreographer, who was presented with something finished. He regarded the choreographer as part of production, not authorship."

"And what about Boris Kochno and Serge Lifar? Did you know them?" Fizdale asked.

Gold cut in to ask, "What did Lifar know about music?"

Mme. Danilova said, "He knew nothing."

"Imbecile," Rieti said.

"He knew how to keep Diaghilev happy," Gold said of Lifar, a star of the Ballets Russes and Diaghilev's lover. At Diaghilev's funeral, Lifar leapt into the grave.

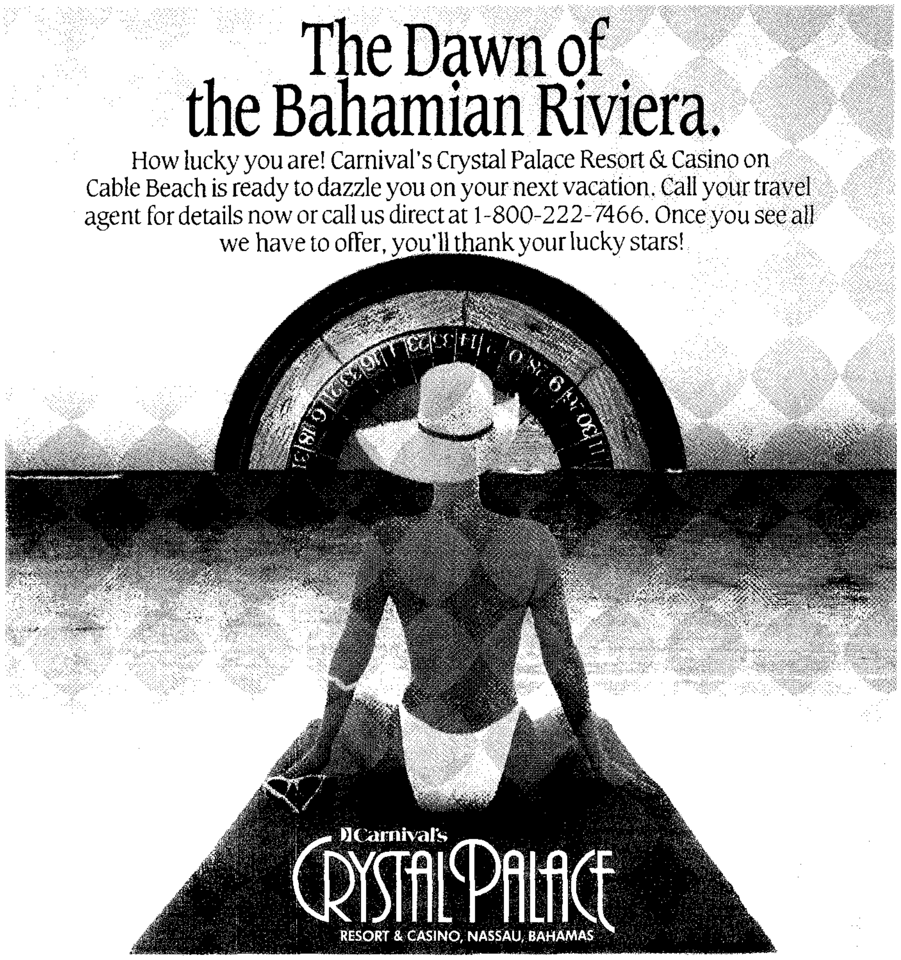
"Lifar asked me to write a ballet for him later, when he was at the Paris Opéra," Rieti said. "I wrote the 'Triumph of David.' Of course, it was the triumph of Serge Lifar."

After lunch, we sat at the table and talked for a long time. The sky was sometimes milky, sometimes clear and pale blue, and the light changed from veiled to softly bright.

"At our first concert together, in 1945, we played Vittorio's 'Second Avenue Waltzes,'" Fizdale said. "We played three waltzes, and he was disappointed, because he wanted us to play all six."

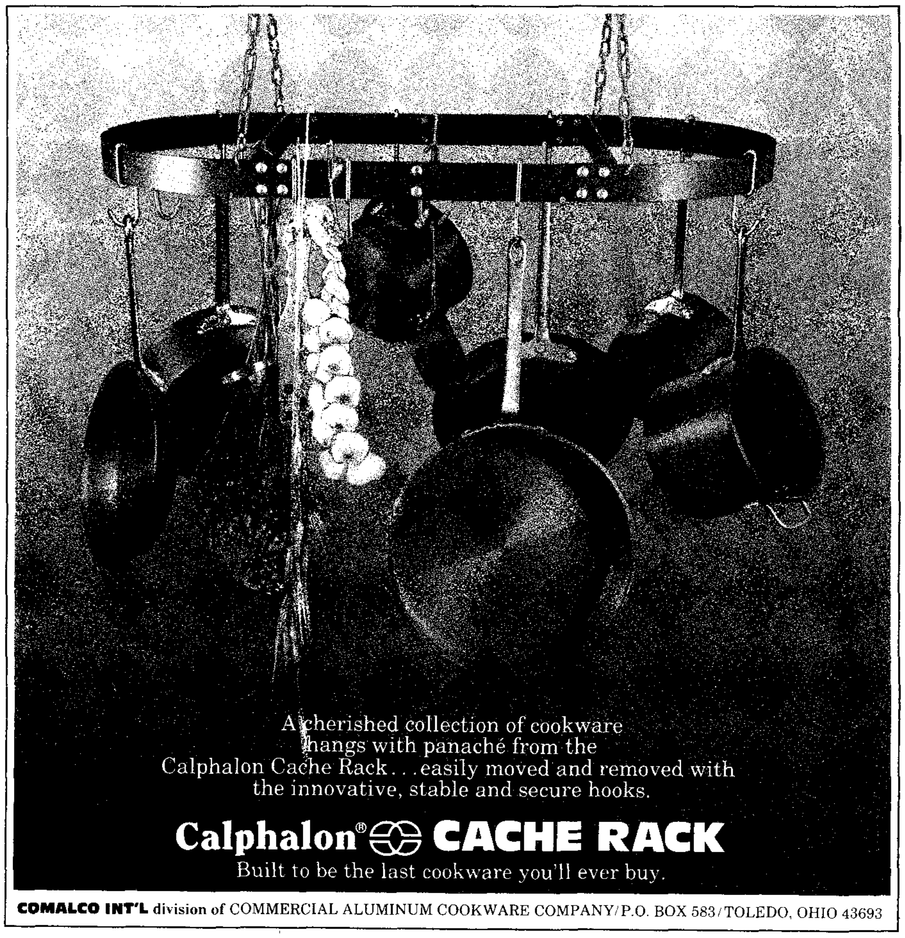
"You were going to play only one until I got angry," Rieti said.

"We met through Virgil Thomson's recommendation," Gold said. "We went to Virgil and said we wanted to play contemporary composers, and he gave us a list. We went to see them, and we played them all. We came on a whole group who were right on our wavelength. Of course, all the


The Dawn of the Bahamian Riviera.

How lucky you are! Carnival's Crystal Palace Resort & Casino on Cable Beach is ready to dazzle you on your next vacation. Call your travel agent for details now or call us direct at 1-800-222-7466. Once you see all we have to offer, you'll thank your lucky stars!

Carnival's CRYSTAL PALACE
RESORT & CASINO, NASSAU, BAHAMAS


A cherished collection of cookware hangs with panaché from the Calphalon Cache Rack...easily moved and removed with the innovative, stable and secure hooks.

Calphalon® CACHE RACK
Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy.

COMALCO INT'L division of COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM COOKWARE COMPANY/P.O. BOX 583/TOLEDO, OHIO 43693

Give him the actual newspaper printed the day he was born

Request Free Brochure

It's the ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITION! Not a reprint.

NAZIS-REDS AT W
Man Walks on Moon

Just think how he or she will thrill when reading of the other events that occurred on the day they were born or married. Valuable and rare, these **old, original** newspapers make an elegant gift **for birthdays, anniversaries**—and for every commemorative occasion! Not just front pages or *reproductions, but **ACTUAL** and complete* editions of* newspapers printed in major US cities 1880—1986. Each comes with a certificate of authenticity.

Authentic Newspaper in **Clear Vinyl Portfolio $34.50†**
Authentic Newspaper in **Personalized Leatherette Case $65.††**
Enclose name of recipient to be embossed in gold.
Authentic Newspaper in **Classic Gold-Leaf Frame $89.50†††**

AN IDEAL GIFT FOR ANY OCCASION

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-221-3221, Ext. 122
In N.J. 1-201-381-2332 Ext. 122

By Mail: HISTORIC NEWSPAPER ARCHIVES
Dept. 122 1582 Hart St., Rahway, NJ 07065
†Add $3.95 UPS. ††Add $4.95 UPS. †††Add $6.95 UPS.
(NJ residents add 6% sales tax) Major Credit Cards accepted.
*Sun papers(main sect only). Historical dates priced higher.

THE ORIGINAL, PATENTED

KART-a-BAG®

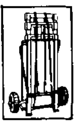
WORLD'S FINEST TRAVEL & ALL PURPOSE COLLAPSIBLE CARTS

A complete line of portable luggage and all purpose carriers for travel, business and personal needs

- **PATENTED** "one motion" open & close
- **LIGHT WEIGHT**, compact, durable.
- **STRONG**, permanent, elastic cords.
- **HANDSOME** vinyl carrying case.

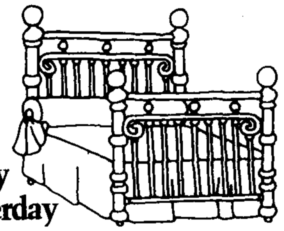
11 Models To Choose From

CONCORDE II
Weighs 4½ lbs.
Supports up to 150 lbs.



LIMITED 5 YEAR WARRANTY

Write for FREE full line brochure.
REMIN DEPT. 154
510 Manhattan Rd., Joliet, IL 60433
815/723-1940



Getaway to Yesterday

Visit the Inn in the Berkshires with two centuries of tradition, and all the modern amenities. Live amidst antiques. Savor Veal Oscar, homemade apple pie. Norman Rockwell Museum close by. **413-298-5545.** Mass. pike, Exit 2.

THE RED LION INN
Since 1773. Box NY1, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

composers we were drawn to were very French-oriented."

"*Moi aussi*," Mme. Danilova said.

"We were very young, and wildly impressed," Fizdale said. "I think we were the only people who had ever rented Town Hall in order to give a concert of contemporary music. Everybody said that no one would come to a concert of contemporary music. It was filled. Every painter, every poet—everybody."

"When you are young, you do what you do," Gold said. "You have a certain lack of shyness."

"Yes," said Mme. Danilova. "When I first went to see Diaghilev, he asked me to audition. I said, 'What's that?' He said, 'Dance a little bit.' I said, 'I am from the Maryinsky Theatre. If I'm good enough for the Maryinsky, I'm good enough for you.' I didn't audition."

Rieti asked Gold and Fizdale, "What American composers did you play?"

"Virgil, Aaron Copland, Henry Cowell, Cage," Fizdale said.

"We had much more trouble getting American composers to write for us than getting Europeans to," Gold remarked. "Copland said that writing two-piano pieces would require too many notes, but he finally came through. Barber couldn't bring himself to do it. Paul Bowles wrote a number of pieces for us. I never could decide if Vittorio liked Paul Bowles' music."

"Well, I can't decide, either," Rieti said. "You can't dismiss it. It's not much, but it's something. He's a kind of high-level amateur."

"We like a high-level amateur better than a low-level professional," Gold said.

"When Stravinsky started writing twelve-tone"—serialism—"all the professionals started writing twelve-tone," Fizdale said.

"But you stuck to your guns," Gold said to Rieti.

"Yes, I haven't changed much," Rieti said. "I don't know why. I'm not the only one. Poulenc did the same. Also, in history, take Mendelssohn. His music was exactly the same when he was fifteen and when he died. Perhaps the ones who changed the most were Verdi, Stravinsky, and Beethoven. In the twentieth century, there is a great pressure. Every time an artist does something, it has to be something new."

Gold asked, "Were you ever tempted to write twelve-tone, Vittorio?"

"Yes, but I didn't make it public," Rieti said. "I tried, but it wasn't for me."

"I once asked Vittorio who was the greatest American composer," Gold told me, "and he said America was still waiting for its Glinka."

"Who said that?" asked Rieti, who had caught only the last bit.

"Vittorio Rieti," Gold said.

"And he was right," Rieti said. "I don't believe that Charles Ives is a Glinka. I never did understand how you could take him so seriously."

"Well, after the war, when America went into its Empire Period, from '46 on, Americans had to discover a past," Gold said. "It couldn't be Edward MacDowell—they had to discover something."

"Balanchine liked Gershwin and jazz—that was kind of the general attitude," Rieti said. "The enthusiasm that we had in Europe when American jazz came—you couldn't believe how we loved the early jazz. Fascinating rhythms. Now how do you call it—rock and roll: it's of no interest at all."

"I found America very technical and full of gadgets but not very intellectual when I first came," Mme. Danilova said. "It has improved. There was very little ballet. I rather liked Agnes de Mille, because she really shows Americana. Like 'Rodeo.' She is really American."

"Yes," Rieti said. "The best is Copland. Copland is Americana."

"What other American composers do you like?" Mme. Danilova asked Rieti.

"There are all the schools—the minimalists, et cetera," Rieti said. "There are all the possible trends. So you can't speak of contemporary American music. How do you put together Elliott Carter and Philip Glass?"

"Did you like America when you came here?" Fizdale asked Rieti.

"Oh, sure," he replied. "I had lots of friends here. Milhaud was already here. Stravinsky. Hindemith. Balanchine. It was a very European colony. Tchelichew. Ernest Bloch. We met at the Russian Tea Room, on Fifty-sev-

"Each time a [person] stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others... he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, those ripples build a current that can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance."

Robert F. Kennedy

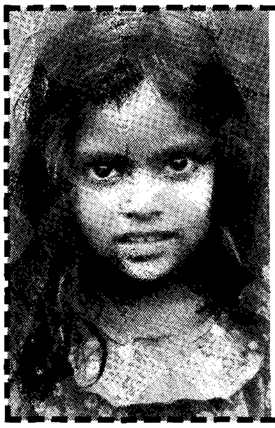
When you make a stand to strike out against injustice, to help the helpless... here's one very personal and effective way to honor your instincts. By improving the lot of one desperately needy child overseas — as a Foster Parent.

When you ease the awful ache in a hungry little belly ... when you save a fragile little life from senseless disease ... when you give a child a chance to go to school... or teach a family new skills to raise their income... or improve their living conditions... then you send out a "ripple of hope" that goes far beyond today's need.

Because when you reach out to one child and family, that child grows up knowing there is caring and goodness in the world. And that lesson, multiplied by the caring of over 420,000 other Foster Parents, may be our best hope for peace in the world.

It only takes $22 a month to help a child in this way. To care. To connect. To create real, lasting change. So, be a Foster Parent. It's one of the most important and joyful things you can do!

Call 1-800-225-1234



YES, I want to live what I believe.

Enroll me as a Foster Parent to...

☐ **The child who needs my caring most.**

Or select for me a:

☐ Girl ☐ Boy ☐ Either

☐ Africa ☐ Asia ☐ Central America

☐ South America ☐ Wherever the need is greatest.

☐ Please send my Foster Parent Kit with my Foster Child's photo and case history. My check for $22 for the first month's sponsorship is enclosed.

☐ I am not yet sure if I want to become a Foster Parent, but I am interested. Please send me information about the child I would be sponsoring.

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss ☐ Ms. ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ______ Zip ______

Mail to: Kenneth H. Phillips, President
Foster Parents Plan, Inc.•157 Plan Way•Warwick, RI 02886

J368

Foster Parents Plan.
Help so complete, it touches a child for life.

A copy of Foster Parents Plan's financial report is available from the New York Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, NY, or Foster Parents Plan, Warwick, RI.

Clean up your space, make it pleasant and healthful, with...

Rodellex™ Plug-in Ionizer only $34.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!

At home or at the office, human activity and crowded conditions make it almost inevitable that the air we breathe is dirty, stuffy, full of stale smoke, cooking odors, pollens and pollutants. It's unpleasant, debilitating, and detrimental to your health. You can end all that with the *Rodellex™ Ionizer.* Plug the unit into any 110 volt outlet. Within seconds, the Ionizer will generate millions and millions of negative ions. These ions work like little "magnets." They attract and neutralize minute smoke, dust, dirt, odor and pollen particles. You won't have to breathe them any more. They get trapped inside the unit and restore the air to healthy freshness.

We are one of the largest distributors of the *Rodellex™ Ionizer* in the United States and we can bring you this unique and helpful product for just $34.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $69.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Feel better, breathe easier, and enjoy a more pleasant and healthful environment. Clean up your space and get the *Rodellex™ Ionizer* today!

• Pollutants in the air get trapped on the filter inside the Rodellex™ Ionizer. For best results, rinse out the filter every month or so. U.L. listed.

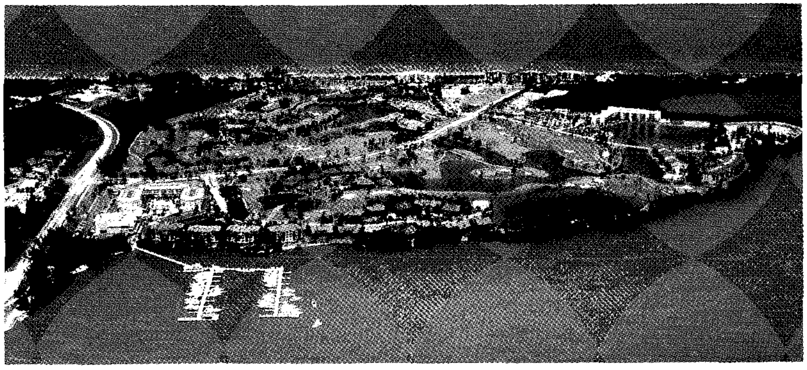
FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#2105 E855.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *Rodellex™ Ionizer,* $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Ferard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

A million isles from the ordinary.



The Island Funaway. $55.*

Come to southeast Florida's newest resort. Our $55 package includes a handsome guest room *and* a two-hour cruise on the luxurious *Island Princess.* Also awaiting you are all these a la carte pleasures — 18 holes of golf ◆ 13 tennis courts ◆ 3 pools ◆ 1,700-ft. private ocean beach ◆ marina ◆ deep-sea fishing ◆ boating ◆ water sports ◆ fine dining ◆ dancing and entertainment ◆ See your travel agent or call 800/444-1432.

*Per person, per day, double occupancy, effective Dec. 18. Minimum two-night stay. Limited number of rooms available at this rate.

INDIAN RIVER PLANTATION
RESORT AND MARINA
Hutchinson Island ◆ Stuart, Florida 34996

enth Street. The second day after Tchelichew got here, he talked nonstop for two hours. Stravinsky, of course, became an important influence in my life. My relationship with him was familiar—by which I mean that his wife and my wife and our children were friends."

"Most people had complicated feelings about Stravinsky," Gold said. "He had a sharp tongue."

"Yes," Fizdale said. "When Vernon Duke was rehearsing in Paris, he said to Stravinsky, 'When can we have lunch?' He asked every day. Finally, Stravinsky riffled through his appointment book and then said, '*Jamais. Voulez-vous?*' "

"There was a streak of bitterness in him," Gold said.

"Vittorio was never bitter," Fizdale said to me. "Vittorio never suffered from the American disease of having to be a success."

IN May, Rieti went to Europe, as he does every year—to Paris for a while, and then to Rome. Music paper was packed in his new suitcase. "At the music store in Paris, you can rent studios," he told me. I knew from the Milwaukee trip how out of place Rieti seems in an airport: too ancient, too cosmopolitan, too transcendently intelligent among the endless lines and the weary travellers. Too unhomogenized. I saw him to the security gate. He went through, picked up his black briefcase, and faltered for a few moments. Then a strong surge of energy seemed to enter him. His cane hanging over his arm, he set forth with a springing step.

—SUZANNAH LESSARD

•

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the North East* (*Pa.*) *Breeze*]

Pennsylvania State Police are investigating the harassment of a Windswept Drive resident which occurred Nov. 19. The 24-year-old victim told police a blond woman drove to her home, grabbed her and made statements about her house, then left the scene.

•

CORRECTION

An editing error in "The Danish Plan" published in Friday's Colorado Daily resulted in all references to Arapahoe Avenue becoming "Arabs." At the same time, references to Norlin Library became "Noon." And, the word archive became "arc hive." The Daily regrets the errors.—*Colorado Daily.*

Still, the day was somehow a little brighter.

ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY

THE ABOLITIONIST—II

OF change, drama, and surprise there was to be a full portion during Ronald Reagan's second term as President. Still, some things change little, and slowly at that. The obstacles to an agreement on strategic arms were largely unaffected by the bustle of events and bizarre summit meetings during this time. In 1984, shortly after Reagan's reëlection, John McCloy, then eighty-nine years old and the foreign-policy community's chairman laureate, sent the President a letter, with a copy to Secretary of State George Shultz. McCloy urged Reagan to negotiate an agreement with the Soviet Union. He didn't presume to tell the President what sort of agreement, but David Klein, who worked with McCloy on foreign-policy matters, feels that he was thinking of an arms-control treaty. McCloy, whom several Presidents entrusted with sensitive jobs, wrote that in his own negotiations with the Soviets he had always found someone on their side who thought about the problems the way he himself did. He got back a note from Reagan thanking him for his advice and a note from Shultz warmly thanking him for having raised the matter with the President and asking McCloy to let him know what sort of reply he got from Reagan. McCloy was surprised that Shultz would ask a private citizen for that kind of information. A Secretary of State, he felt, should know how his boss feels about negotiation with the other side.

The epic superpower ascent toward arms control that would occupy the next four years began with January talks in Geneva between Shultz and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. From them emerged the only workable compromise: Washington accepted the principle of "preventing an arms race in space" and agreed to address space-based defenses—Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative, or Star Wars—in formal talks if these could be resumed. The Soviets agreed to resume them. The parties agreed on a three-basket approach that would cover strategic systems, midrange systems, and defensive systems, whether space-based or ground-based. "We did not bang our fists on the table and did not even fling eyeglasses on the table," the dour but sardonic Gromyko said, back in Moscow. And he warned portentously, "It is impossible to consider banning strategic weapons separately from the outer-space issue."

Ronald Reagan dealt with four Soviet Party bosses—Brezhnev, Andropov, Chernenko, and Gorbachev. The received wisdom within the President's entourage was that he could begin to deal seriously with the Soviets only when they, too, had a real leader—one who was physically whole and active. That case isn't persuasive: in its first term, the Administration stubbornly refused to do much beyond striking an attitude of aloof hostility; it also tended to trace all or most of the world's ills to the Kremlin's door. The reason the Walk in the Woods—the arms mediator Paul Nitze's effort to break the logjam in the I.N.F. (intermediate-range nuclear forces) negotiations—failed was not that Brezhnev was ailing, although that could have been a constraint on the Soviet side if the Americans had taken up Nitze's initiative. Not many expected that in the thaw to come Reagan would mortify his party's hard right and suppress some of the deeply held views he had carried with him to the White House. And no one expected a *Soviet* leader to catalyze this lively, occasionally frantic period in superpower relations. But in policy and public-relations terms Moscow, not Washington, held the initiative during most of Reagan's second term. Washington reacted, often sluggishly. The form had been reversed.

In mid-December of 1984, a few weeks before the Geneva talks, Mikhail Gorbachev visited London with his wife, Raisa. Soviet watchers took notice. His first visit to a major Western capital must have been planned and approved by senior Party figures, and it thus reinforced the impression of Gorbachev as Konstantin Chernenko's likely successor. Afterward, the impression was of a visit that had gone remarkably well from Gorbachev's (and Moscow's) point of view. Gorbachev and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who was by then the West's elder statesperson, got on famously. After several hours of conversation—

"Hi, honey! I'm at large again!"

Discover the
Perfect Cup of Coffee...

If you love good coffee, discover the wonderful flavor and aroma of ***Brown & Jenkins***. Over 50 truly great gourmet coffees, fresh-roasted daily and rushed directly to your door. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Three introductory samplers available only to new customers. **Call in your toll-free order today.** Samplers include Free Catalog, Coffee Newsletter, & Gift Certificate worth $3.00.

FREE And, if you order now, you'll receive a **FREE 1/4 lb Sample of Vanilla Hazelnut.**

BROWN & JENKINS Trading Co.
431 Pine St., Dept. 481, P.O.Box 1570, Burlington, VT 05402

☐ **Introductory Sampler:** 8 oz. each Mocha Java, Colombia Supremo, & Special Blend. $9.95 + $3 p/h.

☐ **Deluxe Sampler:** 8 oz. ea. Colombian, Kenya AA, Costa Rican, Vermont Breakfast Blend, Connoisseur's Cup, & Special Blend. (Best Value) $19.95 + $3 p/h.

☐ **Decaf Sampler:** 8 oz. each of Decaf Special Blend, Decaf Mexican, & Decaf Colombian. $11.95 + $3 p/h.

I prefer: ☐ **Whole Bean** ☐ **Filter Grind**
Name ____________
Address ____________ Apt ______
City ____________ State ______ Zip ______
☐ Check ☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐ AMEX
Acct.# ____________ Exp Dt. ______

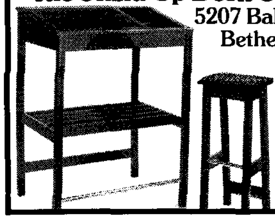
For Fastest Service, Call Toll Free
1-800-456-JAVA

Our Desk...
still stands alone.

Stand-Up Desks and Stools hand-crafted to your height in oak, walnut, mahogany and cherry.

For free brochure:

The Stand-Up Desk Company
5207 Baltimore Avenue
Bethesda, MD 20816
(301) 657-3630



Top o' the Cove

As special as La Jolla

Wine Spectator Grand Award Winner
Voted Most Romantic Dining,
San Diego Magazine 1984-88

(619) 454-7779

Sunsets, complimentary

far longer than had been scheduled—she described him as someone she could work with. A leadership change in Moscow was clearly imminent; Soviet television viewers could already see that Chernenko was unable to stand without assistance, or speak for any length of time.

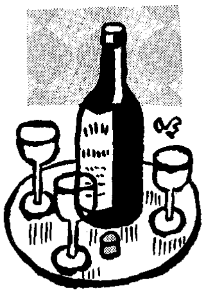
Toward the end of his life, Chernenko opened meetings of the Politburo and then yielded the chair to Gorbachev. Gromyko and Moscow Party boss Victor Grishin objected, but their time was past. Celestine Bohlen, then a Washington *Post* Moscow correspondent, recalled Chernenko's funeral, on March 13, 1985, as an occasion when "all the familiar and tedious rituals of death were speeded up, as if a movie had been put on fast forward," and wrote, "The dead leader did not even get front-page billing in *Pravda*. In another year, when the Soviet press began to call things by their own names, they would say that this was the end of the 'period of stagnation.' At that point, it became acceptable for Soviet officials—some of them today the most ardent spokesmen of the 'new thinking'—to concede publicly that they had been lying all those years."

Washington sensed opportunity in the demise of Chernenko but was not prepared for Gorbachev. What Mrs. Thatcher and other Europeans saw in him squared not at all with the Administration view, which was that all Soviet leaders are alike. If Gorbachev were to become a commanding figure, with whom a dialogue was possible, so much the better, but the likely prospect for the Soviet state was judged to be more stagnation by consensus or a fragmenting, or even a breakdown, of central authority, as various baronial figures—each of them controlling a great bureaucratic fiefdom—struggled for power. Washington saw some of what Gorbachev saw: a Central Committee weakened by lack of leadership, and major parts of the system—the K.G.B., the Foreign Ministry, the military—operating with more independence of Party control than they had at any time in the past, and often getting in one another's way. But, like Gorbachev and others, these satrapies knew that the system urgently needed extensive repairs. The K.G.B. saw pervasive official corruption seeping into its own organization. The military saw spending on defense as having flattened out in 1977 and not increased since. Gromyko was not nearly as accountable as he ought to have been for the country's external affairs, which were not in good order. Most important, the economy reflected the system: weak, inefficient, and overwhelmed by bureaucracy. Although the Soviet Union was hardly "an Upper Volta with rockets," as derisive critics portrayed it, it was held down by some of the same unyielding problems that afflict Third World economies.

In Moscow, Gorbachev seemed to be the obvious solution to the Soviet problems. He had the necessary political talent and versatility. He was determined, and willing to spill blood. He was the right age, fifty-four. And he clearly knew where he wanted to go—an attribute that wasn't understood in Washington. The Gorbachev takeover resembled, to some degree, the inauguration of a President who brings with him a new program and new faces, though they all belong to the same party as their predecessors.

Gorbachev was a regional figure. Instead of building his political career in Moscow, as so many other clever and ambitious young men have done, he returned, after taking a degree at Moscow State University, to Stavropol *krai* (territory), the region in southern Russia in which he was born and raised. He joined the Komsomol (Communist Youth League), advanced rapidly, and, at some point, acquired the patronage of Fedor Kulakov, one of the Party's rising stars. While Gorbachev was still in his thirties, he became a Party manager for Stavropol *krai*, and so came in contact with many senior Party officials—they regularly visit the spas at Mineralnye Vody, which is second only to the Black Sea as a holiday favorite of the *nomenklatura* (élite). State institutions that maintain sanatoriums there include the K.G.B., the Ministry of Defense, and the Committee for Atomic Energy. Some members of the Politburo and the Central Committee have their own. Not surprisingly, local Party appointments were cleared with various offices in Moscow. Gorbachev made important connections—what Russians call *sviazi*, which matter immensely in the Soviet system. Whatever he did for the great and the near-great he must have done well. There isn't much hard information on that key period of his life. It is known, though, that besides Kulakov, who died (in mysterious circumstances) at the age of sixty, Gorbachev acquired there an even more powerful patron, Yuri Andropov. What seems to have attracted the austere Andropov was Gorbachev's rare incorruptibility. Andropov and Mikhail Suslov, who was once the Party's chief ideologist and second-ranking figure, are thought to have persuaded Brezhnev to appoint Gorbachev to fill the vacancy on the Central Committee left by Kulakov's death. His appointment was announced in November of 1978. The thankless Agriculture portfolio was part of the Kulakov legacy, but it did Gorbachev no harm. A year later, he became a candidate member of the Politburo, and in 1980 he became a full member. He was then forty-nine—eight years younger than the next-youngest member, Grigory Romanov, and twenty-one years below the average age of his colleagues. In less than two years, Gorbachev's abundant talents, including a talent for survival, had made a deep impression on his peers, and his arrival at the top of the tree was judged to be a matter of time. The time turned out to be five years, but he had control over much of the Party well before taking formal charge.

The novel Gorbachev style included a vigorous interest in the press and its workings, which dated from the Stavropol period. The press more than amply returned his interest: the man and his purpose became the subject of endless comment by professional Sovietologists and a profusion of instant experts. His affinity with the press was linked to an even more surprising flair for public relations. Even before Chernenko's death was officially announced, an ardent Gorbachev, often accompanied by his attractive wife, had become the willing quarry of camera crews and news photographers. He turned up in well-cut clothes that seemed to fit, and upmarket felt hats. Mrs. Gorbachev's high visibility and higher style constituted another novelty. (It wasn't widely known that Andropov's wife, Tatyana, even existed until she attended his funeral.)

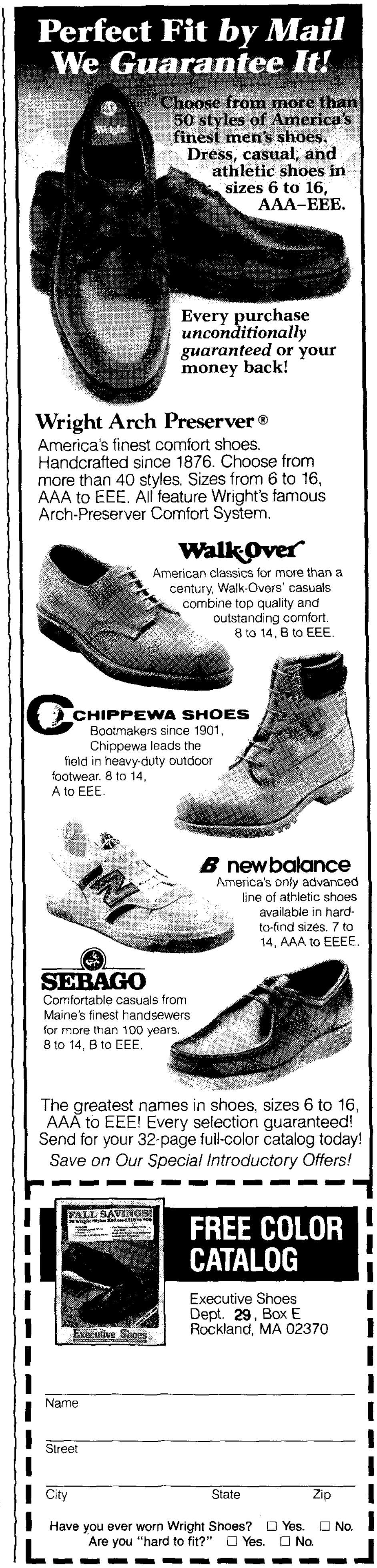


Gorbachev is no closet social democrat, according to Western diplomats who have studied him. He is, they say, a modernizer and a reformer coexisting with a conventional Marxist-Leninist. If Peter the Great had been a convinced Leninist, he would have sounded like Gorbachev. "Socialism has not yet spread its wings as it should," Gorbachev says. "We have vast potential which is as yet unused." And: "It is a revolution, without the shots, but a deep and serious one." According to Dimitri Simes, an émigré Russian scholar and practicing Sovietologist in Washington, "the people who were the most cynical and disillusioned when Gorbachev arrived were those who took Marxism-Leninism seriously." In short, Gorbachev's assault on the Party structure means no disrespect to the doctrine on which it is founded.

"There is often a huge misperception in the West of any new Soviet leader," says a senior British diplomat, another Sovietologist. "Gorbachev isn't making the Soviet Union more like us. He is making it less like what it was, or has been. His analysis of the Soviet economy and system corresponds to the Western view of them. His chances of surviving or succeeding—they are the same thing—are no better than fifty-fifty, and maybe worse. He has to make life worse before he can make it better. There are no rewards for the sacrifices. The system and the Russian people have had a social contract. It says, 'Life here won't be as good as in the West and other places. There won't be a lot of material advantage. But you will have work and won't have to work very hard.' Gorbachev has busted half of that contract." One remembers the old Soviet joke "They pretend to pay us and we pretend to work."

Diplomats have warned that Gorbachev's openness and beguiling frankness are less attractive at home, where dirty linen isn't commonly displayed to outsiders. "There is a strong sense of we and they," an American specialist says. "It can be family versus non-family, or the Russian people against other peoples. One is either in the tent or outside the tent. Russians, and especially young Russians, may be cynical and apolitical, but they are no less Russian than their elders."

Almost everyone within the tent,



Perfect Fit by Mail We Guarantee It!

Choose from more than 50 styles of America's finest men's shoes. Dress, casual, and athletic shoes in sizes 6 to 16, AAA–EEE.

Every purchase *unconditionally guaranteed* or your money back!

Wright Arch Preserver®
America's finest comfort shoes. Handcrafted since 1876. Choose from more than 40 styles. Sizes from 6 to 16, AAA to EEE. All feature Wright's famous Arch-Preserver Comfort System.

Walk-Over
American classics for more than a century, Walk-Overs' casuals combine top quality and outstanding comfort. 8 to 14, B to EEE.

CHIPPEWA SHOES
Bootmakers since 1901, Chippewa leads the field in heavy-duty outdoor footwear. 8 to 14, A to EEE.

new balance
America's only advanced line of athletic shoes available in hard-to-find sizes. 7 to 14, AAA to EEEE.

SEBAGO
Comfortable casuals from Maine's finest handsewers for more than 100 years. 8 to 14, B to EEE.

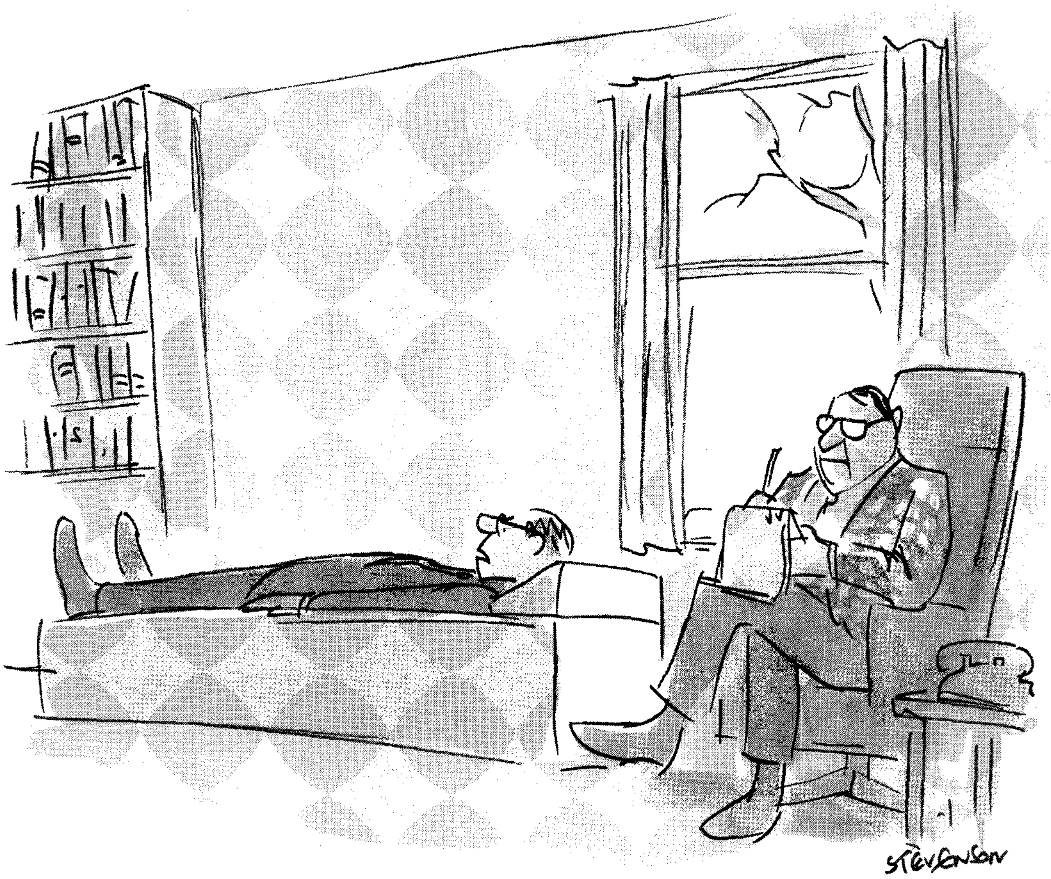
The greatest names in shoes, sizes 6 to 16, AAA to EEE! Every selection guaranteed! Send for your 32-page full-color catalog today!
Save on Our Special Introductory Offers!

FREE COLOR CATALOG

Executive Shoes
Dept. 29, Box E
Rockland, MA 02370

Name
Street
City State Zip

Have you ever worn Wright Shoes? ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
Are you "hard to fit?" ☐ Yes. ☐ No.



"My stocking was not stuffed."

• •

including the Party bureaucracy, knows that something must be done about the economy, but the bureaucracy and some of Gorbachev's peers oppose his efforts to combine economic reform with social change. He regards the two as inseparable. Only if goods and information can be freely and easily exchanged can the whole dronish, parasitic structure be made productive—that is the Gorbachev view, which, as his critics see it, puts *glasnost* and "democracy" ahead of Party discipline and law and order. (Democracy in the sense that Gorbachev favors means more freedom of expression and some limited choice within the existing one-party system.) Gorbachev draws part of his strength from the absence of an alternative; his adversaries see no one else who might lift the country from its economic decline.

If the world beyond the Soviet bloc has grown accustomed to the Gorbachev style, the Party bureaucracies of the bloc have not. At times recently, *Pravda* has been hard to find at the kiosks of some East European cities—notably Bucharest, where it is apparently judged to contain subversive material. In some bloc countries, any official would be jailed for talking about *glasnost* and democracy as Gorbachev has done. This is a society that is programmed to look ahead, not back, and bringing the system face to face with the Stalinist blight of its formative years shook it and much of the society. Gorbachev has insisted on filling in what he calls the blank pages of Soviet history. But Russians living within and outside the Party structure have had to ask: If Stalin was so awful, what is one supposed to think about his legacy—the system itself?

Prior to Gorbachev's arrival on the scene, the Central Intelligence Agency, in Washington, had for some time been bombarding Reagan with memos generated by its director, William Casey, about how the Soviet Union was falling apart. State regarded this material as inflated and as aimed at pleasing the addressee, and it did. "Reagan loved these summaries of C.I.A. forecasts," one American diplomat recalls. "And then along came Gorbachev saying things that weren't very different. That affected Reagan's view of Gorbachev. He was saying what Reagan wanted to hear."

The self-criticism—the departure from the routine practice of blaming foreign powers for what ails the Soviet Union—went down well in Washington. But all the novelty would stop at the water's edge, said the cautious and skeptical people who lay down the American line on Soviet foreign policy. At a Party plenum in April of 1985, Gorbachev set out an agenda that told a lot about his plans. Not all of it became public right away, but Washington was aware of what he had said, which included a warning that Soviet troops would have to withdraw—and soon—from Afghanistan. He even referred to the involvement there as a "bleeding wound."

Washington was not convinced, or even very much impressed, and dismissed as theatre a good deal of what Gorbachev had said and done. A lot of it was indeed pure public relations; his chief adviser, Alexander N. Yakovlev, is the regime's grand vizier for press and propaganda, along with ideology. Nonetheless, running through the Gorbachev performance was a clear sense of the need for a period of calm on the foreign-policy front in order to deal with the domestic front. Gromyko's sulky bear must not only rejoin the big world but also make a *bella figura*. That meant reviving the superpower connection *and* the competition with Washington for the moral high ground. Along the way, Gorbachev would say things that no one else in Moscow had said. At the Party congress in February of 1986, for example, he warned that the Soviet Union could be secure only if others are secure. In the past, Soviet security had been equated with the insecurity of others.

All the above argued for resuming the arms-control process. Domestic reasons for doing so, however, were probably more important. Arms control was hardly a substitute for economic reform, but that lay far in the future, and a treaty with the United States might allow some redirection of resources. In shaping the next Five-Year Plan, Gorbachev would have to control the military budget. His argument that unless the economy improved, the Soviet Union would become less capable of competing with the West—militarily or otherwise—had silenced the military, but probably only temporarily. He and they, aware that the West was widening the technology gap, knew that the Soviet Union must coöperate with Western countries rather than try to intimidate them. But they also knew that another break in the dialogue with the United States would dictate a hardening of the line at home, with renewed pressure to expand the military budget.

The wild card in all this was Star Wars—that reminder of the underdog's wearisome struggle to stay the course. The Soviets hold their own in designing advanced gadgetry, but they have trouble producing it. An arms-control agreement would buy Gorbachev some time in which to modernize production. But the Strategic Defense Initiative stood in the way. Reagan was committed to the space defense as only he could be to an idealized solution, and the Soviets had been committed by Gorbachev's predecessors to stopping it, just as they had been committed to heading off midrange missile deployments. Actually, their campaign against S.D.I. allowed its American advocates, including Reagan, to point to Moscow's fulminations as evidence of the project's great potential. Gorbachev and presumably Yakovlev elected to soften the Soviet line. And very probably Gorbachev used S.D.I. within the Politburo to strengthen his mandate to deal with the Americans on arms control and to modernize the economy. Still, if the line on S.D.I. could change, the bedrock Soviet resistance to it could not. Gorbachev complained to the Dutch Prime Minister that Reagan was using S.D.I. to wage economic warfare against him.

STAR WARS was another case of the fantasist in Reagan overcoming his more realistic side. It became the largest of the obstacles to a strategic-arms agreement with the Soviets, who were unlikely to accept any limits on their strategic offense so long as America planned to threaten that offense with a novel defense. In return for a small and probably meaningless concession on Star Wars, Reagan could at one time have had a strategic-arms agreement on a scale that no predecessor would have ever tried for. But he must have sensed that a dream like Star Wars, once interrupted, cannot be resumed. To the end, he ignored the substance of progress in order to keep faith with its shadow.

Having at first been appalled by S.D.I., the Defense Department officially rallied to it by the end of 1984. "An inspired vision," Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger said of it then. The idea is to knock out attacking missiles before they reach the reëntry, or terminal, stage. A missile is most vulnerable during the four minutes or so of the boost phase, when it is rising slowly and the emissions from its rocket plumes are easily detected. All the warheads are still aboard the missile in this phase. Hitting it in the post-boost, or midcourse, phase—about twenty minutes—is far more difficult, though not impossible, the S.D.I. advocates say. Star Wars weapons divide into three types: lasers, which travel at the speed of light; particle beams, which go nearly as fast; and rocket-powered interceptors, which are slow.

A rash of studies by scientific groups, including the American Physical Society and the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment, threw strong doubt on the concept. Besides being highly vulnerable to attack from the other side's beam weapons, the necessary orbiting space stations would require inordinate amounts of nuclear power for "housekeeping"—controlling altitude, and receiving and transmitting information. No one could say how many lines of instruction the system might require, but ten million was judged by some to be a conservative estimate. Computers would have to track the missile, the bus (the missile's final stage), and the warheads, and they would have to distinguish warheads from decoys; coördinate satellites and weapons-firing devices; and report on hits and misses—all this while managing to survive countermeasures.

Scientist advocates of Star Wars compared skeptical colleagues with those who doubted the fission bomb and the Apollo program. The skeptics rejected this analogy, arguing that splitting the atom and putting people on the

The Counterfeit Mailbag.

The secret thoughts of an entire country were carried in leather bags exactly like this one. Except this one, a copy, isn't under lock and key in a museum. It's for sale.

I borrowed an original from a friend, a retired mailman who, like thousands before him, was kind enough to test it out, for years, on the tree-lined streets of small towns everywhere. Before you were born.

The test was successful; even though discontinued, it can't be improved upon. It's simply perfect as a device for carrying important ideas and feelings back and forth. And the same as with those old and scarce and beautiful mailbags, people will look forward to seeing what you've got inside.

The counterfeit mailbag. Containing one vast unzippered pocket and another zippered. Shoulder strap and handle. Size: 15" long x 7" wide x 12½" tall. Strong, soft leather that will only get better. A beauty.

Price: $275.
We pay shipping.

The J. Peterman coat.
Unintentionally very flattering.

Classic horseman's duster protects you, your rump, your saddle and your legs down to the ankles.

Because it's cut very long to do the job, it's unintentionally very flattering. With or without a horse.

High-count natural cotton canvas. Washable. Natural color. Light weight waterproof lining. Nine pockets. Corduroy collar. Heavy duty zippers. Metal snaps permit adjustment of length.

Men's and women's sizes: XXS, XS, S, M, L, XL, XXL. Include height and weight when you order. I'll advise best size.

Price: $174. We pay shipping.

Although I live in horse country, I wear this coat for other reasons. Because they don't make Duesenbergs anymore.

J. Peterman

Call (800) 231-7341 (outside Kentucky)
(606) 231-7064 (from Kentucky)
Free shipping anywhere in U.S.A.
Visa and MasterCard accepted.
Absolute satisfaction,
or your money back.

Catalogue on request

The J. Peterman Company
257 Midland Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky 40507

© 1989 The J. Peterman Company

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE

Your name or initials translated into ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics

18k Gold Pendant from $150
Sterling Silver $40
1-800-237-3358
Discoveries
207 Ramsay Alley, Dept. NY1
Alexandria, VA 22314 (703) 548-9448 (in VA)

Free Brochure Available
Cartouche shown: "Jane"

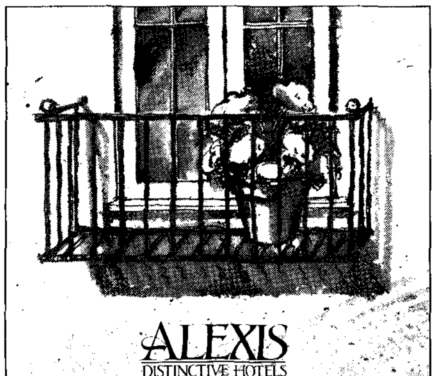
HANDMADE IN EGYPT

The Perfect Vacation

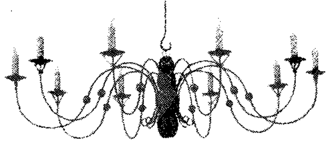
Your own villa, pool and staff.
Your own pace, style and crowd.
4 bedrooms, 4 baths $2,000/week.

Seagrape Villas
Ocho Rios, Jamaica
(312) 693-6884

LEON LEVIN'S OVERSIZED POLO is styled with dropped shoulders, short button placket. Imported. Cotton/polyester knit. Machine wash and dry. In hot-pink, light-turquoise, stone-beige, mint, coral, white, periwinkle-blue, navy, light-blue, jade or pale-pink. One size (fits up to size 20). **$39.95**
Add $2.50 for shipping.
Send for free 116-page catalog.
Order by mail or phone 912-924-9371
THE TOG SHOP
705 Lester Square, Americus, GA 31710



ALEXIS
DISTINCTIVE HOTELS
Denver: Oxford Alexis 1-800-228-5838 **Seattle:** Alexis 1-800-426-7033/Inn at the Market 1-800-446-4484 **Portland:** RiverPlace Alexis 1-800-227-1333

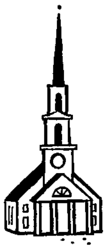


Entirely handmade lighting reproductions from the 17th, 18th and early 19th century. Lanterns, Chandeliers, Sconces and Lamps in copper, aged tin, pewter and wood. Selected by many important public and private restorations nationwide. We have been granted licenseeship to reproduce the early lighting of Historic Deerfield. Catalogue $3.00
PERIOD LIGHTING FIXTURES
1 Main St. Dept. 11019
Chester, CT 06412

moon were strictly scientific and engineering accomplishments, with only barriers to knowledge and understanding to be overcome. The unarmed moon, they said, had nothing in common with Russia, which deployed a wide assortment of nuclear weapons, many of which would be unaffected by a Star Wars defense. Their point was that the other superpower, if it was planning an attack, would take steps to overcome a defense that would, of course, have to work as planned the first and only time it was used. There seemed to be a long menu of measures that could be taken to neutralize Star Wars, the most basic of which would be swamping it with many warheads and also with decoys. "Any defensive system can be overcome with proliferation and decoys, decoys, decoys," said Richard D. DeLauer in testimony before the House Armed Services Committee when he was Under-Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering in Weinberger's Pentagon. Weapons experts like Ashton Carter, a Harvard physicist, noted that satellites cost much more than boosters. "We're going to go broke building satellites before they go broke building boosters," he said.

Sir Geoffrey Howe, Britain's Foreign Secretary, asked whether Star Wars could be deployed "without generating dangerous uncertainty," and pointed out that "there would be no advantage in creating a new Maginot Line of the twenty-first century, liable to be outflanked by relatively simpler and demonstrably cheaper countermeasures." Star Wars was a *rara avis:* it looked the same in London, Paris, and Bonn. The largest spending program ever proposed by any government would substitute an unworkable defense for nuclear deterrence. It could—probably would—demolish the ABM Treaty. Embassies in Washington warned that some of Reagan's people wanted to scrap the treaty, because it forbade the carrying out of tests of various S.D.I. systems and subsystems. All Europeans regarded the treaty as the backbone of the arms-control regime. The British and the French feared that without the treaty's heavy restriction on Soviet defenses their own small missile forces might be unable to reach targets in the Soviet Union. European leaders and their advisers were uniformly angry—not least those who had argued for having the new American missiles. "We regard nuclear deterrence as indispensable," a French diplomat said. "We cannot all go to the ends of the earth persuading Europeans that they should accept deployment of missiles, and then call them immoral and about to become obsolete. . . . The Germans and the British share our concerns."

Washington launched a multifront campaign to overcome the resistance of its major allies to S.D.I. Offering them a share of the research activity in what salesmen were calling "the third industrial revolution" was one tactic. Another amounted to what British diplomats called "show-and-tell." America must proceed with S.D.I. in order to overtake the Soviets in a vital area of technology, the argument ran. Diplomats and officials were shown pictures of Russian laboratories behind whose doors advanced development work was supposed to be going on. The pictures were unconvincing. "The show-and-tell rubbish was shown to successive diplomats arriving in Washington and to successive Ministers of Defense," a British diplomat said. "There were private briefings of the Prime Minister by Bud McFarlane." (Robert McFarlane was then the President's national-security adviser.) One of the diplomat's colleagues added, "There was an effort to show the Soviets as being ahead. It was very dishonest. The subject is complicated. Comparing the two programs is comparing apples and oranges. The U.S. stuff is more advanced, but will it work? The Soviet technology is older, hence presumably more manageable. But will it necessarily work any better? Who knows? Space defense requires computers and heavy lift. The U.S. is way ahead in computers and will stay ahead. They are ahead in lift."



Not much is known about Soviet research in laser and beam weapons except that the Soviets, like the Americans, have been at it for decades. Both programs date from the late nineteen-fifties. Each is thought to be still in the early stages, held in check by huge technological barriers. But scientists, by and large, feel that the lead, if there is one, lies with America, given its wider and deeper technological base.

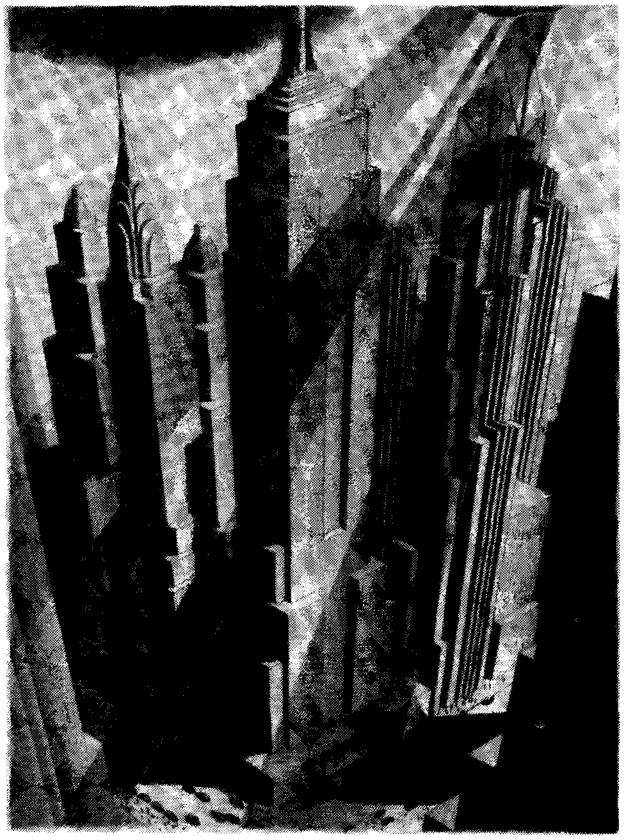
By early 1985, it was clear that only

Ronald Reagan and a coterie of true believers could take a Star Wars defense seriously. Several others, including those who were lobbying Congress and other governments most intensively, saw it as a surrogate for something they did believe in: land-based nuclear defense. Most were veterans of the embittered debate on ABMs in the late nineteen-sixties and early seventies. They intended to win a replay, with Reagan's vision and determination clearing the way. Gradually, advocacy of Star Wars separated the faithful few who echoed the President's line about a defense that would rid the world of missiles from those who adopted the more modest contention that Star Wars would strengthen deterrence by complicating Soviet planning for a first strike. An American diplomat compared the selling of Star Wars to a televised light-beer commercial: "Some people say that it's less filling, others that it tastes great."

BY late summer of 1985, a Reagan-Gorbachev summit was in the offing. The advocate was Shultz. "At first, it was difficult. Only a handful of people at State were pushing it," an American diplomat who aided Shultz recalls. "Nancy Reagan and Mike Deaver"—the deputy chief of staff—"were very helpful. But Cap, Meese"—Presidential counsellor Edwin Meese—"and Casey were mau-mauing the enterprise. Reagan himself seemed most interested in finding out whether Gorbachev believed in God." The diplomat added—and others agree—that Reagan was eager to meet Gorbachev and, unlike some of his entourage, was not at all worried about being eclipsed by the younger and more dynamic figure, the man who had dazzled Margaret Thatcher and others with his flair and his grasp of complicated issues. Reagan insisted on arrangements that would allow plenty of time for private conversation with Gorbachev.

The Soviets, for their part, were eager to meet Reagan. Gorbachev emerged as a keen summiteer. A meeting with Reagan would be good theatre, good politics at home, and a good reminder to the world of who the other superpower was, especially when it was being run by a man so strikingly different from every one of his predecessors.

The awkward variable was Star Wars. The Soviets insisted that the meeting, scheduled for Geneva in November, would have to be more than a fireside get-together, which was what the Americans seemed to prefer. Some progress on nuclear issues was what the Soviets wanted; predictably, they stressed the need to head off an arms race in space. Unwisely, they said that the meeting would be a failure unless there was movement toward their position. Then, less than three weeks before the meeting, Reagan repeated a bizarre offer to provide his space shield to other nations, including the Soviet Union. A week before the meeting, he clarified his position. "I don't mean we'll give it to them," he said. "They're going to have to pay for it—but at cost. But we would make this defensive weapon available." Reagan had high confidence in the one-on-one meeting with the other fellow as a device to clear away difficulties and misunderstandings. He seemed to think that once Gorbachev saw the beauty of the Star Wars concept his resistance to it would vanish. He actually told



American and
European Prints

Auction to be held Thursday, January 19 at
10 a.m. and 2 p.m. in our galleries at
502 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10022.
Viewing is from January 14 through January 18.
For further information please contact
Judith Cohen at 212/546-1024.
For catalogues telephone 718/784-1480.

Samuel L. Margolies, *Man's Canyon*, aquatint and etching,
1936, 11⅞ x 8⅞ in.
Estimate: $3,000–$4,000

CHRISTIE'S
NEW YORK

Gorbachev during the meeting that it would be dangerous if just one side were to deploy a space defense.

"All that money thrown at unattainable goals will hit some other, different targets," a prominent French business figure said around this time. "And these will give America commercial advantages vis-à-vis everyone else." Gorbachev, too, was more concerned about spinoffs from Star Wars than about a mythic space shield. Yet another technology gap in offensive weapons loomed ahead, and Gorbachev put this problem to Reagan. Reagan assured him that S.D.I. was a purely defensive program. Gorbachev wasn't convinced. But Arthur Hartman, who was American Ambassador to Moscow at the time and sat in on the meeting, has said, "Gorbachev decided that Reagan meant what he said at Geneva. He did want to rid the world of nuclear weapons, and he was deadly serious about S.D.I. Gorbachev's idea was to persuade Reagan to take the one without the other"—that is, abolition without Star Wars. "He seems to have decided at Geneva that he could bring it off."

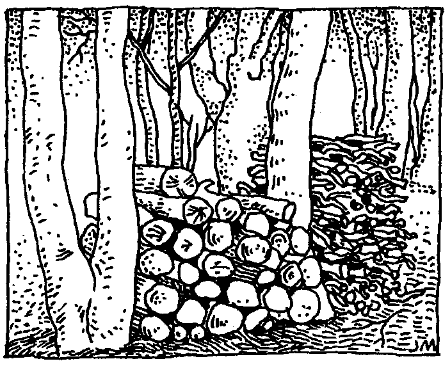
In five hours of conversation with his counterpart, Gorbachev discovered a man whose immense good will on nuclear issues was matched by a remarkable ignorance about them. As Hartman suggests, he must have reckoned that he could exploit his discovery. Everyone left Geneva satisfied, the Americans because their man had emerged intact from five hours of conversation with a formidable rival. They had got their "photo ops" at no cost; indeed, Reagan seemed to have emerged the winner on points, because nothing had been conceded. The Soviets, after creating expectations of an American concession on space warfare, had departed empty-handed. What was more, Gorbachev had agreed to a follow-up meeting in Washington in 1986.

Farther east, the outcome looked quite different. "The Geneva meeting was crucially important," says a member of the Hungarian Central Committee who has major foreign-policy responsibilities. "It persuaded Gorbachev that agreement with Reagan was possible. Many Soviets had disagreed with that analysis." An American diplomat who was there concurs. "The most important effect," he says, "was the Soviet leaders' being able to satisfy themselves that Gorbachev could get on with Reagan." Gorbachev might have observed that relations had improved considerably since early 1981, the time of the K.G.B.'s all-points alert about Ronald Reagan, nuclear bullyboy.

The summit communiqué, issued November 21, 1985, said that "nuclear war cannot be won and must never be fought." But it ducked the S.D.I. issue. Neither side had really understood the other. Gorbachev either didn't notice or underestimated Reagan's stubbornness—his unshakable faith in an idea whose time he felt had come. Gorbachev could perhaps be excused for having some skepticism about a program that was estimated to cost between two and three hundred billion dollars and for which there was no consensus in Washington or in the Western Alliance. In turn, Reagan and various advisers didn't understand that Gorbachev probably couldn't come to Washington unless and until some kind of compromise on limiting arms, notably those earmarked for outer space, had been worked out. Two very different men had restored the dialogue and imparted momentum to it. Yet diplomatically they had set themselves on a collision course.

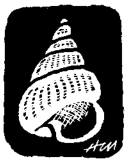
WASHINGTON basked in a warm summit afterglow. The arms-control talks would resume in January; Gorbachev appeared to want an agreement with Ronald Reagan, partly because he was the only President available to deal with, and partly because Reagan was very secure politically. An agreement with him was unlikely to encounter the political squalls that had caused two Presidents—Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter—to back away from SALT II.

The summit boosted George Shultz's stock to an all-time high, and Weinberger appeared to have been a heavy loser. He hadn't gone to Geneva but instead had tried to sabotage the meeting by leaking a letter that he had sent to the White House—a letter that urged Reagan to avoid any of the steps that might lead to negotiation. Yet in Reagan's Washington things were rarely as they seemed. Having banked the political returns from the summit, the Administration did nothing about following it up. Mrs. Thatcher sent Reagan a message early in the new year pressing him to do something about arms control while there was time remaining to him. She didn't get an answer, and nothing was done. Instead, Gorbachev took the initiative and the spotlight. He was not to relinquish them. On January 15, 1986, he called for the elimination, in stages, of *all* nuclear weapons by the year 2000. He proposed starting with a fifty-per-cent cut in the long-range systems over a period of five to eight years. He wanted to end the arms race in space before it could begin, and to ban any further testing of nuclear weapons. Most astonishing, he ambushed Western capitals with a proposal to dismantle all the Soviet and American midrange weapons deployed in Europe. The famous zero option—the handiwork of American hard-liners, non-negotiability its charm—had been embraced by this alarmingly original Soviet leader. He even suggested that the reduction and dismantling of the nuclear arms could be verified by intrusive on-site inspection.



Although most of official Washington was thrown well off stride, it saw the initiative as pure theatre. But Pentagon hard-liners were worried, perhaps for the first time. Gorbachev, they felt, had gone over the heads of Reagan's entourage and addressed himself to a serious abolitionist. "Gorbachev soured the atmosphere with the January 15th speech and then a procession of initiatives, mostly aimed at the gallery," an American diplomat recalls. "Reagan was the only exception. He liked the January 15th speech. His comment was 'Why did it take so long?' It was only Gorbachev's timetable that put him off. Both of them had crazy timetables."

Over the next several weeks, Gorbachev did make several proposals, none of them serious and some of them frivolous. But he was setting a fast pace, and Washington could think of little to do or say other than to push for a date for the next summit. Moscow rejected a February date; the Twenty-seventh Congress of the Soviet Communist Party was being held then. Washington pressed for an early-summer meeting, but the Soviets held back. The two sides had very dissimilar priorities. Reagan was keen to give Gorbachev a tour by helicopter of some American towns, villages, and marinas, so he could see for himself how different the systems were—how much better off the American workingman and his family were. But Gorbachev wanted—probably needed—to have something to sign at the next meeting. Politically, he was in no position to take part in another idle pageant.



In its central aspect, the situation was surreal. Behind Gorbachev's showboating was an absolute need to avoid a new cycle of competition in arms at the high end of technology. For all the proud talk, his system could barely compete at the middle level. But the Reagan Administration, for all its talk about standing tall, was still unable to decide on a new strategic missile; nor was it any closer to agreement about what it might want to extract from a serious negotiation. Instead, Reagan set about trying to implant his dream of a space shield in the national psyche via the mashed-potato circuit—midterm congressional elections lay some months ahead. Nothing less than a radically altered superpower relationship would do. Star Wars would be the guarantor of a world freed from nuclear terror.

At some point, however, the program's unreality would take its inevitable toll, and that point precisely coincided with the start of Gorbachev's exuberant nuclear diplomacy. The services had no fondness for Star Wars, and since they were faced with cuts in military spending, their support for any exotic new hardware was tepid. Both the Senate and the House did make deep cuts in the program. Members felt more secure in denying the President's pet project, partly because of three successive failures of American space vehicles. The first was the loss of the Challenger space shuttle in January; in April, a Titan 34-D rocket and its ultra-secret payload exploded just after lift-off; and two weeks later a Delta rocket carrying a weather satellite veered off course and was destroyed after little more than a minute in flight. If the space program's basic hardware couldn't be relied on, what was one to think about the endlessly more complex Star Wars technologies? The even more worrisome disaster at Chernobyl, the site of the Soviet nuclear-reactor explosion on April 26th, added to the rising skepticism about advanced technology in general. The term "technological hubris" came into vogue.

Chernobyl shook every European capital. Its radioactive fallout affected all European countries, as did the questions it raised about nuclear power. But even more upsetting were moves being made by Gorbachev and Reagan which Europe's leaders could do little about. In appropriating the zero option for midrange systems, Gorbachev had put himself in a heads-I-win, tails-you-lose position. He didn't need the SS-20—the midrange missile system—and its older siblings. Some small portion of his longer-range systems, of which there was a healthy surplus, could cover the same targets. But with this all but painless gesture he might rid Europe of the American missiles capable of striking Russia. Moreover, by agreeing to what was generally seen by Washington as a one-sided, if not cynical, offer he would take most of the credit for any deal that was made. And if there should be no deal—if the North Atlantic Treaty Organization reneged on its own proposal—Gorbachev would be credited with having gone the limit in trying for an agreement, and his rivals would bear the blame for failure. His gambit had put the West Germans, the British, and the other hosts of the new missiles in an awkward spot. Having taken intense heat for accepting the deployments, they were deeply reluctant to walk back that decision and reopen the matter. They had convinced themselves and a large part of public opinion that the missiles would strengthen the link between Europe and the guarantor of its security. Removing them might turn out to be as politically dicey as introducing them had been.

Even more distressing to the Europeans was a bare-knuckled assault on the entire SALT regime which was being mounted by members of the Weinberger faction. SALT II compliance was again in their sights, and, more alarmingly, so was the ABM Treaty. It specifically banned a space-based de-

Summer **1989** Travel Study Programs in

ENGLAND

Study at one or two of these famous institutions

- ***Sotheby's***
  Mayfair, London
  July 1–21
- ***Royal College of Art***
  Kensington, London
  July 8–29 and July 29–August 19
- ***Cambridge University***
  Trinity Hall, Cambridge
  July 9–29 and July 30–August 19

Students may enroll in one three-week course per session.
For additional information please mail the coupon to:
Travel Study Programs
UCLA Extension
10995 Le Conte Ave., Room 313
Los Angeles, CA 90024-2883

Please send information on the **1989 Travel Study Programs** to:

NAME

ADDRESS

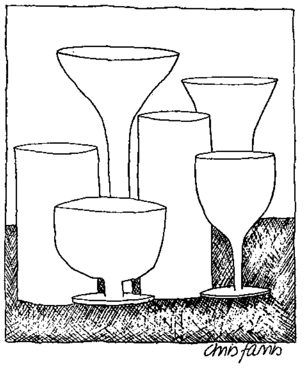
CITY/STATE/ZIP

( )
TELEPHONE/DAY

( )
EVENING HLB62

UCLA
EXTENSION

fense, and, as it was *normally* interpreted, ruled out not just the deployment but also the development and testing of the directed-energy weapons on which the Star Wars program was supposed to hinge. Only laboratory research was allowed, because such research cannot be monitored. Some months after Reagan's reëlection, a handful of Star Wars partisans began searching for a way around the treaty's high walls. Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle and Fred C. Iklé, then Under-Secretary of Defense for Policy, asked a young New York lawyer named Philip H. Kunsberg to determine whether the treaty actually meant what everybody said it did. Some months later, Kunsberg, who had no relevant experience, produced a dramatically altered interpretation of the ABM Treaty. His report was referred to the State Department's newly arrived legal adviser, the former judge Abraham D. Sofaer, and also to the general counsel of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, Thomas Graham, Jr., and to the office of the general counsel of the Department of Defense. After a cursory review of the negotiating record and a talk with Nitze, Sofaer concluded that the treaty did allow development and testing but *not* deployment of defense systems based on new technologies. He reported as much to Shultz and Nitze on October 3rd, the same day that six former Secretaries of Defense restated their support for the ABM Treaty and advised the parties to "avoid actions that erode" it. Sofaer had been told by a member of his staff that Graham and John McNeill, the assistant general counsel for Defense, had both rejected the case for reinterpretation. The staff member also took that position. Sofaer did not report their views to Shultz and Nitze.



On October 6th, McFarlane repeated the revisionist Sofaer line on "Meet the Press," and two days later the televised comment was pronounced official policy by a White House spokesman. Shultz was as surprised and unprepared as he had been when Reagan unveiled Star Wars, in March of 1983. Mrs. Thatcher and Chancellor Helmut Kohl, of West Germany, were also surprised, and quickly questioned the move in messages to Reagan.

Although the issue isolated Shultz within the government, he managed to fashion a compromise: the Administration would continue to observe the narrow—that is, the literal and restrictive—interpretation while reserving the right to apply the broader, more permissive version when it chose to. As Georgia's Senator Sam Nunn and others pointed out, this was saying that a treaty could be explained to the Senate as meaning one thing but then, if some future President found himself inconvenienced, could be reinterpreted. There was no place and no precedent for any such executive-branch edict, Nunn said. If the Administration didn't like the ABM Treaty, he said, abrogating it would be more honorable than twisting its meaning. Some past Presidents had discarded treaties they didn't like. But the Reagan Administration was unlikely to inflame relations with allies and adversary alike by altogether disowning the ABM Treaty.

Reagan was just as annoyed at most of the allied leaders in Europe as they were at him in May of 1986—the moment he chose to change course on SALT II compliance. None of them except Mrs. Thatcher had supported his decision in April to bomb Libya as a means of discouraging terrorism. Nor did the allied Ministers support the Administration's sweeping view of Soviet cheating. So, as Shultz tried yet again to head off a Reagan decision to break away from SALT II, the European card he liked to play was worth much less.

The decision to scrap SALT II was announced May 27th. Mrs. Thatcher, who had been warned a few days earlier, was deeply embarrassed as well as disappointed. Her coöperation and support in the bombing of Libya had, she thought, earned her the credit she needed to nudge the decision her way. The fuss made in Britain about the Libyan affair had just begun to die down when Reagan dropped this second shoe. Denis Healey, the shadow Foreign Secretary, said it was the worst moment in Anglo-American relations since the Suez crisis.

On May 29th, just two days after Reagan's announcement, the Soviets put forward a proposal in Geneva that not only was serious and lacking in fanfare but drew mainly on State Department thinking. When they had been serious and businesslike in the past, they had dropped their ritual demand that forward-based American weapons be included within any agreed limits on long-range systems. Now they dropped it again. In other ways, too, the positions of the parties were close. Each had proposed cutting by half the inventories of long-range weapons. Much the hardest issue was Star Wars. It wasn't negotiable, according to Reagan. It had to be negotiable, according to the Soviets; unless limits could be put on defense, they said, there would be no limits on offense. They proposed reaffirming the commitment to the ABM Treaty, as it had been interpreted by both sides since it was signed, in 1972. They wanted a non-withdrawal pledge of fifteen to twenty years but would clearly settle for less.

Gorbachev had made another move on which he couldn't lose. His proposal struck Western diplomats as reflecting the contours of the only possible agreement. A link between offense and defense had to be there. In June, the Soviets began adding substance to the contours. "This was hard to deal with, because it contained mainly our own ideas," an American diplomat says. But Washington was still preoccupied with trying to extract a date for the summit from the Soviets, and they continued to demur. Gorbachev's aggressive diplomacy in Western Europe was beginning to prosper, and his emissaries noted, plausibly, that he could hardly be expected to visit Washington at a time when the Americans were making plans to breach the SALT II limits.

Reagan's letters to Gorbachev reflected his sunny confidence that the Soviet Union could be persuaded to see the light on space defense. A letter from Gorbachev in late June may have begun to disabuse him: it made clear that some give in Reagan's position on space defense was required. There ensued an epic struggle over Reagan's reply. The issue was whether to concede a link between offense and defense by agreeing to a period of non-withdrawal from the ABM Treaty, as the Soviets had proposed. Such a step would meet their conditions, provided it was also agreed that the treaty would be interpreted as narrowly as it had been in the past. The Reagan letter, which was sent on July 25th, was studiously ambiguous: Reagan seemed to be moving in Gorbachev's direction without actually doing so; the glass could be seen as half full or half empty. Although the letter was quite general, it did put forth the daring suggestion that *all* ballistic missiles could eventually be done away with. This notion originated with Richard Perle, who was among the blockers of serious arms-control initiatives. Like the zero-I.N.F. option—also his idea—it was judged non-negotiable, hence harmless. For that reason, the Joint Chiefs of Staff approved its inclusion in the letter to Moscow, just as they had once approved the zero option.

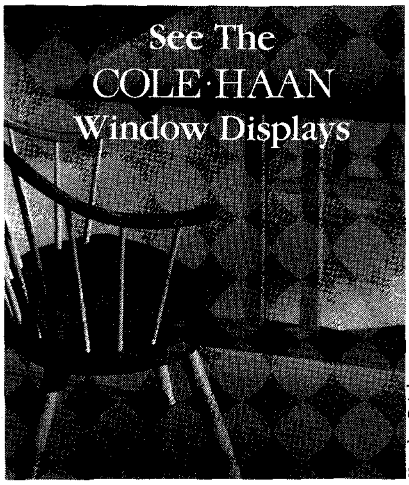
A major breakthrough seemed to be within reach except for one large unknown: Ronald Reagan. There for the taking lay an agreement of the kind that he and like-minded advisers had always said they wanted: one based not on limits pegged at upper levels but on large reductions of strategic missiles and warheads. In return, he would have to accept some constraint on the testing of various Star Wars components for a period of years—ten, perhaps. But those items were not likely to be ready for testing within that period anyway. So what, if anything, would be lost by granting this one concession? Unless he did grant it, some advisers warned, Gorbachev might cancel the Washington summit. Those who knew Reagan best doubted whether he would allow the vision to be trifled with. Its opponents were legion. Any constraint, once accepted, could be the beginning of the end for Star Wars. Thus the full weight of superpower relations, not to mention progress in nuclear-arms control, seemed to hinge on whether one side could arbitrarily reinterpret the most important compact to which both were parties.

Both sides tried behaving as if the problem would settle itself. In August and September, an American delegation led by Paul Nitze (known within the bureaucracy as Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs) held talks with Soviet counterparts in Moscow and Washington. They covered all points on the arms-control agenda as preparation for a meeting in New York later in September between Shultz and Eduard Shevardnadze, Gorbachev's Foreign Minister. Shevardnadze surprised Shultz by agreeing that all the issues, including even human rights, could be on the table. And his side, he said, wanted to carry on these wide-ranging talks methodically and without preconditions. This was just what Washington wanted to hear, and a meeting between Reagan and Shevardnadze was arranged for September 20th.

Shevardnadze brought to the Oval Office a letter from Gorbachev proposing a mini-summit—a base-camp meeting in London or Reykjavik. Quite clearly, Gorbachev had concluded that, given the chaos in Washington, any progress on arms control could be made only with Reagan himself. But since Reagan continued to withhold the concession on Star Wars testing—the treaty-commitment issue—Gorbachev was unwilling to take part in another summit, least of all on Reagan's turf. And he might have been unable to obtain the authority he needed from the Politburo to go to Washington unless something had been nailed down ahead of time. The something would have to cover the space-defense issue.

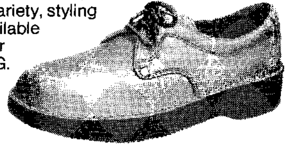
Reagan was attracted to the proposal. A two-day meeting in Reykjavik was scheduled for October 11th and 12th—an agreeably short time before the midterm elections. Both sides were keen to show progress. An understanding or a framework agreement on I.N.F.—the least difficult issue—probably lay just ahead; that, at least, was Washington's assumption. The Soviets encouraged this sanguine view by expressing a willingness to liberate I.N.F. from Gorbachev's iron precondition: progress on any one front would be linked to progress on all fronts. "Everyone expected a meeting aimed at promoting an I.N.F. deal," a former Administration official recalls. But did the Americans mislead themselves? Were they aware that, once the meeting began, Gorbachev would link everything to Star Wars? An American diplomat says, "They told us more or less there would be no precondition. They said, in effect, 'We will have new things to say in every area, and, of course, S.D.I. is very important.' "

What occurred at Reykjavik defied



THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS

Handcrafted solid cherry furniture
on view at COLE·HAAN
667 Madison Ave.
(corner of Madison & 61st)
Jan. 11th - Feb. 11th, 1989.
OR AT OUR SHOWROOMS
Inquiries: 415R Cumberland Avenue
Portland, ME 04101 (207) 774-3791
210 West Washington Square
Philadelphia, PA 19106 (215) 922-6440
Residential Catalog $5.00


MEN'S WIDE SHOES
EE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13
Extra width for men who need it, in excellent variety, styling and quality. Available only through our FREE CATALOG. Send for it!
THE WIDEST SELECTION
OF THE WIDEST SHOES ANYWHERE!
NAME ____
ADDRESS ____
CITY ____ STATE ____ ZIP ____
HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept. 69A , Hingham, MA 02043

How do you
improve
on paradise?
SAPPHIRE BEACH
RESORT & MARINA
For vacation information call (809) 775-6100 or
TOLL FREE (800) 524-2090 or call your travel agent
P.O. Box 8088 NY St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands 00801

comprehension. There can have been no stranger meeting between leaders of big powers—whether allied or adversary—in modern memory. During fifteen hours of conversation, Reagan and Gorbachev came very close to agreement on eliminating most, if not all, of their nuclear weapons. Two high rollers were matching idealized visions and raising each other. They reached a higher and more rarefied plane than anyone had ever been to, and then fell off the cliff.

Reagan and a small entourage arrived expecting a curtain-raiser to the main event in Washington. It was apparent that Gorbachev had something else in mind. His delegation, starting with Yakovlev, was top-heavy with specialists in propaganda and public relations. Just before the start of the first meeting—a private chat between the two leaders—Gorbachev waved a distinctly weighty brief at Reagan, as if to suggest that he had brought quite a lot to talk about. And he had. "We were hoist with our own petard," says an American official who was there. "We had been saying that we wanted to talk about everything." But in fact the American side was unprepared to talk about much except I.N.F. According to an aide, "Reagan opened on human rights, and then said the purpose here is to prepare for the Washington meeting. He asked for ideas on dates, and noted that this was a pre-meeting."

Shultz and Shevardnadze joined the discussion after an hour or so, and Gorbachev, reading from a short paper, declared that space defense was on the table and was closely linked to the other main agenda items, including I.N.F. His proposals were sweeping. They included a fifty-per-cent cut in strategic arms, the elimination of all midrange systems in Europe, and new negotiations to ban nuclear testing. He was ready to meet some long-standing American requirements: a cut in heavy Soviet missile systems; no allowance granted for the British and French weapons—a concession the Soviets had often pressed for. But he also proposed ten years as a period of non-withdrawal from the ABM Treaty, and recommended restricting Star Wars research and testing to the laboratory. Meetings of experts followed and, at Shultz's suggestion, continued throughout the night. The key discussions were between Nitze and Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev, who unexpectedly resigned—involuntarily, it seemed—in December of 1988. He was "a pleasure to do business with," Nitze said a few days after the Reykjavik meeting. Akhromeyev could quite clearly act for Gorbachev, whereas there was no military figure on the American side who could speak for the Joint Chiefs.

A Sunday-morning meeting, the last on the schedule, went smoothly for a time, with the parties building on a framework that Nitze and Akhromeyev had worked out. Then, predictably, space defense reared up and halted progress. The meeting adjourned, and Reagan and Gorbachev agreed to reconvene at 3 P.M. But first Shultz and Shevardnadze would meet with a few senior aides to see if something could be resolved. The only issue, Shevardnadze said, was whether Reagan would commit himself on non-withdrawal from the ABM Treaty as it had been strictly interpreted. While he spoke, Perle and Colonel Robert B. Linhard, the N.S.C. staff's chief arms-control expert, scribbled some lines on a piece of paper. It was passed to Shultz, and after stating that the suggestion it contained had no official status he read from it. The stunning crux of the language drew on the offer contained in Reagan's letter of July 25th, to eliminate all ballistic missiles. But, whereas the letter had been silent on the timetable for reaching this lofty goal, the Perle-Linhard paper proposed ten years. Fifty per cent of all nuclear weapons would be cut in the first five-year period, during which both sides would remain faithful to the ABM Treaty. Adherence to the treaty would continue for another five years, during which the parties would dismantle the rest of their ballistic missiles, keeping only what remained of their bomber and cruise-missile forces. But at the end of the ten-year period, with all ballistic missiles gone, either side would be free to deploy an anti-missile defense as insurance against cheating, accidents, or missiles belonging to others.

Over the next four hours, Reagan, Gorbachev, Shultz, and Shevardnadze thrashed this radical approach over. It presented a problem for the Soviets. Their strength lay in ballistic missiles, and these would be gone. America held an advantage in bombers and cruise missiles, many of which would remain. So Gorbachev counterproposed eliminating not just most but all nuclear weapons during the ten-year period. Reagan, by many accounts, responded favorably.

"*All* nuclear weapons? Well, Mikhail, that's exactly what I've been talking about all along . . . get rid of all nuclear weapons. That's always been my goal."

"Then why don't we agree on it?" Gorbachev asked.

"We should," Reagan said. "That's what I've been trying to tell you."

The exchange is cited by Donald Regan, then the President's chief of staff, who left with Reagan just after the meeting broke up. Afterward, Moscow and Washington disagreed on whether Reagan actually did agree to abolish nuclear weapons in ten years. The Soviets said that he did, the Americans that he did not—only that he saw abolition as the eventual goal. Yet, in a post-summit discussion with members of Congress, Reagan gave the impression that he and Gorbachev had agreed on abolition. Moreover, by one account, Vice Admiral John M. Poindexter, then the national-security adviser, warned Reagan that " 'we've got to clear up this business about you agreeing to get rid of all nuclear weapons.'

" 'But John,' replied Reagan, 'I did agree to that.'

" 'No,' persisted Poindexter, 'you couldn't have.'

" 'John,' said the President, 'I was there, and I did.' "

It is, of course, clear why the near thing abruptly collapsed. Gorbachev shattered the magic moment by tying it to the acceptance of a ban on Star Wars research and testing outside the labora-

It's charming, disarming, wicked, witty, eccentric, electric, brainy, bold. Best of all, it's yours to try now—before you send a cent.

A twice-in-this-century opportunity

From 1914 to 1936, a celebrated magazine epitomized the art and wit of a now-vanished age. Then—not long ago—The Condé Nast Publications presented the new *Vanity Fair.*

Vanity Fair. It's a daring and dauntless revival of wit. A lavish and luscious resurgence of flair. A stomping ground for legions of legends—in their most revealing photographs and least restrained interviews.

Its pages are sprinkled with humor, gossip and scandal. Studded with what's notable, quotable, dashing and dapper. Decked out in some of the most talked-about covers printed today.

The best and the boldest pictures and prose

The best writers in the world are writing for *Vanity Fair.* You'll find people like Norman Mailer, Gail Sheehy, William Styron, Stephen Spender, Dominick Dunne, James Atlas, Anthony Burgess, Garry Wills, Nora Ephron, Bob Colacello, Jay McInerney.

The best photographers in the world are packing the pages of *Vanity Fair.* You'll find scores of portraits by Annie Leibovitz, Helmut Newton, Richard Avedon, Deborah Turbeville, Irving Penn, Duane Michals, Bruce Weber, Horst, Snowdon.

The most provocative personalities

You'll enjoy perky, quirky, uninhibited profiles of some of today's most remarkable people: Dustin Hoffman. Imelda Marcos. Malcolm Forbes. Jack Nicholson. Jay Leno. Linda Ellerbee. Benazir Bhutto. Keith Haring. Keith Hernandez. Kathleen Turner. John Fairchild. John Updike. Ann Getty. Wallis Annenberg. Jessica Lange. Samuel Beckett. Sam Shepard. Torrie Steele.

And—now—just $12

Vanity Fair. It's filled with secrets. Surprises. Beefcake. Cheesecake. Fashion. Passion. Travel. Arts. And with this special offer, it's all yours for $1 an issue—that's an almost-absurd $1 a month!

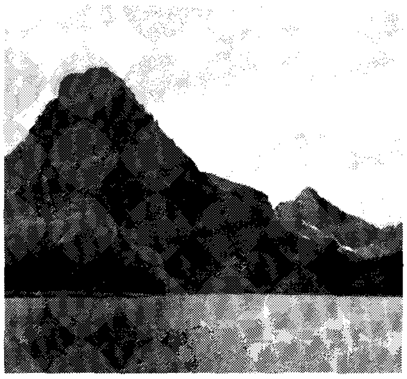
How to try your first issue

Just send in the accompanying card and have some fun with your first issue. Then pay us *after* you've taken a look.

You'll pay only $12 for one full year (12 issues). That's $12 *less* than the $24.00 other people pay at the newsstand—which is like getting six issues *free.*

To say "Yes" and to try your first issue, fill out the postpaid card attached or write to:
VANITY FAIR, P.O. Box 51333, Boulder, CO 80322-1333.

America is worth fighting for.



From the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Arctic to the Gulf, our land is constantly under attack from the polluters and despoilers.

That's why Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund attorneys are pursuing dozens of cases nationwide in defense of wildlife, rare habitats, the air we breathe and the water we drink.

Most of our support comes from individual contributors like you. Please help us win. Because America is worth fighting for.

Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund
2044 Fillmore, San Francisco, CA 94115
All contributions are tax-deductible

Santa Fe Romance

Romantic 1920s charm just one block from the Plaza. Casual elegance, period furnishings, unique ambiance and an award-winning restaurant. Listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

210 Don Gaspar Avenue
Santa Fe, NM 87501
1-800-666-5700
(505) 983-5700

HOTEL ST FRANCIS SANTA FE

WHITE SILK
17"×17" pure hand rolled silk twill Handkerchiefs imported from China. An elegant addition to one's pocket. Beautifully packaged in collections of six. $30. For a gratifying gift or treat for one's self. Send check, gift card instructions, and shipping address to:

CARTER ANTHONY
IMPORTERS OF FINE SILKS
103 Ivy Drive #8
Charlottesville, VA 22901
1 - 2 Week Delivery

Stand at the NORTH POLE or join the original High-Arctic travel planners on one of our DOG SLED, WILDLIFE or CULTURAL TRIPS.
Special Odysseys
Box 37Y, Medina, WA 98039 (206) 455-1960

tory (and a recommitment to the ABM Treaty). By then, the word "laboratory" provoked Reagan as few words did. Testing confined to a laboratory, he thought, would kill space defense. He was not aware—and Gorbachev may not have been, either—that the ABM Treaty, as it was normally interpreted, does permit a good deal of the sort of developmental testing that was at issue. "Laboratory, laboratory, laboratory," Regan cites the President as saying gloomily in the car as they left the meeting. Probably none of the four people in the room understood what the treaty allowed and did not allow. (For example, it does allow testing beyond the laboratory of certain novel technologies and devices, but not deployable systems or their components.) Nitze, Perle, and Linhard could have explained the ins and outs, but none of them were in the room. Nor was Akhromeyev. This absence of expertise during such a conversation helps explain the fiasco.

Most American diplomats doubted whether Gorbachev could have acted any differently. He had arrived, they guessed, with a brief that had been cleared with the Politburo and allowed no give on Star Wars. But it appears that Gorbachev didn't share his intentions with most of those who accompanied him. "His people were saying before the meeting that they didn't expect him to be overly tough on S.D.I.," says one of the Americans who were there. "They were saying it could be worked out." And Paul Nitze recalls that after the meeting broke up, and the Soviet side was leaving, Akhromeyev put his arm around Nitze's shoulder and said, "This was not my fault." Even Akhromeyev may not have been fully informed of the constraints on Gorbachev.

One is left wondering whether the outcome would have been different if Gorbachev had known more about the ABM Treaty. Two days later, Yuri Dubinin, the Soviet Ambassador in Washington, was instructed to tell the State Department that a laboratory (as applied to Star Wars research) could mean not only an enclosure but also a testing range. A month later, the Soviets were saying that laboratories could exist in space and that some Star Wars research could be conducted in them. "They were clearly falling off the tough position they took in Reykjavik," says an American diplomat who was at the meeting. "That could mean that Gorbachev goofed there or that Reagan broke up the meeting before Gorbachev could make whatever concessions on S.D.I. he brought with him."

Many people have wondered why no one on the American side—unprepared, and in way over its head—suggested a few weeks' pause in which to digest all that had been accomplished. A pause would have allowed the White House to consult the Joint Chiefs, allied governments, and Congress on an impending accord of colossal scope. Without a word to anyone, Reagan had almost turned the Western security system upside down. Allied leaders judged the what-might-have-been as constituting a near-abandonment of the American commitment to defend Europe. "Reykjavik shook her rigid," former Foreign Secretary David Owen said of Mrs. Thatcher's reaction. Other European leaders, the Joint Chiefs, and key congressional personalities were equally shaken. A nuclear-free world was hard to envision. Being able to verify any such millennial development was harder still to envision. And, even if the West could adjust to the idea, there was great doubt whether the Soviets could, given their profound sense of being encircled by enemies. No one questioned Reagan's serious intent, but there was skepticism about Gorbachev. All parties were confused, not least the Soviets, who had trouble finding a common line to take on Reykjavik. In the following week, Gorbachev said one thing and two of his officials something else on the issue of whether an I.N.F. accord was linked to space defense.

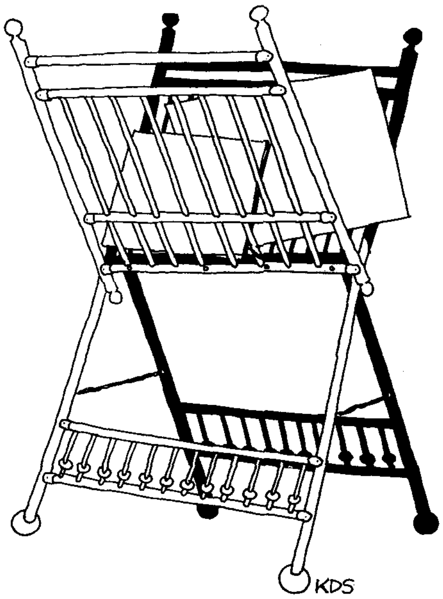
The lasting importance of Reykjavik had little to do with the confusion and the outcries that followed, or with its lesson about the hazards of improvisation at the summit. The meeting showed Gorbachev that serious business could be done with Ronald Reagan, the most intensely anti-Soviet of American Presidents. On both days, Gorbachev repeatedly sought reassurance from Reagan that he really meant what he said about being willing to withdraw the Pershing and cruise missiles from Europe. It was as if he couldn't quite believe it. Also, much of what was agreed to at Reykjavik couldn't be walked back, and was later put into agreed language by the delegations in Geneva. But even more important was the effect of Reykjavik on relations between the superpowers. The year 1986 had been one of persistent tension and flareups between them. The irony of Reykjavik—on its face a horrendous failure—is that not long afterward a less shrill and seemingly less mistrustful dialogue between Washington and Moscow was under way; relations became less tense and more predictable.

“Reykjavik was too bold for the world,” George Shultz says. “It jarred people to think about no nuclear weapons. But we made more headway on limiting them there than in any two-day history of man.” At first, Reagan and Shultz clung to abolition as a not very distant goal. But the reaction to Reykjavik in Washington and Europe disabused them. British and French forces would not be part of any such romantic stuff, as Shultz had seemed for a moment to think they might be. Mrs. Thatcher and President François Mitterrand, after a brief huddle, set the Administration straight: nuclear deterrence was not to be trifled with; Europe was unwilling to re-create the system that produced two devastating wars in a quarter century. Typically, Mrs. Thatcher came to Washington to deliver the verdict on Reykjavik herself. After her visit and some tough messages from other leaders, the notion of eliminating ballistic missiles was banished. But NATO did bless the plan to reduce the long-range versions by half.

At about this time, Reagan's luck began to change. For six years, his exceptional popularity and credibility had made the White House the center of political gravity. The Reagan agenda was America's agenda, and neither anxious allies nor political opponents could do much about it. But, as Sir Harold Wilson, twice Prime Minister of Britain, once said, “a week is a long time in politics.” A National Security Council staff run amok and trying to arrange an arms-for-hostages swap with Iran dealt its chief the heaviest blow of his political career. Nothing would ever be quite the same for Reagan, and large questions arose. Would a beleaguered White House create a constitutional crisis in the middle of a Presidential crisis by seeming to scuttle the ABM Treaty? To insist on reinterpreting the treaty was adjudged the same as scuttling it. On February 6, 1987, Senator Nunn, a potential Presidential candidate, warned Reagan that his position would create “a constitutional confrontation of profound dimensions,” and added, “Such a decision would also very likely be taken on Capitol Hill as the end of arms control under your Administration.” Rather surprisingly, Chancellor Kohl, a cautious man, sent Reagan a letter at this time urging him not to apply the broad interpretation to the treaty. He never got an answer.

The Soviets were at least as confused as anyone about how to react to the Presidential crisis. At long last, they had made what seemed productive contact with this American President, who, although he was a self-professed enemy, could deliver on his commitments. But after Iran-scam could he still deliver? There was doubt. For months, the Soviets had been alternately delinking and relinking a zero-I.N.F. accord and their well-worn edict on fidelity to a narrow interpretation of the ABM Treaty. Among the questions for Gorbachev was whether to harden his position in the light of his rival's sudden vulnerability or soften it to make it easier for Reagan to reach an agreement they both wanted. On February 27th, Howard Baker, the former Senate Majority Leader, was appointed to succeed Donald Regan as chief of the sorely troubled White House staff. In Washington, Baker was a reassuring presence. The next day, Gorbachev delinked I.N.F. for good from the other issues.

Gorbachev, it bears repeating, wanted better relations with the West in order to concentrate on his domestic agenda. In Margaret Thatcher he found a kindred spirit. Although they are poles apart doctrinally, each of them was and is determined to change the ways of an unproductive social and economic system. She, too, equates the task of modernizing a society with revolutionizing it. In March, she visited Moscow for five days, and had eleven hours of conversation with Gorbachev on one day alone. At one point, he spoke without interruption for an hour and a half about *glasnost* and *perestroika*. “He really lights up when he talks about internal change,” a senior British official says. “He exudes power and energy like no one I've ever seen. They sat at a small round table. At times—especially intense moments—their faces were no more than nine inches apart. There were frequent clashes, like thunder squalls.”



Mrs. Thatcher adopted the practice of sending lengthy messages to Gorbachev after her visits to Washington. And, not surprisingly, she lectured Reagan, Shultz, and other senior officials in Washington about why the Gorbachev revolution was in everyone's best interests and should be encouraged. Her argument, simply put, was that contented Russians would be easier to deal with than discontented ones. The Western side, she felt, would have less difficulty with a reasonably well-off Soviet society than with one that felt deprived and insular but was also very strong militarily. Gorbachev could have had no more ardent or persistent advocate than this otherwise sworn enemy of socialism in all its forms.

Reagan's interest in an arms-control agreement had grown as his domestic problems worsened. Indeed, each side wanted a good summit meeting in Washington before the end of the year. With I.N.F. no longer linked to larger issues, Washington and Moscow gave it top priority. Although inherently simpler than talks on reducing strategic arms, I.N.F. had its own hazards. There were numerous allied sensitivities and concerns. Every move in Geneva had to be coördinated with London, Bonn, and Paris. Verification was thorny. Long before Reykjavik, a few hard-liners had demanded on-site inspection. Given the Soviet “record of cheating,” Weinberger said, “you have to have the ability

FREE CATALOG

The most exciting video catalog ever! Hundreds of titles...rare, unique, hard-to-find, classic films you won't find in other catalogs. Comedy. Drama. Adventure. Science Fiction. Silent Movies. Avant Garde. Golden age of TV. And much, much more. Fun reading, too!

For your free catalog, fill out and mail the coupon today.

Name__________

Address__________

____

City __________

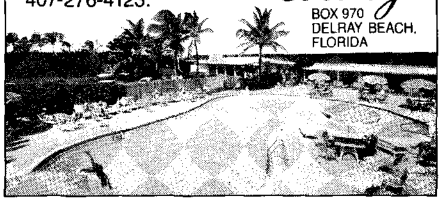
State __________ Zip __________

MAIL TO: **Video Yesteryear, Box C-62**
Sandy Hook, CT 06482

HOLD ON!
Have we got some great movies for you!
BUY 2 GET 1 FREE! Details inside.
Our Video Cassette Catalogue of Best Sellers.

Florida's resort in town... and on the beach. The Colony's gracious in-town setting is convenient to Florida's most sophisticated shopping. On the ocean, a private Cabaña Club with its own heated salt-water pool. At both locations you'll enjoy marvelous food and service. For over 50 years, the Boughton Family has been bringing their guests the best in Florida. Open Jan. 6–Apr. 2. See your travel agent or call 407-276-4123.

The Colony
BOX 970
DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA



Bettina's Bed & Breakfast, inc.

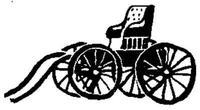
A NATIONAL NETWORK OF PRIVATE HOMES

Your stay includes breakfast.
P.O. Box 585, Cambridge, MA 02238
1-800-624-6654 (or) 617-497-9166

First class family guest ranch in Wyoming mountains. New and renovated log cabins, homecooked family-style meals, personal horse, fish, swim, hot tub, chuckwagon BBQ, bonfire sing-a-long, evening programs, kids' programs. Featured in *Good Housekeeping, Family Circle.* *"One Paradise that can claim the name..." Denver Post.*
Write to Jim and Leah Anderson
PARADISE GUEST RANCH
PO Box 790, Dept. NY
Buffalo, WY 82834
or phone: (307) 684-7876

to do what bank examiners do.” In March, American negotiators proposed that each side be present to witness the destruction of both the missiles and the launchers. They called for “perimeter and portal monitoring” of missile-production sites. And they asked for the right to make spur-of-the-moment challenge inspections—any time, any place.

The Soviets accepted, and raised the ante. In April, they called for “on-site inspection of U.S. and third-country facilities,” thus folding the American allies into the drama. Then, in May, Yuli Vorontsov, the Deputy Foreign Minister, noted, “According to the U.S. proposal . . . inspectors will be sent only to the gates of the enterprises. We propose that they should also be granted access inside the enterprises.” Abruptly, the Administration became the victim of its own posturing. Unlike START, an I.N.F. agreement didn't really require intrusive on-site verification. “No one even understood what ‘any time, any place’ meant,” a German expert says. “None of this was thought through.”



“The Soviets backed us into a corner,” says an American specialist. “We had talked about intrusiveness—continually—and they took us up on it, saying, in effect, ‘Absolutely. Right on. Any time. Any place.’ We backpedalled. When it dawned on us that ‘any place’ included some highly sensitive installations, we drew back.”

“The Soviet verification package was essentially the same as ours,” a closely involved American diplomat says. “But they played the hand in a way that let us choke on our own vomit.”

Once again, the Administration had made a sweeping proposal aimed at complicating life for the Soviets, only to have the Soviets complicate life for Washington by accepting it. “Gorbachev bought challenge inspection just the way he bought the zero option,” an American diplomat says. The Administration was taken off the hook by the negotiation itself. By early summer, the parties had agreed to “zero” not only the midrange missiles, with ranges up to three thousand miles, but also some of the shorter-range systems, capable of travelling about five hundred miles. Abolishing this entire class of weapons simplified verification, because the detection of a single missile system would constitute a violation. Somewhat less rigorous verification arrangements for I.N.F. were in place by mid-September. On-site inspections could still be made on demand, but only at specified sites.

By autumn, I.N.F. was the only game in town, mainly because it was playable. A START agreement—larger, more complex, and far more controversial—seemed well beyond the capacity of a spent and troubled Administration. Also, the Star Wars–ABM issue blocked the way. Gorbachev, however, was probably using I.N.F. to isolate Washington's hard right on arms control, perhaps to make it difficult for naysayers to oppose the process. And, with relations between Moscow and Washington by now less tense and far more businesslike, Washington began to have a sense of missed opportunity. With SALT II on the shelf and START sliding toward the next Administration, diplomats wondered what Reagan's successor could or would do about curbing strategic arms. They wondered if I.N.F.'s importance would be exaggerated, perhaps by both sides, and thereby blur START.

I.N.F. was a step, but a small one. There was far less to the self-congratulatory boast about abolishing an entire class of weapons than met the eye. The weapons amounted to under four per cent of the aggregate nuclear strength of the superpowers—some fifty thousand weapons. Since either side could and, of course, would be covering by other means the targets assigned to weapons headed for the discard, the agreement had little practical effect. It did set some useful precedents, starting with an intrusive and otherwise formidable verification system. And it could mean that, as Lord Carrington, NATO's former Secretary-General, suggested, “Europe will become a much less nuclear place.” But numerous members of the defense and foreign-policy communities were indifferent to I.N.F., just as they had been indifferent, or opposed, to the two-track decision in 1979—the decision to put midrange American missiles into Europe with the hope that negotiators in Geneva would head off actual deployment. The new missiles, they felt then, had little military importance and politically would do more harm than good. These same people later felt that removing them in an agreement that ignored the longer-range weapons also made little sense. "I thought I.N.F. was a case of misplaced priorities," says Les Aspin, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. "To reach into the whole arsenal and pluck one little band of missiles to deal with was strange. The other side can easily circumvent with the long-range stuff. And the agreement leaves out the most dangerous and destabilizing weapons—the short-range nuclear artillery. The pressure in a conflict is on them first—to use them or lose them. The rational move would have been to start with those, and not deal with the intermediate-range weapons except as a package with the long-range systems."

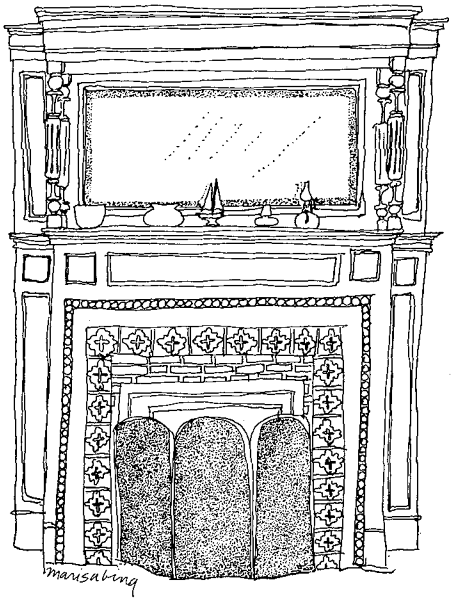
Not until late October were the dates for the Washington summit—December 7th through 10th—agreed to. By mid-November, the Administration's attitude toward what could be done in the time left to Reagan shifted. Abruptly, serious people began thinking that a sweeping START agreement could actually be reached—perhaps in time for a follow-up summit in Moscow. Gorbachev was known to want an agreement, and Reagan was presumed to remain attracted to the larger agreement. If his situation had been scripted in Beverly Hills, the much deplored meeting at Reykjavik would have become a prelude to a later occasion of truly historic measure. Agreement in Moscow would be a fittingly happy ending to the more or less unclouded Reagan Presidency.

Weinberger left the Pentagon in mid-November of 1987; Perle had gone in early May. Frank Carlucci, a seasoned and widely respected figure, replaced Weinberger. And Lieutenant General Colin L. Powell succeeded Carlucci as national-security adviser, having been his deputy. For the first time in the Reagan era, the Secretaries of State and Defense and the national-security adviser were all on the same page, as bureaucrats say. The three began meeting without aides each morning at seven, and continued to do so. Maneuvering START issues through the machine would require a decision-making process that worked; there now seemed to be one.

As the system changed and the tone improved, some problems became less intimidating; one of these was Star Wars. The issue of interpreting the ABM Treaty was being taken out of Reagan's hands. In September, Congress passed the military-spending bill in a form that denied funds for tests of Star Wars components which violated the restrictive interpretation of the treaty. Nor would funds be available for the purchase of equipment to be used for any such future testing. This step was worked out by Representative Aspin and Senator Nunn with Carlucci and Howard Baker. Predictably, Star Wars itself was changing. The visionary space shield was giving way to the far more modest concept of ground-based defense, notably against accidental missile launches. "Star Wars" had seemed a more appropriate label than "S.D.I." for a system designed to create orbiting battle stations that would, inevitably, be countered by similar Soviet battle stations. But now the Administration's designation, S.D.I., seemed appropriate.

Gorbachev had by then been convinced by people like Andrei Sakharov and Roald Sagdeyev, the director of the Soviet space institute, who was his adviser in these matters, that S.D.I. was not the threat it had seemed; he probably also understood that time was running out on Reagan's scheme. And he knew that the harder he pounded away at S.D.I., even privately, the more certain Reagan would be of the soundness of his own position: the dream was not to be frittered away even for a strategic-arms accord.

The Washington summit would be the first treaty-signing ceremony since Jimmy Carter and Leonid Brezhnev met in Vienna in June of 1979 to sign SALT II. The contrast then had been striking: Brezhnev, old and infirm, couldn't speak extemporaneously and read from a script; Carter, younger and energetic, had hoped for a robust, far-reaching discussion. This time, the contrast in style and age was just as arresting, but worrisome. Gorbachev's penchant for the bold, unpredictable initiative might undermine Reagan now, in the twilight of his Presidency, as it had at Reykjavik. They signed the I.N.F. treaty on Tuesday, December 8, 1987. It identified thirty or so facilities in the West as subject to inspection, and well over a hundred in the Eastern bloc.



The heavy labor on START was performed by Nitze and Akhromeyev, who had worked together productively for some time. At Reykjavik, the parties had agreed to deep cuts on warheads—down to six thousand. The other critical numbers required of an agreement fell into place in Washington: no more than sixteen hundred delivery systems on either side; each side's ballistic force limited to forty-nine hundred warheads, of which no more than fifteen hundred and forty could be deployed on heavy land-based missile systems. The effect of this restriction would be to limit the Soviet SS-18 force to a hundred and fifty-four units, since the weapon had been deployed with ten warheads.

The harder problem was still S.D.I. On the morning of Wednesday, the ninth, Reagan restated his commitment to a space shield. Gorbachev replied, "Mr. President, do what you think you have to do. And if in the end you think you have a system you want to deploy, go ahead and deploy. Who am I to tell you what to do? I think you're wasting money. I don't think it will work. But if that's what you want to do, go ahead."

Not until the final hour of the meetings did Nitze and Akhromeyev manage to hit on acceptable communiqué language for the S.D.I.–ABM puzzler, and then it was unclear what they had done. The delegations in Geneva were instructed by their capitals to "work out an agreement that would commit the sides to observe the ABM Treaty, as signed in 1972, while conducting their research, development, and testing as required, which are permitted by the ABM Treaty, and not to withdraw from the ABM Treaty, for a specified period of time." Gennadi Gerasimov, the Soviet Foreign Ministry spokesman, said of this ambiguous mouthful, "We postponed

Be a Scholar

Summer 1989

At Oxford

☐ Join the **20th Annual Oxford/Berkeley Program.** Participate in small-group seminars taught by Oxford dons. Choose among 24 courses from Shakespeare to Yeats and Eliot, from Victorian society to British art, from the age of revolutions to castles and country houses. Live in one of Oxford's most beautiful colleges with its own lake, gardens, and playing fields. Two 3-week sessions: June 26 to August 5, 1989.

In Paris

☐ **The Paris Program:** Choose one of five courses—impressionism, Paris through its architecture, the French Revolution, literary Paris of the '20s and '30s (taught in English by French faculty), or *France d'aujourd'hui* (in French). View firsthand works of art and buildings. Visit the *quartiers* where avant-garde writers lived and worked. Experience the celebration of the bicentennial of the French Revolution. One session: July 2-22, 1989.

Free brochure:

(415) 642-3112, ext. 14

Or send this coupon with name & address to: Marketing Dept. 14G, University of California Extension, 2223 Fulton St., Berkeley, CA 94720.

UC Berkeley Extension
Educational & cultural programs for adults

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over 850 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your pattern. (We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.) Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP

3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.

Theatre of the Imagination
Radio Stories by Orson Welles and The Mercury Theatre

A six-hour collection—remastered and restored—of Welles' best work in drama, comedy, poetry and commentary.

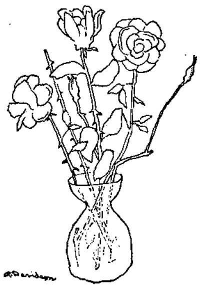
Six audio cassettes $39.95+$2.50 shipping.

The Voyager Company
1351 Pacific Coast Hwy., Santa Monica, CA 90401
Call 800.446.2001 or, in CA, 800.443.2001

our quarrels." No one disagreed.

The Washington summit, unlike the meeting in Reykjavik, was professionally run and very businesslike. It seemed an ideal prologue to a more dramatic last encounter between Reagan and Gorbachev in Moscow. Expectations rose. Despite appearances, however, the meeting didn't produce what bureaucrats want from summits: the political energy to settle big issues. "It was anticlimactic—mainly grunt work on details of the issues," a British diplomat says.

Bullish talk of a START agreement persisted. Senior officials like Nitze noted privately that the issues, although they were difficult, could be disposed of in time for a spring summit. Some professionals took comfort from the knowledge that the larger part of the I.N.F. treaty had been negotiated in the two months prior to signing. Surely, if both Reagan and Gorbachev wanted this monument to their four meetings they could crack heads together and make the agreement happen. Appearances were deceptive. START wasn't just a lot more complicated than I.N.F. It covered the weapons that the parties cared most about—weapons that in a comparative sense were the crown jewels, whereas I.N.F.'s modest array of midrange systems was a rhinestone bracelet. Neither side pushed with enthusiasm, and the Americans were as unable to reach decisions internally as they had been in the chaotic heyday of Weinberger and Perle. "If the Soviets came to us and said, 'You write it, we'll sign it,' we still couldn't do it," a senior official in the State Department said.



Nor was Reagan a factor. Between the Washington and the Moscow summits he put no pressure on the system to produce an agreement. The Joint Chiefs were especially sensitive to his non-involvement. Although not opposed to the deep reductions that had been agreed to, they doubted the value of them; the Chiefs like limits, and don't think the levels at which they are set matter much—not with both arsenals as large as they are. What most worried the Chiefs in the interlude between the two summits was the lack of consensus within the government on the weapons that would remain *after* the deep cuts were made. Unless the forces left behind were survivable, a START agreement would create the sort of instabilities that arms control is supposed to discourage. Perversely, the most survivable strategic weapons are by and large the most expensive. The Chiefs wondered what could be done—what new hardware purchased—to guarantee survivability, and how Congress would feel about providing the money in the light of a major agreement that was supposed to lessen the burden.

Reagan affected the Chiefs' behavior by being simply a bystander. "If you are a service chief, you worry about decisions controlling your budget, the role and missions of the service, and the next twenty or thirty years of your future," one official commented. "And you think of some bureaucrat waving all that in front of a President who won't understand it but may sign it anyway." Put differently, the services—especially the Air Force and the Navy, which have the dominant strategic roles—were loath to make decisions until they knew whose ox would be gored in the budgetary process.

In the recent past, Frank Carlucci says, the Chiefs "hadn't been as deeply involved but are now meeting every morning at eight on arms control—they are becoming an arms-control body." But damage limitation was their game; they were making clear an aversion to reaching a START agreement, at least on Reagan's watch. They did so by, for example, expressing reluctance to take part in various studies, because the studies would churn up the decisions to be made. Also, the Chiefs had not yet recovered from the shock of Reykjavik. They didn't exclude the possibility that, in a one-on-one conversation in Moscow, Gorbachev might say, "Let's just get rid of all these things," and Reagan might reply, "That's always been my dream."

The Soviet position was harder to read. If Washington had pushed, Moscow would probably have gone along. But, aware that a START agreement couldn't be ratified in the little time remaining to Reagan, the Soviets may have been less eager for agreement than they were before; almost certainly, they would have been more reluctant than before to make concessions to a lame-duck President. They may have asked themselves what would be lost by waiting for Reagan's successor. Most of what had been agreed to in START, notably the fifty-per-cent cuts, was presumably safe—unlikely to be cancelled by either George Bush or Michael Dukakis. And either of those two, the Soviets may have concluded, would be less committed than Reagan to space defense. Apropos of that, the Soviets could see a tightening American defense budget and a Congress ill-disposed to funding research for space defense. No longer were the Soviets pressing on the S.D.I.–ABM front. They were content to live with the ambiguities of the Washington summit communiqué, perhaps because Congress wouldn't sanction any step that violated the treaty. On the two other key issues, the Soviets had the stronger argument. One of these issues was mobile missiles. The American position—unrealistic and unsustainable—was that they should be banned, even though mobility and survivability are thought to have a one-to-one relationship. The Soviets deploy mobile ICBMs.

Much the more important and more divisive issue, however, was what to do about SLCMs—sea-launched cruise missiles. For years, the Americans had insisted on leaving them outside the numerical ceiling of any agreement. The Soviets insisted on including them, and proposed a limit of four hundred units. On this issue they dug in their heels—partly, perhaps, because they were still behind in the cruise-missile technology, though not far. (The C.I.A. thinks that in the nineteen-nineties they may have as many as fifteen hundred nuclear-armed SLCMs.) The Soviets argued that allowing SLCMs to proliferate outside START would be a major circumvention of the agreement. Their position was obviously correct, and also sensible. Modern SLCMs are yet another example of the American tendency to adopt some new device mainly because technology has made it available to Washington but not to Moscow (or, at least, not yet). MIRVs, or multiple warheads, are the most celebrated example. But a respectable case could be made for MIRVs in the feverish era of the great ABM debate. There is no case for the SLCMs, which are truly the Devil's mischief. They are small, cheap, fungible, and impossible to count or otherwise keep track of. Distinguishing between nuclear and conventionally armed SLCMs is also impossible. They mock the term "arms control." As part of an agreement, they couldn't be monitored unless inspectors on either side were permitted to board the other side's submarines and surface ships to verify compliance. The Soviets proposed this step. The Americans rejected it, the Navy being understandably horrified by the idea of Soviet technicians examining the innards of America's more advanced submarines. Virtually no one, however, doubts that the Soviets are the ones who stand to gain more militarily from nuclear-armed SLCMs. "We're the ones who are vulnerable to a nuclear SLCM attack," Les Aspin says. "We have the coastal cities." SLCM is one cat that should never have been let out of the bag.

Verification in general was even tougher to deal with in Washington than in Geneva. It was, and is, the point at which all the major difficulties converge. Not only were SLCMs impossible to monitor in a way acceptable to the Americans, but the I.N.F. experience left agencies—especially the Joint Chiefs—deeply fearful of permitting intrusive verification of America's strategic assets. "I.N.F. gave us an unbelievable amount of new stuff to deal with," Aspin says. "And START—well, we can't even absorb it intellectually. It's a different world."

hot
cocoa
DS

A Catch-22 was tossed into the process by I.N.F.: after approving it, the Senate would hardly agree to a much broader and more controversial agreement on START unless Soviet compliance could be monitored intrusively; yet some officials wonder whether it would be possible to maneuver an agreement through the system which would permit adversary inspectors the kind of access to our facilities that the Senate would require of similar Soviet facilities. The Chiefs and others feel that the Soviets stand to gain more from intrusive verification, because there is more sensitive technology to find out about in America than in Russia. "Verification has proved to be more complex than we thought it would be," Carlucci says dryly. "The flip side of the coin is its application to us. The more we think about it, the more difficult it becomes. We have

Vermont Smoked Ham from Harrington's
- now only $19.95

My old-fashioned "Cob Smoked" Hams are the best you'll ever taste. And that's my promise – or your money back in full!
Vern Richburg, SmokeMaster

HARRINGTON'S
5001-9 Main St., Richmond VT 05477
☐ Yes, send me one of your uncooked 6 lb. half hams for only $19.95 121-801
☐ I'd also like 1 1/2 lbs. of your famous Cob Smoked Bacon for $6.95 222-822
☐ Enclosed is my check, *plus $3 shipping*
☐ Charge my VISA, AMEX, MC, Diners Club (include card no. & exp. date)
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____Zip_____
Introductory Offers. Limit 1 each at these prices. Good to 48 states only. Exp. 3/31/89
Charge Orders, 802-434-4444

IN SAN FRANCISCO
WINTER SPECIAL—DECEMBER/FEBRUARY
Just two blocks west of Union Square. Complimentary continental breakfast. Home of the highly acclaimed Post St. Bar & Cafe. $72 to $90
THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109
Call for Brochure
(800) 227-4742 • (415) 563-6877
In California (800) 622-0557

For skiers who'd rather stay in a national landmark than an ordinary motel.
THE EQUINOX
Hotel, Resort & Spa
Manchester Village, Vt. 05254
1 800 362-4747

people working around the clock on it. We don't need the any time, any place. We can have agreement without being totally intrusive." Perhaps. But the signs are that the Soviets will not budge from their stand on SLCMs, with all that it may portend for ultra-rigorous verification.

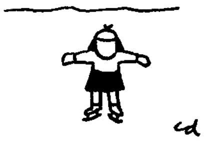
LESS *than three months after the* Washington summit, Reagan said that "the time is too limited" for the completion of a strategic-arms agreement before the spring meeting in Moscow. Just afterward, a key State Department figure, speaking on "deep background," said that this statement was "a conscious effort (inspired by State) to lower public expectations so that a summit would not be judged a failure if there was no START agreement." He and others were still talking as if the issue were manageable and agreement achievable. They were whistling in the dark. There was little active support for a START agreement elsewhere in the government.

"The real problem is that we have no consensus in the system," Aspin said shortly before the Moscow summit. A State Department official agreed: "We can't make decisions about future force structures unless we have consensus. We don't. Congress has to be part of it. We must have Sam Nunn, Les Aspin, and the leadership on board. Otherwise, it won't work. Everyone knows that after Reagan it will be tougher to get money for weapons programs." He meant that unless the two branches could agree on what to deploy and what was affordable the system would still hold back on a strategic-arms agreement.

Reagan's arms-control position was inadvertent. He got to it one step at a time, with little, if any, thought for where he was headed. And it was this inadvertence that the Joint Chiefs and other parts of the system deplored. At each stage, they felt a need to know what would happen next—whether any coherent thought had been given to the country's defenses. The irony is that a President who, besides being hostile to arms control, was bent on rebuilding America's defenses embarked on a grandiose disarmament scheme without considering its military effects.

Reagan and Gorbachev tried to do too much too soon. In playing at one-upmanship with the major transaction that lay before them, they overstrained the tolerances of their systems—or, at least, America's system. In arms control, the best is usually the enemy of the good. Before and after the Moscow summit, a few serious people wondered whether a strategic-arms accord could be obtained even by Reagan's successor. They also wondered whether something that used to be called SALT, which relied on a more gradual approach than Reagan's, could be revived. Others reckoned that the focus would shift from nuclear to conventional arms control, where much larger budgetary savings could be made.

Gorbachev's senior advisers are astute observers of the American scene. Yet he and they may have miscalculated by deciding to await Reagan's successor before pressing for a START agreement. If they had pressed Reagan before the Moscow summit, the Americans just might have mustered the energy and the discipline to meet them halfway. Reagan still possessed a mystique that neither of his possible successors would have. Like Eisenhower, he leaves the White House nearly as popular as when he arrived. Perhaps more important, Gorbachev may have overlooked the advantage of having a Republican President's signature on an arms-control agreement. There will always be a bloc of right-wing senators who will oppose any such treaty, whether it is signed by a Republican or a Democratic President, but the hostile bloc will be larger if the President is a Democrat. In the spring of 1988, neither Michael Dukakis *nor* George Bush could have been expected to have an easy time with the Senate's right wing.



Reagan and Gorbachev got what they wanted from their final meeting: a powerful media event. In Moscow, they may have turned a page to a new era in superpower relations, even if little actual business was done. Not since the heyday of the Nixon-Brezhnev connection had prospects seemed so bright. (But Reagan was attacking détente in those days, and might not have been impressed if the Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra had played "The Star-Spangled Banner" for Nixon, as it did for him.) Still, for Gorbachev the real function of the Moscow summit was to enable him to strengthen himself within the Soviet Communist Party as he prepared for a more important event—a special conference of the Party that began a month later and was the first of its kind since July, 1941. Another successful summit, Ambassador Hartman observed, would make it "harder for those who want to oppose him."

Before and after Reagan went to Moscow, Gorbachev made the hard news. Margaret Thatcher had once told him that Afghanistan would be a test of his differentness. And Washington had put him under pressure to withdraw his troops; other things, it seemed, might be linked to the step. In early April, Gorbachev announced that the troops would be withdrawn, starting May 15th. Some days later, as the summit began, Soviet officials were describing the decision to invade as an appalling mistake, even "a crime."

For some time, Gorbachev had been playing to the *narod*, or ordinary people, against the Party apparat. A part of his purpose was to expose more of what goes on in Party councils. In the weeks preceding the Moscow summit, he took steps to let Russians know that he was being opposed even within the Politburo, where opposition isn't supposed to exist—but, of course, always does. In speaking to newspaper editors in early May, he used the word *sumiatitsa*, which means "turmoil," to characterize his troubles. Coming from the country's maximum leader, the word sounded very odd. How much of all this was tactical—a campaign to generate support by arousing concern—was unclear. Gorbachev did confront passive political resistance from much of the Party bureaucracy, and he couldn't claim progress on the economic front. Gorbachev stood accused of trying to go too far too fast. It was hardly surprising that Victor Chebrikov, then the head of the K.G.B., sided with Gorbachev's political rival, Yegor Ligachev. But as resistance widened, and with the summit only a week away, Gorbachev abruptly escalated the pressure on the system. He maneuvered through the Central Committee a package of proposals—the most radical yet—for which he would seek support at the special Party conference. He was asking the Party to accept limits on its power by limiting Party interference with government offices and institutions; by restricting Party officials to two five-year terms (Politburo members and the General

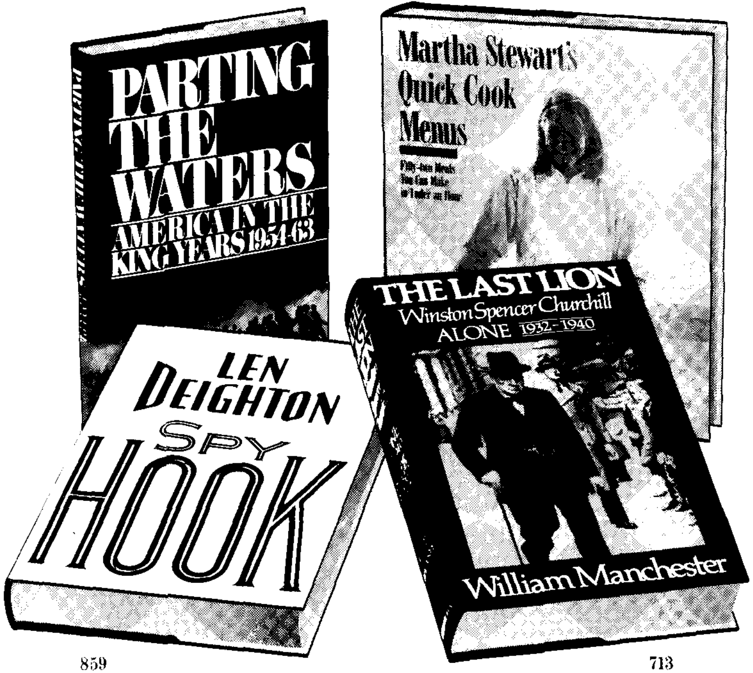
Today's most wanted list

GOLDA
Golda Meir The Romantic Years
RALPH G. MARTIN
067
Pub. price $19.95

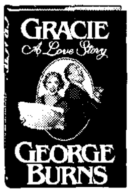
THE MIND
RICHARD M. RESTAK, M.D.
808
Pub. price $29.95

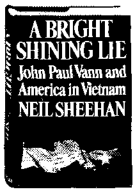
133
Pub. price $24.95

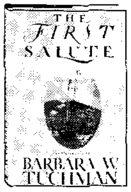
860
Pub. price $22.95


PARTING THE WATERS
AMERICA IN THE KING YEARS 1954-63
Martha Stewart's Quick Cook Menus
Fifty-two Meals You Can Make in Under an Hour
THE LAST LION
Winston Spencer Churchill
ALONE 1932-1940
William Manchester
LEN DEIGHTON
SPY HOOK
859
Pub. price $18.95

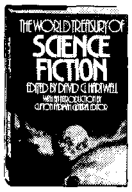
713
Pub. price $24.95


GRACIE
A Love Story
GEORGE BURNS
484
Pub. price $16.95


A BRIGHT SHINING LIE
John Paul Vann and America in Vietnam
NEIL SHEEHAN
810
Pub. price $24.95


THE FIRST SALUTE
BARBARA W. TUCHMAN
829
Pub. price $22.95

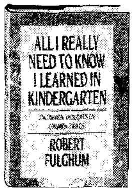
JUDITH HENRY WALL
Love and Duty
A NOVEL
858
Pub. price $19.95

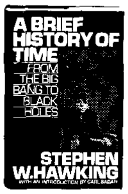

THE WORLD TREASURY OF SCIENCE FICTION
EDITED BY DAVID G. HARTWELL
848
Pub. price $29.95

(Softcover)

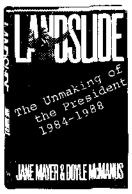
STEPHEN KING
THE DARK TOWER
812
Pub. price $10.95

T. S. ELIOT
THE COMPLETE POEMS AND PLAYS
254
Pub. price $18.95


ALL I REALLY NEED TO KNOW I LEARNED IN KINDERGARTEN
ROBERT FULGHUM
807
Pub. price $15.95


A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME
FROM THE BIG BANG TO BLACK HOLES
STEPHEN W. HAWKING
051
Pub. price $18.95

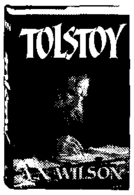
RED EYE
RICHARD AELLEN
833
Pub. price $18.95

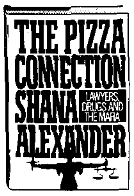

LANDSLIDE
The Unmaking of the President 1984-1988
JANE MAYER & DOYLE McMANUS
609
Pub. price $19.95

PETER STRAUB
KOKO
496
Pub. price $19.95

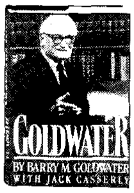
Choose any 4 books:
3 for $1 each
plus any 4th at $4.99

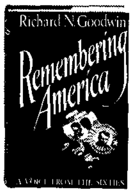
No obligation to buy any more books.

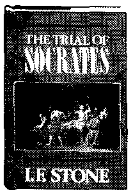

TOLSTOY
A. N. WILSON
546
Pub. price $25

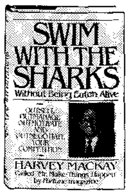

THE PIZZA CONNECTION
LAWYERS, DRUGS AND THE MAFIA
SHANA ALEXANDER
825
Pub. price $19.95

LIBRA
DON DELILLO
621
Pub. price $19.95

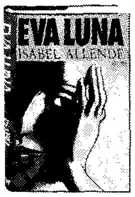

GOLDWATER
BY BARRY M. GOLDWATER WITH JACK CASSERLY
830
Pub. price $21.95

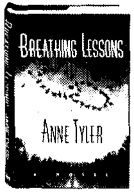

Richard N. Goodwin
Remembering America
A VOICE FROM THE SIXTIES
799
Pub. price $19.95

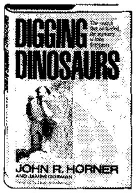

THE TRIAL OF SOCRATES
I.F. STONE
487
Pub. price $18.95

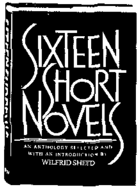

SWIM WITH THE SHARKS
Without Being Eaten Alive
HARVEY MACKAY
758
Pub. price $15.95

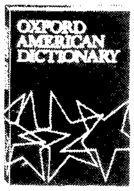
CAPOTE
GERALD CLARKE
704
Pub. price $22.95

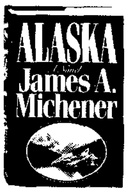

EVA LUNA
ISABEL ALLENDE
828
Pub. price $18.95

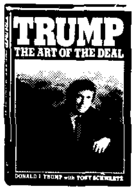

BREATHING LESSONS
ANNE TYLER
623
Pub. price $18.95

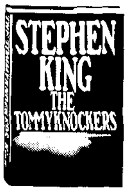

DIGGING DINOSAURS
JOHN R. HORNER
039
Pub. price $17.95

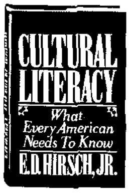

SIXTEEN SHORT NOVELS
AN ANTHOLOGY SELECTED AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY WILFRID SHEED
657
Pub. price $29.95

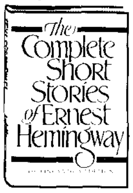

OXFORD AMERICAN DICTIONARY
624
Pub. price $16.95

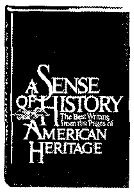

ALASKA
James A. Michener
632
Pub. price $22.50

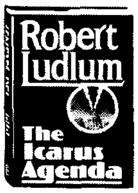

TRUMP
THE ART OF THE DEAL
DONALD J. TRUMP with TONY SCHWARTZ
666
Pub. price $19.95


STEPHEN KING
THE TOMMYKNOCKERS
337
Pub. price $19.95


CULTURAL LITERACY
What Every American Needs To Know
E.D. HIRSCH, JR.
768
Pub. price $16.95


The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway
154
Pub. price $22.50


A SENSE OF HISTORY
The Best Writing from the Pages of AMERICAN HERITAGE
466
Pub. price $29.95


Robert Ludlum
The Icarus Agenda
189
Pub. price $19.95

Benefits of Membership. Membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club begins with your choice of 4 of today's best books—3 for $1 each and a 4th at $4.99—plus shipping and handling charges, with no obligation to buy another book. As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and more than 150 other books which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. *Return Privilege:* If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit. *Cancellations:* You may cancel membership at any time by notifying Book-of-the-Month Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the 4 books I've listed at right. Bill me: $7.99 (3 books at $1 each and the 4th book at $4.99), plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. However, if I have not bought at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

© 1989 BOMC

Indicate by number the 3 books you want at $1 each:

☐
☐
☐

4th choice at $4.99:

☐

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803

A116-1

Name ______________________ 9-92
(Please print plainly)

Address ______________________ Apt. ______

City ______________________

State ______________ Zip ______________

Prices generally higher in Canada. All orders are subject to approval.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

CASHMERE WATCHCAP

Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy two layers thick. It turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe, leaves you free to think, allows you to perform.

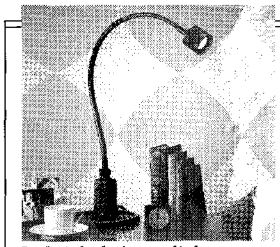
Eighty-Five plus Four for shipping.

Colors: Black, Navy, Charcoal Grey, Flannel Grey, A Suggestion of Grey, Pewter, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Bright Red, Vermont Green, Slate Blue, Exquisite Mocha, Booby Foot Blue, Palest Pink, Emerald Sea Green, Lapis Lazuli, Heavy Cream, Taupe, Robin's Egg Blue, Camel and Vicuna.

CHECK VISA MASTERCARD AMEX

VERMONT BIRD COMPANY

PO BOX 1008NY RUTLAND, VERMONT 05701 8027756754

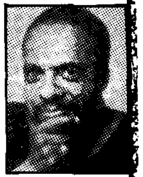


Read in Bed... with pleasure using our Sunnex. Its bright halogen light, recessed in a cool shade, illuminates your page—not your partner. Exceptionally well made. 27"gooseneck; 8" base. Black. **$156.50** or **$297** for pair, including ship. & ins.

MC/VISA/AMEX • Money-Back Guarantee

Call 617-484-0014 Catalog on Request

LEVENGER—Tools for Serious Readers
480-C Concord Ave., Dept. NYE, Belmont, MA 02178



Blue Note

WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB-131W.3rd ST-475-8592

GROVER WASHINGTON JR.

Tue thru Sun Jan 10 - 15
at 9 & 11:30

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET
Jan 17-22

OSCAR PETERSON JAN 24-29
Nine Shows Only!!

WEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT. & SUN.

SHAKER FURNITURE

An exciting collection of Shaker dining chairs, tables, beds and other furniture available in Kits or completely finished. All exemplify the simplicity and versatile beauty of Shaker design. Pegs, pegboard, Shaker baskets, oval boxes and dolls.

Large selection of replacement chair tape.

New 48 page color catalog and 12 tape samples $1.00

SHAKER WORKSHOPS
Box 1028-NY19, Concord, MA 01742
(617) 646-8985

Secretary would be subject to the measure); by allowing the Central Committee to select members by secret ballot (the provision was aimed partly at allowing Gorbachev to arrange the removal of his opponents); by providing legal guarantees ("Everything is permissible unless prohibited by law"); by rehabilitating victims of the Stalin purges; and by strengthening legislative bodies. On May 26th, the Supreme Soviet granted citizens the legal right to form coöperatives outside the state sector.

Four days before, Hungary's Communist Party concluded its own special conference by voting out János Kádár, the leader who had ruled for thirty-two years and presided over Hungary's transition to the more open economy and permissive style known as Goulash Communism. Karoly Grosz, the man who ousted Kádár, is exactly Gorbachev's age and is reputed to be just as determined. He has promoted two prominent liberals to the Politburo—one of them a Social Democrat and the other a man who when he was asked what sort of democracy he wanted said, "A democracy without adjectives." The changes within Hungary's Party were a sharp reminder to its Soviet comrades of the myriad ways in which *glasnost* could threaten Moscow's control over restive dominions. Violent demonstrations in Armenia and Azerbaijan were another reminder.

Gorbachev's own special conference accomplished most of what he had asked of it. Although he failed to maneuver personnel changes within the Party, he emerged with his grip on the tiller more secure and his writ appreciably wider. The affair seemed to have buried sixty years of stifling political conformity in Soviet politics. Party leaders clashed openly. Delegates bluntly deplored the bureaucracy's dead hand in their affairs. Gorbachev wanted the Party bureaucracy held as scapegoat for the continuing failure to make economic progress. That happened. He intended the conference to condemn the experience of the past twenty-five years, including the past three, and the conference did that much and more. Then, in September, he did manage to impose major personnel changes.

His larger purpose was, and is, to carry the Party beyond a point of no return politically. The conference was a step in that direction—a long one, perhaps, but still just a step. If further steps succeed, he can be relied on to attempt the even more difficult step: transforming the system that has paralyzed the Soviet economy, and taking it, too, beyond a point of no return.

In orchestrating the Party conference, Gorbachev was helped by being able to show that he had transformed the superpower relationship, which when he took over was close to its nadir. He could also say that the threat of war was less and the strategic balance was more reliable. As for not having obtained a strategic-arms agreement with Reagan, he could point out that the importance of the Soviet Union's relationship with the United States transcends any one agreement, or even arms control itself. Not unreasonably, he could argue that what he and Reagan accomplished has isolated the American hard right on arms control. No longer will it be able to make the standard three-point argument against agreements: first, that they aren't verifiable; second, that the Soviets will violate them; and, third, that no agreement can be made as long as the Soviets remain in Afghanistan.

As the Reagan era ended, the initiative in East-West affairs lay even more securely with Gorbachev—where it had been for nearly three years, and where it is likely to remain. The page in bilateral relations has been turned, but at some levels the superpower competition and rivalry will continue. Gorbachev will use his stature abroad to strengthen his claims at home, where he has set in motion the revolution that had to come. It is a remarkable performance, but it must be understood. He is playing his strengths in the West against his weaknesses at home. He is dramatically changing the rules that have governed superpower relations in order to salvage the system over which he presides. These are early days for Gorbachev. He could indeed become a modern version of Peter the Great. Or he could be remembered as another of the reformist czars who, despite good intentions, brought on further harshness and stagnation. Gorbachev is the scene's great variable. Upon the outcome of his bold and exhilarating venture will depend the course of one superpower, and a lot more besides. —JOHN NEWHOUSE

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

THE SKY LINE

The Malady of Gigantism

AFTER years of working in New York City and observing, nearly always with dismay, the nature of the changes that are taking place here, I have had the good fortune over the past few months to visit a number of other American cities and to compare their versions of progress with ours. In the course of walking the streets of these cities, I have discovered that many of their citizens share with us in New York a sense of being the victims of a common disaster, out of which has emerged a common fear. The disaster is that of an aggressive, seemingly unstoppable process of overbuilding, with the consequent destruction of the scale on which our cities have hitherto been constructed; the fear is that, in their new, colossal scale, these cities are becoming not only unrecognizable but uninhabitable.

The sources of the common disaster and common fear are plain enough. The prosperity that the upper levels of our urban society have enjoyed for so many years now has led to an ever-increasing demand for office space, hotel space, apartment space, and the like. At the same time, federal, state, and city tax laws have been hand-tailored to make the greatest possible profits available to real-estate developers in the shortest possible period of time. As if these inducements were not sufficient, zoning restrictions in many cities have been silently abrogated, so that buildings have been allowed to usurp more space on the ground and in the air than they were ever allowed to in the past. Not that sheer bulk has been the only offensive aspect of our prolonged building boom. The high rentals that landlords of office buildings have currently found it possible to charge have led to the designing of sliverlike towers that in earlier times would have been discarded in the planning stage as economically unsound, since so much of the space in any skyscraper must be devoted to utilities—elevators, fire stairs, and lavatories. Indeed, it was widely assumed twenty or thirty years ago that the vogue for skyscrapers would soon pass, because they were inherently unprofitable. (An article confidently predicting the disappearance of skyscrapers was published in this magazine in 1963.)

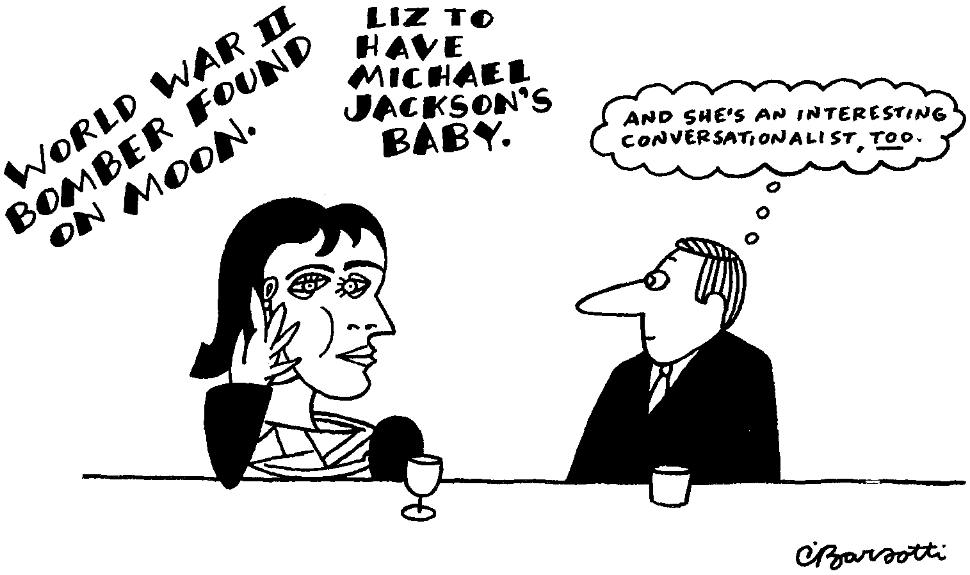
The skyscraper has survived and flourished thanks to two factors—the unprecedentedly high prices that the wealthy corporations and wealthy individuals of the present day are willing to pay for real estate, and the prestige that adheres to very tall buildings, whether they are erected on Fifth Avenue or in a city newly carved out of an equatorial jungle. For some thousands of years that we know about, mankind has felt challenged to outwit gravity and build towers that reach toward heaven; that urge is evidently still to be reckoned with and is every bit as puissant as money.

In my travels, I have observed that some cities seem far better fitted than others to survive the threat of uninhabitability. The fitness appears to reflect an integrity based not so much upon age, though age helps, as upon the survival of cultural traditions that have been handed down for at least a few generations. As one might expect, boomtowns tend to lack this integrity, either because they are too young to have achieved it or because they have ruthlessly disposed of it, along with other space-consuming heirlooms of little or no monetary value.

One of the most conspicuous of these boomtowns is Dallas. For the past two or three years, it has been enduring uncharacteristic hard times, which so far have stopped short of outright doom. One observes with astonishment that even in this period of grave fiscal peril the lingo of Dallasites remains that of the doing of big deals—no matter, apparently, that the deals are being carried out at a bankrupting rate of ten cents on the dollar. Though by Texan standards Dallas can claim to be a comparatively old city (it was founded in the early eighteen-forties), in its haste to become the quintessential twentieth-century megalopolis it has effectually wiped out its past. Dallas wears a look of raw newness as if it were a badge of honor.

Dallas shows itself off as a city of gorgeous office towers and empty lots. A skyscraper, Venetian in the richness of the granite and marble with which it wraps itself against the blazing Texas sun, rises in one block; in the next, there is only a wasteland of unmown grass with a scattering of withered shrubbery and, here and there, a low flight of crumbling brick or concrete steps. The steps lead to a sidewalk that evidently once ended at the front door of somebody's house; today, all that remains of the house is a sandy filled-in cellar hole. Until a few years ago, such a plot of land was bought and sold, bought and sold, at ever-increasing prices, awaiting the day when a sixty- or seventy-story skyscraper would stand there. Whatever its future and the future of hundreds of similar plots of land may be, the fact is that downtown Dallas is at the moment overbuilt and underpopulated—a checkerboard of self-congratulatory architectural monuments alternating with desert islands.

Atlanta, too, is a city busily engaged in expunging its past. Unlike Dallas, it


WORLD WAR II BOMBER FOUND ON MOON.
LIZ TO HAVE MICHAEL JACKSON'S BABY.
AND SHE'S AN INTERESTING CONVERSATIONALIST, TOO.

is a boomtown that has gone on booming; the not very old “old” Atlanta has yielded to a new and amorphous megAtlanta, with a downtown center that is for the most part unlived in, and is therefore inanimate. The natural setting of Atlanta is exceptionally advantageous: gently rolling hills and a forest cover of immense, centuries-old trees—surely the biggest and handsomest trees left in any major American city. This setting is being chopped up into endless suburbs, each with its obligatory isolated skyscrapers and hugger-mugger huddle of malls and condos. These suburbs, unlike their predecessors in the nineteen-twenties, do not shake themselves down into neighborhoods, and acknowledge their dependence for cultural nourishment upon a nearby urban downtown; they exist as islands among a hundred other islands, which have no more of an organic relationship than so many hard-edged mobile homes scattered at random over a defiled landscape.

SEEKING relief from the unwelcome success of boomtowns, one thinks of Pittsburgh, a model of survival against high odds. Once the butt of innumerable sour jokes about its sooty ugliness and lack of refinement, and once threatened with near-extinction through the loss of its mighty place as the great steel-manufacturing center of the country, Pittsburgh today has so thoroughly transformed itself in respect both to its appearance and to the sources of its income that in the 1985 *Places Rated Almanac* it was listed as the most desirable city to live in in the entire United States. And it has earned this distinction in spite of certain obvious drawbacks, like the age of its housing stock and its notoriously harsh climate.

If Pittsburgh were situated somewhere in the heart of Europe, tourists would eagerly journey hundreds of miles out of their way to visit it. Its setting is spectacular: between high bluffs, where the Monongahela River and the Allegheny River meet to form the Ohio. Driving in from the airport, one gains a first, startling glimpse of the city at the end of a highway tunnel through Mt. Washington: a conventionally pretty rural landscape suddenly gives way to the whole sweep of the city, with its bridges and skyscrapers. At the apex of what Pittsburghers have always called their Golden Triangle—an area of two hundred and fifty-odd acres of level bottomland that makes up the city’s traditional downtown—are a grassy park and a fountain, which mark the site of the eighteenth-century Fort Pitt. The fort, named for the younger Lord Pitt, was the largest and most elaborate fortification erected by the British in their American colonies. Constructed of stone quarried nearby, and faced with more than a million bricks, it was a prodigious feat of architecture for its time and place, presaging such local architectural wonders as the nineteenth-century Allegheny County Courthouse and Jail, by H. H. Richardson, and the twentieth-century glass-walled office complex that Philip Johnson and John Burgee designed for PPG Industries as a bizarre echoing of the British Houses of Parliament—a pastiche of a building that is itself, after all, only a pastiche.

In his charming book “Pittsburgh: An Urban Portrait” the architectural historian Franklin Toker describes how, having begun as a village devoted to serving the needs of a military outpost, Pittsburgh underwent the first of its series of transformations by becoming a market town for the surrounding area and then gradually developing industries that took advantage of the abundant local water power and local fuel. Toker notes, “The Pittsburgh coal seam lay just below the surface of the land. . . . Early industrialists needed only to build chutes into the side of Mt. Washington (‘Coal Hill’ until 1851) in order to funnel the coal to their glass and iron furnaces at its base. . . . By the 1870s Pittsburgh was the acknowledged ‘Forge of the Universe,’ turning out half the glass, half the iron, and much of the oil in the United States.”

It was an irony characteristic of the Industrial Revolution that the greater the prosperity it provided the more repellent were the physical consequences. Pittsburgh flourished and grew uglier and more suffocating and more disease-ridden from one year to the next. James Parton, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1868, called it “Hell with the lid taken off,” and H. L. Mencken, in the nineteen-twenties, was expressing a deeply felt indignation—one that gave his writing on this occasion an eloquence that far exceeded his usual wisecracking journalistic standard—when he wrote:

> Here was the very heart of industrial America, the center of its most lucrative and characteristic activity, the boast and pride of the richest and grandest nation ever seen on earth—and here was a scene so dreadfully hideous, so intolerably bleak and forlorn that it reduced the whole aspiration of man to a macabre and depressing joke. Here was wealth beyond computation, almost beyond imagination—and here were human habitations so abominable that they would have disgraced a race of alley cats. I am not speaking of mere filth. One expects steel towns to be dirty. What I allude to is the unbroken and agonizing ugliness, the sheer revolting monstrousness, of every house in sight.

That was Pittsburgh at the height of its success and the nadir of its livability. Having stumbled with much hardship through the Depression, it was restored to prosperity, in the forties, in large part by the tremendous demands that the Second World War made upon its industries. With peace came danger: the industrial might that it had accumulated was greater than was needed, especially with the construction elsewhere in the world of facilities capable of manufacturing steel at a far lower cost. The families that had amassed great wealth in Pittsburgh and had remained proudly oriented to it—the Mellons, the Heinzes, the Hillmans, among others—led the way in the double task of rehabilitating its physical environment and introducing new industries into it, more often white-collar than blue. Such was the success of this feat of urban rebirth that at the present time “only one in five Pittsburgh workers is in manufacturing, and only 5 percent—down from 40 percent—are in steel or other metals,” Toker tells us. “Research and development is Pittsburgh’s third largest industry, and several hundred thousand jobs have been added to the local economy in medicine, biotechnology, information and financial services, the arts, and education. . . . A host of new companies compete in high-tech, including one that sells robots to Japan." With an understandable hint of jingoism, Toker sums up the place he believes that Pittsburgh has earned in contemporary American life: "In adjusting to new realities, Pittsburgh is carrying out its traditional role as an urban pioneer to the nation. It industrialized first, it became obsolescent first, and it overcame obsolescence first. Pittsburgh was yesterday what Atlanta and Dallas are today: they will be Pittsburgh tomorrow."

I am inclined to have less confidence in Toker the prophet than in Toker the historian. I see no evidence that either Atlanta or Dallas has the means or the will to make itself into an authentically great city: a city not merely very large and very rich, with its population scattered in clumps and clusters over a vast area—Atlanta embraces a hundred and thirty-six square miles, Dallas three hundred and seventy-eight square miles—but one with an organic nature. Over two centuries, Pittsburgh forged its vigorous and not uncantankerous personality little by little out of the sum of a score of separate neighborhoods. Settled by generations of immigrants of disparate ethnic backgrounds (Poles, Czechs, Italians, Irish, Germans), these neighborhoods managed to create a city that could be perceived at once as a closely knit, inimitable American presence.

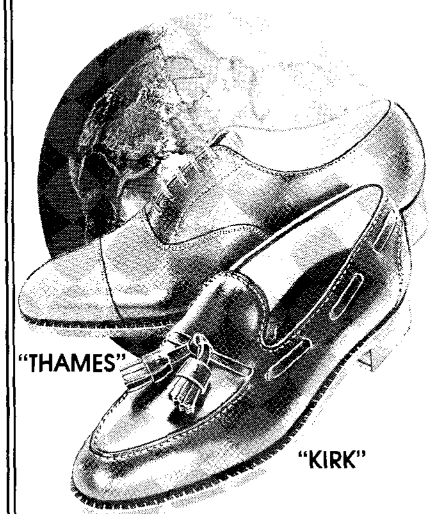
The turmoil that Pittsburgh underwent in the course of its recent transformation included a dramatic loss of population. In 1950, it had something like seven hundred thousand inhabitants; today, it has approximately four hundred thousand. Of American cities, it is thirty-third in population. (Atlanta is thirty-first and Dallas is seventh.) When the loss of population began, it was thought to be a calamity; one sees now that it was a blessing, and was probably indispensable to the city's survival. Indeed, the ideal population of a city today is about that of Pittsburgh, and the ideal area of a city is—again like that of Pittsburgh, which is fifty-five square miles—comparatively small.

A visitor to Pittsburgh senses (if perhaps only subliminally, as he goes about whatever business happens to have brought him there) the compactness and coherence of the city. Standing on the grassy ramparts of Fort Pitt, at the southwestern tip of the Golden Triangle, one can take in almost at a glance the plan of the city, dictated by its topography, and, simultaneously, one can "read" two centuries of its history in the patchwork quilt of structures that have survived poverty and prosperity alike: the funicular railways that climb Mt. Washington; Station Square, a cluster of buildings at the foot of the mountain which includes a turn-of-the-century railroad station now successfully converted into a restaurant; and a good number of the seven hundred-odd bridges that crisscross its rivers, stitching together an otherwise unruly urban fabric.

In New York City, we live in a condition of stress that borders on hysteria. So far out of touch are we with the once commonplace amenities of urban life, including the safety of our persons, that we consent almost without noticing it to a topsy-turvy mode of existence in which law-abiding citizens coop themselves up behind bars for protection against criminals who roam the streets in perfect freedom. What a New Yorker especially responds to in Pittsburgh is a sense of the city as an organism whose many parts have been made to function as they were designed to. The note struck in Pittsburgh is not one of hysteria but one of equilibrium. According to the F.B.I., the city has one of the lowest crime rates of any major city—its crime rate is actually lower than that of little Peoria—and it is certainly, in Toker's words, "psychically an open city, one that people walk about in without dread."

IF Pittsburgh is a city that was rarely praised in the past, Buffalo is a city that in my lifetime I have never heard praised at all. Even in the days of its prosperity, fault was constantly being found with the severity of its climate and the provincialism of its culture. But it is a city that I have always enjoyed visiting, and the adversity under which it has labored of late makes it, to my mind, more interesting than ever. When the so-called heavy industries, steel among them, began to pull out of Buffalo, ten or fifteen years ago, the city suffered a loss of population that seemed at the time a catastrophe as dire as Pittsburgh's. According to many students of Buffalo's troubles, a second major catastrophe was the decision made, under Governor Nelson

THE WORLD'S BEST

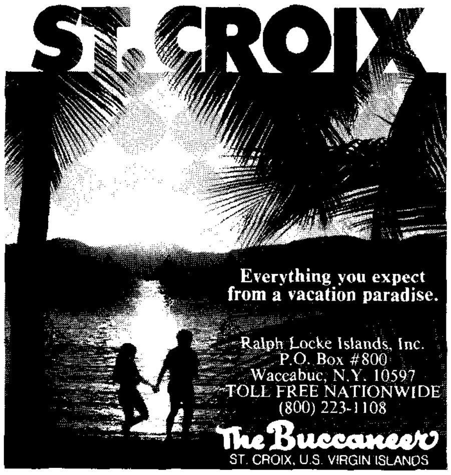


116th ANNIVERSARY SALE
NOW IN PROGRESS

Styles pictured are All Leather English Classics, Straight Cap Toe Tie or Moc Front Tassel Slip-On. Handcrafted in Burgundy or Black Polished Calfskin. Widths C-E. Only $119.90

Naturally All Leather...Naturally From The World's Best...
CHURCH'S ENGLISH SHOES
428 Madison Avenue (at 49th St.), New York, NY 10017
In NY: (212) 755-4313, Toll Free (800) 221-4540
CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE SALE BROCHURE
WE OFFER A LARGE SELECTION OF STYLES
IN SIZES 6 TO 14 & WIDTHS AA-EEE.

ST. CROIX



Everything you expect
from a vacation paradise.

Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
P.O. Box #800
Waccabuc, N.Y. 10597
TOLL FREE NATIONWIDE
(800) 223-1108
The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

ADVENTURE
FIRST CLASS
We offer the finest hunting,
viewing and wingshooting
experiences worldwide.
Call or write for specifics.
SPORTING
INTERNATIONAL
7701 Wilshire Place Dr.
Suite 504 C, Houston, Texas 77040
800-231-6352, Texas 800-392-4159

THE SMALL LUXURY HOTEL
OF
NEW YORK

THE LOWELL

ELEGANT SUITES
FIREPLACES
IMPECCABLE SERVICE
Weekend Packages Available

28 EAST 63rd STREET (212) 838-1400

EXCLUSIVE REPLICAS OF
CLASSICAL SCULPTURE FROM MAJOR EUROPEAN MUSEUMS

ZEUS • An excellent and striking example of the "Supreme God" of Hellenistic period. From the Louvre Museum, Paris. 10½" $130.00 P.P. in green bronze or sandstone finish.

GIUST GALLERY

1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118
PLEASE SEND $2.00 FOR CATALOGUE

Perennial Passion
A CATALOGUE AND GUIDE • ILLUSTRATED BY LYNN ADAMS
by:

KIMBERLY
GARDEN

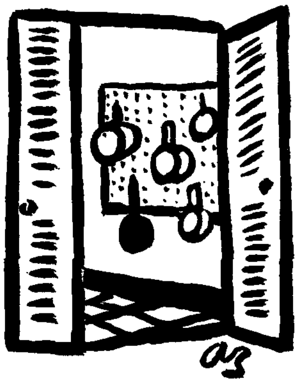
ON OREGON HILL
"Grow yourself a wonderful life"
Send 2.00 (deductible) to Kimberly Garden
RRI BOX 44G, DEPT 1A
LISLE, NY 13797 (607) 849-6554

The Definitive
Borscht

THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM
150 West 57 St., New York
265-0947

Rockefeller, to move most of the University of Buffalo from its home, in the center of town, into new quarters on an immense, windswept, treeless plain several miles outside the city. Up to now, Buffalo has failed to achieve an economic comeback equivalent to Pittsburgh's, with the result that its shrinkage continues to be thought a liability—though to outsiders like me it appears to be an asset. Contemporary Buffalo enjoys what we may call, without irony, the advantages of failure: an ample supply of housing—big, three-story turn-of-the-century houses are for sale at a fraction of the price they would bring elsewhere—and a downtown that, manifesting the civic pride of earlier generations, has not been subject to the wanton overbuilding, at once bland and suffocating, of our boomtowns. To be sure, these advantages are balanced by a single formidable question: Can Buffalo survive on a scale so much smaller than that on which it was constructed? I pray that it can and will; with a population of only four hundred thousand instead of—at its highest, in 1950—nearly six hundred thousand, it has attained the size that I consider ideal.

In this period of feverish urban gigantism, can cities as small as I would like them to be prove themselves capable of surviving and prospering? If it is obvious that the trend throughout the world is to create ever bigger, ever more cumbersome, and therefore ever more unworkable megalopolises (one thinks of Mexico City and Tokyo, each of them already twice as big as New York City and growing fast), what hope is there for the preservation of cities on the humane scale of something under half a million people? A number of such cities exist in the United States, but instead of being content with their lot they are eager to expand, eager to become Dallases and Atlantas, and therefore unwittingly eager to destroy themselves.

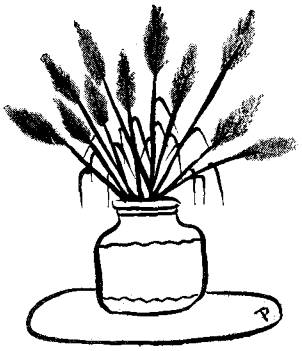


One such small city is Hartford, which a generation ago was in danger of inadvertently committing suicide in the name of urban renewal; its downtown was ritually disembowelled, its middle class fled to the bedroom towns beyond the city's boundaries, and the minority groups that remained in residence provided so fragile an economic base that from having been regarded as one of the wealthiest communities in the country Hartford became one of the poorest. Now the city is in the midst of an office-building boom unprecedented in its history: over a million square feet of offices are under construction, and in respect to height nothing will do but that Hartford possess skyscrapers taller than those of any other city in New England, including Boston. Why? What on earth do the citizens of Hartford suppose that this mindless urban boosterism can do for them except render their lives more unpleasant by overcrowding their sidewalks and transportation facilities, throwing their streets into shadow, intensifying their traffic jams, and poisoning their air?

Another such small city is Des Moines, which has a population of nearly four hundred thousand and which, having been infected, like Hartford, with the malady of gigantism, has begun to think that it ought to be at least twice as big as it is. Why shouldn't it become every bit as vast and uncomfortable and hard on the nerves as other go-getting, up-to-the-minute American cities? It has already imported from the sophisticated big-brother city of Minneapolis the notion of skywalks, by means of which major downtown buildings can be linked at a level a story or two above the street, so that genuine street life becomes unnecessary. In clinically sterile glass-walled passageways, secure in summer and winter from whatever extremes of heat or cold may be sweeping across the plains of Iowa, one walks with the efficiency of an automaton from appointment to appointment. Idiotically tall skyscrapers are obviously the next item on the agenda. At the moment, the tallest building in Des Moines is thirty-four stories high, but if once modest and thrifty Hartford can afford a skyscraper thirty-eight stories high, so, by jiminy, can Des Moines. Still, it need not afford it, and one hopes that it will not.

Of a dozen or so other flourishing

medium-sized cities that one could name, among them Kansas City, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, some may be standing on the brink of the disaster I spoke of earlier—the disaster, familiar to us in New York, of a seemingly unstoppable process of overbuilding. If so, they should be encouraged to perceive that the process is not actually unstoppable, here or anywhere else in the country. It isn't a fixed doom that we city-dwelling Americans face but, rather, a choice between alternatives. Among students of city planning, the cynics argue that only a great depression can bring the murderous juggernauts of the developers to a stop; the optimists, of whom I am one, count on the fact that when large numbers of people are continually pushed around by a greedy few they sooner or later get angry, and when they get sufficiently angry they do something about it. I see us in New York City as approaching that point now; and feeling as if we were victims ought to be enough to keep us from becoming victims. To furnish ourselves with weapons appropriate for fighting back, we would do well to consult the works of Lewis Mumford, who in book after book has been able to champion cities as the citadels of civilization (everything outside our cities being seen to be parasitical upon them) and, at the same time, to argue that the bigger they get the more they are subject to self-extinction. According to Mumford's formulation, the pathology one traces in the growth of a city consists of its passing through several stages, from metropolis to megalopolis to necropolis—literally a city of the dead.



New York as a city of the dead: is that really the fate to which we are expected to resign ourselves? If the city is already almost uninhabitable by ordinary folk earning ordinary incomes, why do we not utter a continuous howl of protest against the practices of the Koch administration? Why are not tens of thousands—hundreds of thousands—of voices raised against the physical and spiritual injuries daily being inflicted upon us? In the presence of uncountably large numbers of homeless people and in the simultaneous (and deliberate) absence of any serious attempt to provide our citizens with low- or middle-income housing, we stand numb and dumb while Koch and his minions continue to give the city away to the big bowwow developers; stand numb and dumb as these developers, in turn, sell the city piecemeal at astronomical prices to absentee investors, who, far from choosing to live and work (or even play) alongside the rest of us here in New York, buy our land and sky and air—in effect, buy *us*—as a commodity.

Will we continue to stand silent as the bizarrely overscaled towers of a Trump City rise for the benefit of the wealthy on seventy-odd acres of open land beside the Hudson River? Stand silent as hundreds of new apartments for the wealthy rise on platforms thrust out into the Hudson a few blocks downstream from Trump City? Stand silent while, to the sycophantic applause of an anonymous editorialist on the *Times*, Peter Kalikow attempts to destroy a soundly built cluster of turn-of-the-century apartment houses on the East River and replace them with an eighty-story apartment tower, and when, a dozen blocks to the south of the Kalikow project, Jeffrey Glick seeks major zoning changes in order to build a complex consisting of over five hundred condos in twin towers five hundred feet high, along with a luxury hotel and a number of so-called European boutiques?

The barrage being laid down by these big guns, and by a score of others that I might mention, threatens to reduce what remains of our old, familiar Manhattan to so much sorry rubble, interrupted here and there by our handful of historic districts. (For the moment, the integrity of the districts appears intact, but the very existence of the Landmarks Preservation Commission is under attack, and it is in greater jeopardy than it has been at any other time since it was created, twenty-odd years ago.) That is not our necessary doom, as it is not the necessary doom of Hartford to become Atlanta, or Atlanta to become Dallas. Keeping silent, we do little more than consent to serve as a cautionary tale to the rest of the country. Speaking up, we save our city and ourselves. —BRENDAN GILL

Omaha Steaks International®
Since 1917

Try a little tenderness Make those special occasions truly memorable! Just try a little tenderness. Candlelight, soft music, and magnificent, aged Filet Mignons. Perfect. Experts select and prepare each filet! Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of utmost enjoyment. Steaks arrive frozen. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. **INTRODUCTORY OFFER:**
Six 6-oz. Filet Mignons, 1¼" thick (reg. $57.95) $29.95
(plus $5.50 shipping/handling)
YOU SAVE $28.00!
SAVE EVEN MORE...
Twelve 6-oz. Filets at Extra special price of......... $58.95
(plus $5.50 shipping/handling)
OFFER VALID IN 48 STATES UNTIL JAN. 31, 1989.
Limit - 2 packages per order
Phone or mail order. Use major credit card and
Call Free 1-800-228-9055
Order today or write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon.
Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. 1675/ 4400 So. 96th Street / Omaha, NE 68127

CORMORANT
B·E·A·C·H C·L·U·B
"The Best Small Hotel In The American Virgin Islands."
—Andrew Harper's Hideaway Report
A perfect balance between seclusion and accessibility. Deluxe beachfront accommodations. Superlative cuisine. Simple and sophisticated.
St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands
Represented by David B. Mitchell & Co., Inc.
(800) 372-1323 or (212) 696-1323

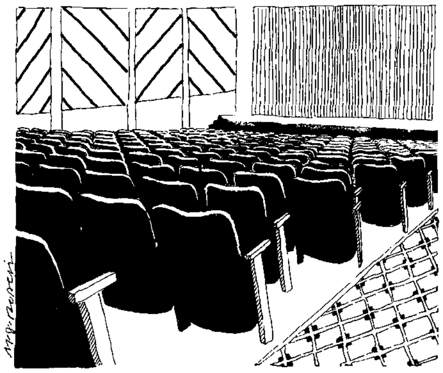
RELAXATION RESPONSE
The ultimate chair for total mind and body stress relief.
★ Real leather
★ Fully adjustable
Reduces muscle tension, alleviates back pain and improves circulation.
BackSaver **FREE 16 pg. Catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write:**
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. R-11, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Comedy of Evil

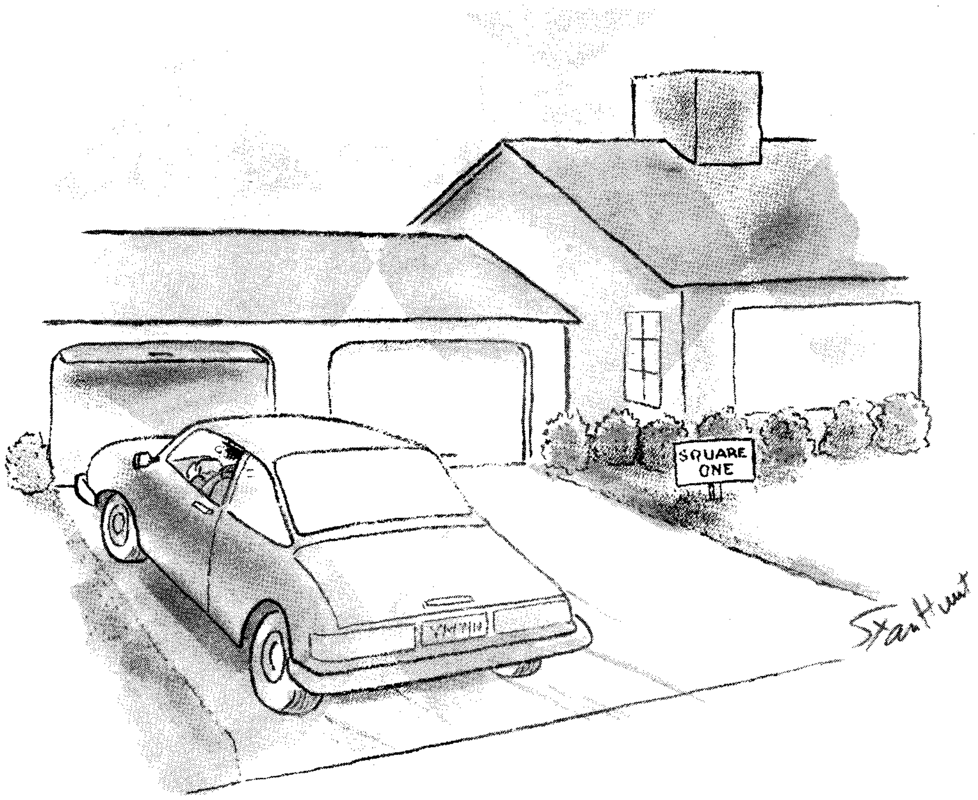
IN the prologue of "Dangerous Liaisons," the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich) are in their homes, with fleets of servants preparing them for the start of their daily social engagements. And as they're massaged and are given their facials and are made up and dressed and bejewelled it's as if they were being readied for a play—or a war. It's a wonderfully shrewd opening. The director, Stephen Frears, and the screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, who reworked his theatrical version of the Choderlos de Laclos novel "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," take us right into a world of artifice—the customs and pleasures of French aristocrats in the late seventeen-seventies—and keep us so close to these people that we can examine their lace and their wigs and their skins. The novel, which was originally published in Paris in 1782, condemned in court in 1824, publicly burned, and banned for the rest of the nineteenth century, has a tone and a texture unlike those of any other novel. Written in the form of highly confidential letters, it is principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise and Valmont, who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators. Laclos, an artillery officer who eventually, under Napoleon, rose to be a general, shows these two aristocrats planning sexual conquests with the cunning and deviousness of military masters, and with far more cruelty, since their victims don't know that they have been made pawns in a campaign. The implication is that the depraved pair stand for their class (and for what after 1789 was to be known as the ancien régime). The success of the movie is that in taking you so far into this systematic debauchery it gets you to feel the emotions under the clever, petty calculations. (It's like uncovering the carnal roots of chess.) By the end, the artificiality has dissolved and something forceful and shocking has taken over.

All along, you see the duplicitousness under the Marquise's wholesome, open-faced, pink-and-creamy exterior. That's what gives the material its comic austerity: you see what's under her farm-fresh smile, you know the heart that beats under her charmingly freckled bosom. Lighted by the marvellous cinematographer Philippe Rousselot ("Diva," "Hope and Glory"), she looks as "natural" as a Fragonard. But she's playacting when she makes herself the sympathetic confidante of the conventional-minded ladies of her circle; she feels utter contempt for them, and she twists and turns them to her purposes. The storytelling isn't clear enough at the start: it glides over the plan the Marquise outlines to Valmont. A recent lover who has deserted her is going to marry a rich virgin, the fifteen-year-old, convent-trained Cécile (Uma Thurman); to get back at him, the Marquise has hatched the idea that Valmont should seduce the girl. But Valmont isn't stimulated by the suggestion; he thinks the defloration so easy that it's unworthy of his talents. He takes Cécile on, but only as secondary to a more prestigious target he has chosen for himself: a devout young married woman who's a citadel of virtue—Mme. de Tourvel (Michelle Pfeiffer). Somehow, the Marquise's request of Valmont and the matter of their former relationship and current alliance aren't sufficiently weighted, and you're not fully drawn in; for a long time, you watch the movie as if it were a charmingly wicked marionette show. And that's how you watch it even after everything is lucid and you begin to be fascinated. The Marquise has a grandeur in her manipulativeness: she ruthlessly sets about destroying Cécile, whose mother (Swoosie Kurtz) is her close friend. The girl herself adores her; to the Marquise, this is simply an advantage to be used—she'll use anything to get back at the lover who rejected her.



There are times when the Marquise—a happy widow—sounds much like a modern, "liberated" woman. This is basically faithful to Laclos, who reads like a feminist if you don't pick up the nuances. Here is a passage from Letter 152, in which the Marquise reprimands Valmont for his "connubial" manner with her: "Do you know, Vicomte, why I never married again? It was certainly not for lack of advantageous matches: it was solely so that no one should have the right to object to anything I might do. It was not even for fear that I might no longer be able to have my way, for I should always have succeeded in that in the end: but I should have found it irksome if anyone had had so much as a right to complain. In short, I wished to lie only when I wanted to, not when I had to." In both novel and movie, the Marquise is liberated to lie and scheme, and her primary motive is vicious, vengeful jealousy. At the start, she wants to pay back the lover who prefers a virgin; near the end, she wants to destroy Valmont, because he has fallen in love with the pious prude he set out to amuse himself with. When he describes his ecstasy in bed with Mme. de Tourvel, the Marquise recognizes that he's in love, and the color drains from her face; she's a victim of her feelings, like the men and women she despises for their weakness. She's enraged; she feels left out.

The Marquise is actually the opposite of liberated: she is one of the most formidable examples of hell-hath-no-fury-like-a-woman-scorned in all literature. Childless, of course, she's woman the destroyer, and, despite her reserve and her control, and her superficial rationality, she pulls the lowest kind of "feminine" treachery: she cancels the game she has going with Valmont after he has won, and pins the blame on him. She's a power-hungry, castrating female as conceived by an eighteenth-century male writer. She's also a great character, in the way that Richard III is great. She's polished in her savagery, and the straight-backed Glenn Close, looking matriarchal and pure (even her teeth are perfect), gives a smooth performance that is by far her best work onscreen. She may lack the ravaged intensity that Jeanne Moreau



brought to the role in the 1959 modern-dress version by Roger Vadim, and she's rather bland (though less so in the second half), but she has terrific bearing, and her arch Marquise, with her immaculate simulation of propriety, provides a balance to Malkovich's outré Valmont.

Malkovich takes a little getting used to, because of his furtive eyes, his pursed lips, his slight speech impediment (is it a lisp?), and his little moues. Though he wears a powdered wig, he's weirdly far from the conventional movie image of a French nobleman of the pre-Revolutionary period. Some reptilian men are very successful sexually, but reptilian and fey make an odd combination. Still, off-putting as the casting of Malkovich is, it works cumulatively—even triumphantly. He brings the movie a clowning wit; this Valmont is a cutup and a boudoir farceur. (He uses a trace of effeminacy as an all-purpose lubricant for a tricky gesture or line reading.) And when his dark hair is long and loose it seems to propel him sexually; it helps you make sense of his conquests. When Gérard Philipe played the role, in the Vadim version, he was near death, and he didn't suggest the energy that Valmont requires, but he still had remnants of angelic good looks, and that helped explain women's attraction to him. (It's generally assumed that angelic-looking men can get away with plenty—that that's how the devil fools us.) With Malkovich in the role, Valmont's warped soul is on the outside. Yet Malkovich gives you the sense that Valmont is a priapic freak, and the movie needs that. The Vicomte is the freak who grows into a romantic. (Once he does, he's no good to the Marquise.) And, maybe because this Valmont's depravity is on the surface, along with his mocking humor, he's likable—he's funny, and his swinishness is fascinating. You can see before the Marquise does that he's in love with the serious-minded bourgeoise. And you can see that he's foolish enough, and vain enough, to try to live up to what the Marquise expects of him, in order to be thought irreproachably heartless. (He has a left-handed sense of honor.)

As Mme. de Tourvel, who clings to her conception of honor, the paradisially beautiful Michelle Pfeiffer is caught in frightened closeups. Stiff in her tight bodice and her crisp bonnets, this modest little wife, generous and philanthropic, seems almost plain. But when passion hits her it overpowers her. Her face is damp; she's sweaty—Valmont has set her on fire. And when he rejects her brutally (he just flat out lets her have it), and she breaks down crying, she's helplessly human, a real person caught in a maze of deception. This is when the movie comes together. Mme. de Tourvel's suffering cuts through the decorative formality; suddenly, the marionettes have blood in their veins. The comedy goes out of the game, and the viewer may feel slightly stunned at the impact the movie begins to have. Mme. de Tourvel's collapse is what all that choice cruelty was pointing toward. The transition is so affecting partly because of the traplike construction of the story and partly because Pfeiffer's performance is very simple—it feels true. She makes it totally convincing that the rake Valmont would experience ecstasy while releasing Mme. de Tourvel from her Puritan timidity, yet would be afraid of being laughed at for loving this woman from a different class—a woman without guile or wit.

From then on, everything that happens—and it happens bam, bam, bam—seems part of an unstoppable chain of events. Frears might almost be letting the story tell itself as he moves right through the Marquise's declaration of war, the casualties that follow, and on to the hooting scene (described in Letter 173). Frears' technique is remarkably unaffected. Using American actors (instead of following the Hollywood tradition of casting British actors as French aristocrats) gives the film a directness, an emotional immediacy. (Mildred Natwick is admirably straightforward as Valmont's aged aunt.) So do the speedy, encircling camera movements, and the ravishing closeups, with every facet of the women's earrings picking up light. This must be one of the least static costume films ever shot. (The play version has eighteen scenes; Hampton says the screenplay has two hundred.) But, then, by the end this doesn't feel like a costume film: though the locations include several châteaus near Paris, and the clothes are magnificent, "Dangerous Liaisons" is brisk and unsentimental. There's a minute of a Gluck opera in the background of two scenes, and when a pause is needed there's a brief, blissful interlude of singers at a musicale, but the movie has the let's-get-on-with-it quality that's Frears' signature.

Possibly there's no way to make a picture this fast (it was shot in ten weeks) and achieve something comparable in greatness to the elegant comedy of evil that Laclos left us. There are dismal clinkers in Hampton's dialogue; he strains to give the Marquise and Valmont witty dialogue to underline their perversity. (He's saying they're too clever by half.) And the scenes between the Marquise and Valmont miss out on sensual excitement: you don't feel an electrical current crackling between them. But the casting is still strong. (It's clear that the Marquise has poisoned her capacity to love, and that she has no means left to express her feelings for Valmont except by destroying him, the woman he cares for, and herself.) This is a first-rate piece of work by a director who's daring and agile. The unfussiness of Frears' approach is tonic. The movie gets at the important things and doesn't linger over them. It's heaven—alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are.

THE first ten minutes of Mike Nichols' "Working Girl" is laid in very deftly, preparing us for a bouncy, updated version of the Cinderella comedies that Ginger Rogers made in the thirties between her musicals with Fred Astaire. Tess McGill (Melanie Griffith), a poor but enterprising girl from Staten Island, fights off the sleazoid bosses and struggles to break through the educational-background barriers and climb from Wall Street secretary to executive. But the Cinderella feeling must all still be in Nichols' head; the emotion has been relegated to an idea, and a rather grim idea, at that. We're supposed to be cheered by watching Tess become part of the establishment: she makes it into the world of mergers and acquisitions. Her victory is certified when she's ensconced in a cubicle high up in a skyscraper; on the soundtrack, Carly Simon and a women's choir sing exultantly. No, there's no irony—only fatuity.

Lest we get the wrong idea, the picture makes it clear that the victory is only for a sweet, feminine girl like Tess—not for anybody forceful or butch. The villain is Tess's sneaky, upper-crust boss, played by Sigourney Weaver: she doesn't just try to steal Tess's big, career-making radio-network idea; she's also unwomanly. At first, Weaver is a confident, entertaining cartoon of moneyed egomania; she's a genuinely game actress, eager to be funny. But then the picture demeans her, by making her a ludicrous witch who can't hang on to her guy or her job. (It even demeans her in small, gross ways: when she's in the hospital, doctors try to look under her nightie.) Weaver looks stranded in the last part of the movie. The director seems to have abdicated, and the staging is so broad you can't tell whether satire is intended or just dumb jokes; even with sharp editing, nothing has any edge.

Is this really the work of the Mike Nichols who is said to be a miracle man with actors? Tall, skinny-legged Melanie Griffith is warm and, yes, down to earth and very appealing, and she has funny bits all the way through. She carries what there is of the picture. But her funky (and infinitely preferable) performances in De Palma's "Body Double" and Jonathan Demme's "Something Wild" are the skeletons rattling in this picture's closet. The subtext of "Working Girl" is that Mike Nichols is trying to let a little bit of tackiness into a big-budget movie—a little bit of John Waters and "Something Wild." It must have been the funky Melanie that this picture with its double-entendre title was meant to be about. But Nichols may be afraid of swinging the door open, and so Melanie Griffith is ostensibly used for "vulnerability." This is the kind of star performance in which the heroine's misty eyes and soft-focus smiles are supposed to turn our brains to jelly. Since Tess keeps beating her head against a wall trying to succeed, it wouldn't be inappropriate for her to look bleary and depressed. But the moviemakers try to conceal Griffith's being out of condition. The camera goes lyrical; it babies her, making her a cuddlebug, and showing us her firm, round haunches while pretending it isn't doing what it's doing. (One of the things it's doing is catching her in black garter belt, push-up bra, and bikini panties; there's even a peeky porno tease when she bustles about cleaning Weaver's house while wearing undies.) As the investment-banker hero, Harrison Ford tries for the casualness of a big-time smoothie, and he has some style, but, whether because of what he's attempting or because of the director's listlessness, the film's pacing

TAKE ONE
Litchfield BY·THE·SEA
The Best Vacation Under the Sun!
Take one great vacation of exciting golf and tennis and discover sensational beach living on the Carolina coast. Enjoy a luxurious villa—oceanfront, marshfront or fairway or our new, elegant all-suite hotel. For *free vacation information*, call toll free **1-800-845-1897 (1-800-922-6348, in SC).** Or mail the coupon.
Free.
Name
Address
City
State Zip
Phone
Mail to: Litchfield by the Sea,
P.O. Drawer 320, Pawleys Island, SC 29585.

*"Oh beautiful city...
steeped in sentiment as she lies,
Spreading her gardens to the moonlight,
And whispering from her towers
The last enchantments of the Middle Ages."*
—Matthew Arnold
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY VACATIONS
The most prestigious and exciting one and *two week cultural vacations for adults.*
Write for free color brochure:
UNIVERSITY VACATIONS Dept. N
9602 N.W. 13 St. Miami, FL 33172
TOLL FREE 800-792-0100

GALAPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 50 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-420-1550
1311Y 63rd ST, EMERYVILLE, CA 94608

Nichols Herb and Rare Seeds
Our 1989 catalog features the finest culinary and ornamental herb plants and seeds. Discover many new and unusual Oriental and European vegetable and flower varieties.
Complimentary Catalog: Write or call
NICHOLS GARDEN NURSERY
1194 NE Pacific, Albany, Oregon 97321
503-928-9280

slackens just when he appears. Ford does manage to be diverting in moments that have nothing to do with the tinny plot: a scene where Tess has passed out and he makes small talk in her direction, and, later, a scene when he gets a food delivery at the door and goes back to Tess in bed, whistling "If I Only Had a Brain." (He suggests a man who keeps himself amused.)

The picture does better by some of the players in minor roles: Joan Cusack (of the euphoric grin) as Tess's happy, rowdy best friend; Kevin Spacey as a coke-snorting arbitrageur who's an irrepressible lech; and Nora Dunn as the office suckup and priss. But Nichols must have a cummerbund around his head: the directing is constricted—there's no visual inventiveness or spontaneity. And in his hands the script (it's credited to Kevin Wade) has no conviction: the lines have a lot of surprise, but the situations (and digressions) are moldy. After Tess gives up her tattooed Staten Island boyfriend (Alec Baldwin), she returns and has more scenes with him—as if the tattoos hadn't already told us everything. When Tess and her investment man get overheated by a deal they've got going, and rush from a business meeting to their big sex scene, the movie pokes only the mildest fun at them. The plot hinges on Tess's making an impression on a fatherly tycoon (Philip Bosco), who materializes out of an earlier era of movies; this dear old geezer sees that justice is meted out to everyone. Yet the way the wedding of the tycoon's daughter is set up suggests that he lives among twerps and has spawned a bumpkin. There's a classic piece of inept plotting: the last-minute introduction of a disk jockey who's the linchpin of the network deal. It's as if somebody ran onto the stage waving a telegram just as the curtain came down on his head.

This Cinderella story seems to have been concocted by people at the top of the skyscraper who have no fellow-feeling for losers. The film makes the point that Tess, like the other working-class secretaries, tries to get attention and does exactly the wrong thing: she puts on so much makeup she looks like a brainless bimbo, and then she wonders why the Ivy League graduates get jobs over her. The secretaries wear their hair scooped up high in front and hanging down around their shoulders, and it's all teased and whipped and snarled. Another director might have shown us how pretty they are in their purple and green and blue eyeshadow and dishevelled Marie-Antoinette hairdos, but Nichols has them looking like procuresses. The discrimination against them should be by the blind Ivy League bosses; here it's by the blind director.

—Pauline Kael

• •

GALLOWAY TALE

He told the map men anything.
But in Gaelic. That stretch
of bog? Old woman's fanny.
The small rise? Mharie's tit.

The maps were all printed
before they caught him out—an aging
hill shepherd—what did he
want of the outside world?

Provisions perhaps. Tools. A wife.
Each market day for two years
he wooed her (his fistfuls
of violets bound up with wool),

till—drunk as a lord—
after the market, after the wedding,
he took her back to the bald hills,
the gurgling-sounding places.

Years later, children were seen,
fetching water from dark pools,
cupping curlews' eggs. It's said
they fixed you with brown eyes

sharp as kestrels', hovered
momentarily—and were gone
behind a line of dogs conjured
from the green ruff around

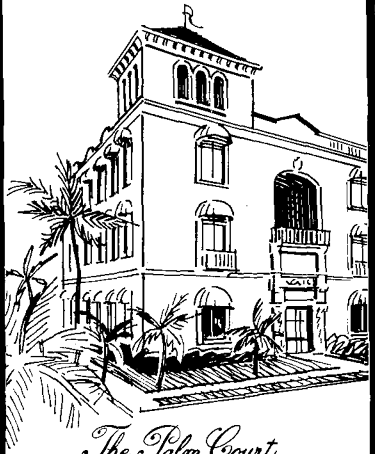
the thick-walled bothy. A slum
in the heather—so some saw it—
black pans lying unscoured, ropes
of washing rotting in damp piles.

When she died, he carried her
over the hills, over the burns
on his back. At her graveside,
in the rain, he mourned on alone

while in the pub they put on
prim cartographer faces
and muttered that the loneliness
of earth would suit her.

—Tom Pow

PALM BEACH
To stay in Palm Beach
is to stay at
The Palm Court



The Palm Court
A step up from Worth Avenue.
Grand Service Excellent Cuisine
800-233-8277 407-659-5800
Operated by Hotels of Distinction Inc.
363 Cocoanut Row, Palm Beach, Florida 33480

Fuller Brush by Mail
The Fuller Brush mail order catalog offers you hundreds of top-quality home care products, including our legendary brushes. Send check or money order for **$1.00** for our catalog and you'll receive **$3.00 off your first order!**
Mail to: **Fuller Brush Catalog, Inc.**
Box 1020, Rural Hall, NC 27098
☐ (1) Mr. ☐ (3) Miss
☐ (2) Mrs. ☐ (4) Ms.
B8225
Name
Address Apt. #
City State Zip
CC-168(1/89)MG-1

12-DAY CARIBBEAN FROM $87/DAY
Virgin Islands • St. Maarten • Saba • Antigua
Grenadines • Bahamas • Cancun • Belize
Mayan Ruins • Dry Tortugas • Marquesas
Summer Canada Saguenay via Erie Canal
RI-FL Intracoastal Nov. & May
800-556-7450 For Free Brochure
American Canadian Caribbean Line, Inc.
Buy U.S. - Cruise U.S. Flag Warren, RI 02885

Elegant Country Charm–
Luxury London Hotel
& Magnificent Suites
Telephone: 01-723 7874.
39-40 Dorset Square,
London NW1 6QN.
Telex: 263964 Dorset G.
Fax: 01-724 3328.
USA Toll Free 1-800-543 4138
DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

THE THEATRE

Fuller's Civil War

THE Negro Ensemble Company opened its season last week with Charles Fuller's "We," a portmanteau title for two plays that take place during the Civil War. (They will run alternate weeks at Theatre Four.) "Sally," the first of them, is set in South Carolina in the winter of 1862-63, and opens with explosive flashes of light and the sound of gunfire. Sally is a recently freed slave whose husband has just been killed, leaving her with a sixteen-year-old son and no idea how to proceed. The play is a mosaic of small episodes and colloquies about freed slaves at loose ends or serving as recruited soldiers in the Union Army, and a number of stories are told. The most important of them deals with the resentment of black soldiers, who are being paid three dollars less a month than their white counterparts—a resentment that leads to a near-rebellion and a betrayal. Prince, a black sergeant, is forced into the difficult role of go-between, and before the evening is over he has become a truly tragic hero. I must say that often during "Sally" I lost track of what was going on, but I guess Mr. Fuller knew what he was doing. Sally, as portrayed by Michele Shay, leaves no doubts about what she wants—some land, safety for her son, and a man of her own. Samuel L. Jackson, as Prince, wants to right the injustice to the soldiers, but he is told by a benevolent general that the inequity is the fault of Washington and probably cannot be corrected.

"Prince," the second play, is more in focus, and is by far the stronger of the two. The year is 1864, the place a farm in Virginia where many ex-slaves are employed and are not being paid. Picking cotton for Abraham Lincoln is not that different, and when one of the workers, Burner, protests, he is told that everyone must sacrifice for the Union cause; unsatisfied, he is thrown into prison. Freedom has somehow been lost by the wayside. One of the undaunted, though, is a frisky lady known as Lu, who peddles comestibles and whatever, and, in the mischievous person of Hattie Winston, becomes a kind of wicked Mother Courage. The standard of acting is high, as always at the N.E.C. Mr. Jackson is tremendously affecting as Prince, and Ed Wheeler is fine, too, as Burner. Among the other actors are the N.E.C. stalwarts Rosanna Carter, Graham Brown, Alvin Alexis, and Carl Gordon, and the Sassenachs Raynor Scheine as a nasty white reporter and William Mooney as a white general and a white businessman. Douglas Turner Ward directed.

"Sally" and "Prince" are the first two in a projected set of five or six plays by Mr. Fuller about the Civil War and its aftermath. Although non-vintage Fuller, they can be considered the groundwork for what lies ahead. He is a fine writer, whose "The Brownsville Raid" and "A Soldier's Play," both of them dealing with military matters, were much honored, and whose "Zooman and the Sign" (about civilians) was much honored by me. Hope the new series works out.

—Edith Oliver

Witless on Broadway

THE program notes for "Legs Diamond," at the Mark Hellinger Theatre, were full of touching little asides, expressions of gratitude or hope addressed by members of the company either to individuals or to the community at large: " 'The dream is alive' thanks to love & support from family & friends" (Carol Ann Baxter) or "ADRIAN BAILEY thanks the Legs Co. for the opportunity to pay rent on time!" or "After 16 years of tours, stock, regional & dinner theatre—B'way at last!" (James Brandt). There were other messages, too—equally passionate but more ominous. These read like the cries of drowning souls (or just people who expected never to be heard from again): "Luv to MDGGLN. Out of room. Bye!" (Deanna Dys) and "I'm just thankful!!! Mom, I love you!!!" (Keith Tyrone). As my companion settled into her seat and surveyed the bios, she remarked, "One always wants things to go well for these kids," and it's true—one always does want things to go well for them. So for the longest time I tried to look at "Legs Diamond" optimistically. But it was no use. I kept thinking of the "Forbidden Broadway" number where Michael McGrath and David B. McDonald come out made up to look like Jackie Mason and Robert Goulet and—to the tune of a song from "Brigadoon"—sing "It's almost like Vegas in New York."

By now, everyone has heard of the efforts it took to bring the "Legs" project to fruition: the five-million-dollar budget, the years of planning and writing, the elaborate (and dangerous) computerized sets, the last-minute cuts, changes, and rewrites; how Harvey Fierstein had to be called in to assist Charles Suppon with the script, first as an adviser, then as a full-fledged collaborator; how, with customers paying full price for preview tickets, songs were still being written and cut, characters dropped, and a subplot excised to provide the show's target audience with a story line suited to its putative mental capacity. The result is a vehicle without a star—a musical about a person of no interest (a guy who manages to prove himself a more effective crook than another guy) and with no plot, no book, and no good songs or dance numbers.

One of the most depressing aspects of the show is the way it reminds you of other, better musicals. A snatch of "West Side Story" goes wafting by. A siren wails and you think of "Fiorello!;" there's a peroxide chorine (Randall Edwards) like Miss Adelaide in "Guys and Dolls," an aging soubrette (Julie Wilson) like Vera in "Pal Joey," and a speakeasy whose very name—the Hotsy Totsy Club—seems a mixture of the Hot Box and the Kit Kat from "Guys and Dolls" and "Cabaret." For the rest, there is a script consisting mostly of bra jokes, panty jokes, bottom jokes, intercourse jokes, testicle jokes, and orifice jokes, and a good deal of Academy Award-level choreography (by Alan Johnson) that includes not one but two "happy native" numbers. At the center of it all is the man who put this show together like a leveraged buyout—the Australian Peter Allen, a performer of singular vulgarity, who cannot dance or act, who can barely carry a tune, and who evidently thinks that style is something you do with your tongue and that star quality resides in a willingness to move your pelvis about. Mr. Allen goes through the show trying to establish a rapport either with his two leading ladies or with us by touching parts of his body to parts of theirs and thrusting his privates in our direction. Watching him sweat profusely while standing still—badly balanced over hyperextended knees, with hands dangling uselessly at his sides—you realize with a kind of horrified fascination that you are attending a musical built around the only man in America less charismatic than George Bush. You keep waiting for Julie Wilson's big ballad. (When it comes, it's a torch song of such surpassing banality that you half suspect the pained look on Miss Wilson's face to be embarrassment.) In the meantime, with nothing else to think about, you work on translating the show's title into French and studying the peculiar things Peter Allen does with his face in an attempt to affect what he thinks is an American accent.

Such an obscene lot of time, money, and manpower were spent in producing this show that it seems a shame to expend any further effort in describing it. Of Miss Wilson, that accomplished singer and diseuse, I can only suggest (with respect) that she seems utterly out of place. For the rest, it remains merely to thank David Mitchell (sets) and Jules Fisher (lighting), for providing something to look at other than the performers; Willa Kim, whose gowns for Miss Wilson are the one tasteful element in the production; and Michael Starobin, without whose orchestrations Mr. Allen's songs would no doubt have been much harder to listen to. And to all those kids with the show-biz names (Ann Baxter, Deanna, Tyrone): as they say at funerals, "Under pleasanter circumstances."

—MIMI KRAMER

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[From the Gainesville (Fla.) Sun]

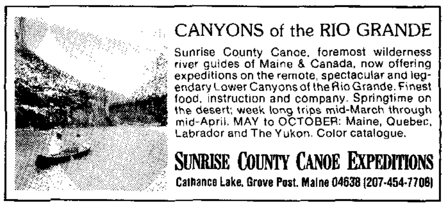
The First United Methodist Church of Gainesville's Chancel Choir, strings and soloists will present the Christmas oratorio "Saens" by Camille Saint at 11 a.m. Sunday.

Your Source for a More Beautiful Home
KEMP & GEORGE
Your Source For A More Beautiful Home
FREE NEW CATALOG
Now you can improve the beauty, comfort and value of your home and get expert advice. It's all just a phone call away. 48 pages of bath accessories, decorative hardware, closet organizers, lighting fixtures, faucets and sinks, and more. Call for your free catalog today!

Return this coupon to receive your FREE catalog or call toll-free 1-800-343-4012
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ______ State ____ Zip ____
KEMP & GEORGE
9180 Le Saint Drive
Fairfield, OH 45014 Dept. 9A77

"guaranteed better than all the rest"™
BAGGIER AND BETTER
Pima Cotton Oxford Buttondown
$38. Two or more—$35. ea.
Available in white and blue—
sizes 14½-17½, 32-36.
Add $3.50 shipping/handling/insurance
239 Causeway Boston, MA 02114. (617) 523-0317
© 1987 MERCER & SONS

Rare Expertise.
Fountain Square Stamp & Coin Inc.
27 Fountain Square Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45202
(513) 621-6696


CANYONS of the RIO GRANDE
Sunrise County Canoe, foremost wilderness river guides of Maine & Canada, now offering expeditions on the remote, spectacular and legendary Lower Canyons of the Rio Grande. Finest food, instruction and company. Springtime on the desert; week long trips mid-March through mid-April. MAY to OCTOBER: Maine, Quebec, Labrador and The Yukon. Color catalogue.
SUNRISE COUNTY CANOE EXPEDITIONS
Cathance Lake, Grove Post, Maine 04638 (207-454-7708)

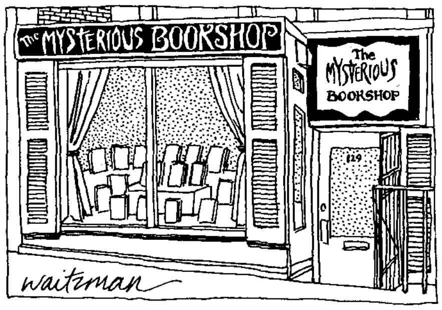
BOOKS

No Loyalty to DNA

QUEER happenings are afoot in the tree of life. That's the message one gets, in any case, from Hans Moravec's "Mind Children: The Future of Robot and Human Intelligence" (Harvard; $18.95). At a time when many science books for the layman document the steady pruning of life's tree—the dwindling of plant and animal species through environmental spoliation—Moravec focusses on a prospective branching out: the emergence of new life-forms that soon will, he feels quite certain, "mature into entities as complex as ourselves." He is asking us, in effect, to transform our taxonomy at the roots. No longer would the complementary kingdoms of plants and animals represent the primary division; he foresees a still more fundamental bifurcation—that between what might be called the empire of organic life and the empire of inorganic life. We are about to enter a "postbiological" world. Imminently—perhaps within the lifetimes of our children—robots of such advanced capabilities will emerge that "our DNA will find itself out of a job, having lost the evolutionary race to a new kind of competition."

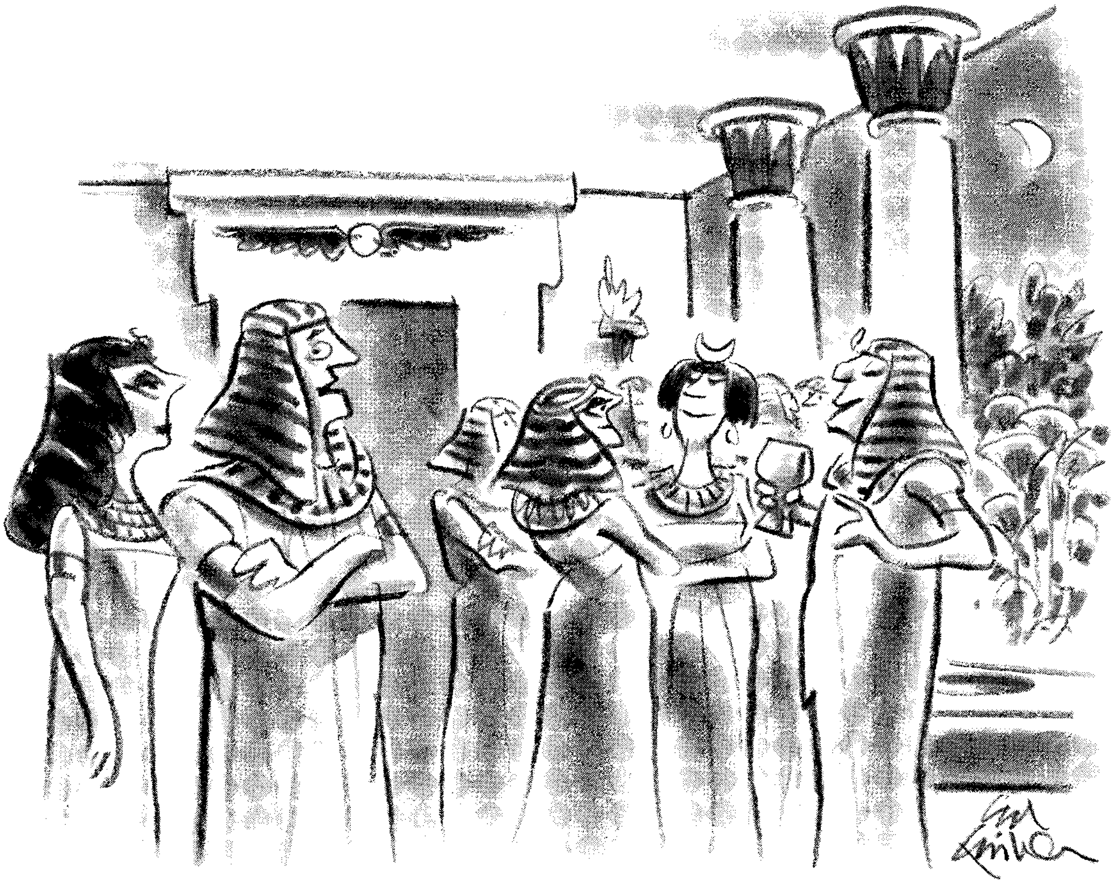
As a genre, the popular science book boasts a number of distinctive traits, several of which are present in "Mind Children." Books about rapidly developing technology can often seem undeservedly cheerful, and at various points Moravec might be faulted for scanting the darker psychological and moral implications of the vision he conjures up. He brings to his subject both the natural optimism of the technician whose field is mushrooming before his eyes and the belief—which seems to keep creeping in, despite his express disavowals of it—that technology will necessarily save us from technology. "Mind Children" also illustrates, as books of the genre commonly do, that the modern proliferation of research effectively makes each of us—scientist and nonscientist alike—a layman; as knowledge expands breathtakingly, in every direction, even the scientist must greet most discoveries with head-shaking incomprehension. Although one's primary reason for picking up a book like "Mind Children" may be to get a grip on a burgeoning new field, one is probably also hoping to throw off some of the dazzled numbness that comes of living in a technologically explosive age. Doubtless many readers who turn regularly to the best science popularizers—to authors like Loren Eiseley and Stephen Jay Gould and Paul Colinvaux and Douglas Hofstadter—do so to combat this numbness; the reader seeks the haphazard saving moment when an impossibly distant object or an unthinkably complex equation comes alive. Such sightings are likely to be unpredictable and personally idiosyncratic. I remember once discovering, in a mathematician's biography, that a hypothesis whose implications I did not understand had been modified for all integers less than $10^{10^{10^{34}}}$, a figure beside which the number of elementary particles in the observable universe looks infinitesimally small. That so mind-boggling a figure had been of use and application in *somebody's* line of work seemed in itself an affirmation of the wonders of the universe.

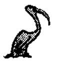
Another characteristic of the genre is that the guilt one feels toward unread books diminishes on a steady, almost graphable basis. The reader who buys but fails to open, say, "The Tale of Genji" or "Njal's Saga" or Hobbes' "Leviathan" or Boswell's "Life of Johnson" introduces into his home a durable source of guilt; such books are classics, and they reproach us unremittingly as long as they remain unread. But the reader who buys the latest volume on artificial intelligence or quantum theory or paleontology or black holes knows that with each passing month its urgency will fade; within a few years, it will make no claim whatsoever, since by then it can safely be deemed out of date. One would be making a mistake, though, to let "Mind Children" recede unopened into a guiltless oblivion. It's a tonic book, thought-provoking on every page. And it reminds us that, in our accelerating, headlong era, the future presses so close upon us that those who ignore it inhabit not the present but the past.



HANS MORAVEC, who is the director of the Mobile Robot Laboratory of Carnegie Mellon University, possesses a lucid, reassuringly commonsensical style and a flair for analogical simplification which together make the recondite seem approachable and the revolutionary plausible. Ever since completing his graduate training at the Stanford Artificial Intelligence Laboratory almost a decade ago, he has concentrated on robot locomotion and vision, and he devotes part of the initial chapter of "Mind Children" to a detailing of the difficulties inherent in any attempt to endow a robot with sight. The theoretically simple business of "hooking up" a computer to television equipment proves fiendishly complex in practice. The field of robotics is, in fact, full of unexpected reversals. Tasks that look elementary often prove formidable. In general, scientists have had a much easier time teaching a robot to perform the "higher" functions that formerly belonged solely to human beings (reading, proving theorems, diagnosing diseases) than the "lower" functions that animals have mastered (hearing, seeing, grasping objects). Improbably enough, a robot is more easily taught to play expert chess than to move the pieces.

As Moravec points out, there are evolutionary reasons for the higher being more accessible than the lower: "Encoded in the large, highly evolved sensory and motor portions of the human brain is a billion years of experience about the nature of the world and how to survive in it. The deliberate process we call reasoning is, I believe, the thinnest veneer of human thought, effective only because it is supported by this much older and much more powerful, though usually unconscious, sensorimotor knowledge." Given the irregularities and uncertainties of terrain outside the laboratory, freewheeling movement is not merely tricky but



“He’s using the ‘’ word.”

• •

often hazardous for a robot. The monumentality of the programmer’s task becomes evident when one considers that a truly flexible and autonomous robot would have to have enough of what researchers call “world knowledge” to translate all relevant physical conditions—every shifting object, every stray obstacle—into the strings of binary numbers which are its language of operation.

So thoroughgoing and convincing is Moravec on the subject of the complexities of robot movement that one comes away from his early pages feeling that the goal of autonomy is almost insurmountable—and also feeling that in the face of such a sober-minded assessment one must treat even the most outlandish of his subsequent predictions with respect. In its less than two hundred pages of text, the book undertakes quite a journey. By its close, the reader has met robots that can go on risky vacations for vicariously adventurous human beings, “protein robots” so minuscule that they can assemble machinery molecule by molecule, even robots that can construct other robots in factories out in the asteroid belt.

Near the start, while discussing some of the ways in which a mechanical object could be programmed to behave like a human being, Moravec takes an intellectual sidestep. “The conditioning software I have in mind would receive two kinds of messages from anywhere within the robot, one telling of success, the other of trouble,” he begins. “I’m going to call the success messages ‘pleasure’ and the danger messages ‘pain.’ Pain would tend to interrupt the activity in progress, while pleasure would increase its probability of continuing.” But once he has dropped the quotation marks around “pleasure” and “pain” he treats the terms as though each was genuinely synonymous in its robotic and its human applications. He acknowledges no potential confusion when describing machines in emotive language: “Modules that recognize other conditions and send pain or pleasure messages of appropriate strength would endow a robot with a unique character. A large, dangerous robot with a human-presence detector sending a pain signal would become shy of human beings and thus be less likely to cause injury.” In short, he appears to accept as a given the hypothesis that the mind is merely a kind of machine—one whose meditations and commands are ultimately duplicable by other, inorganic machinery—and thereby finesses a question that lies at the core of current debate in the field of artificial intelligence: Is there any area of human activity which is obdurately, permanently inaccessible to machines? Moravec, who once remarked that he has “no loyalty to DNA,” may be sound in assuming an underlying identicalness between the human mind and the machine (most experts in the field would probably agree with him), but he was unwise in choosing to pass over so fertile and significant a controversy. Readers who look elsewhere for discussion of the subject—perhaps to the contentious essays assembled in “The Artificial Intelligence Debate,” a new collection edited by Stephen R. Graubard—will likely encounter a tangle of human emotions, including skepticism, anger, foreboding, and indignation, that are all but missing in Moravec’s expansive, self-assured projections.

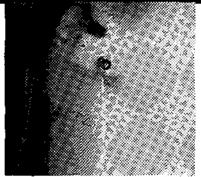
But readers who are willing to go along with him, at least temporarily, on the issue of duplicability—something which the patent joy he derives from speculation invites one to do—will find that his arguments proceed with a sureness that verges on the inexorable. Attempting to place the modern computer in historical perspective, he ventures back a hundred years to examine Herman Hollerith’s punch-card tabulator (a device that eventually became a sort of founding father of I.B.M.), and he concludes that since the beginning of the century “there has been a *trillionfold* increase in the amount of computation a dollar will buy.” He estimates that in terms of

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

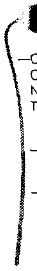
The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

TOGETHER AT LAST: COMFORT & STYLE



NEW CONCEPT
In Earring Design
HANDMADE
AFFORDABLE



You never have to take it off, & you don't feel you have it on.

	Sm	Lg
14k Gold	$75	$83
Sterling	$32	$40

(Prices incl. shipping & handling in USA)
Pearl Onyx Carnelian
Coral Lapis Turquoise
Beads Hematite Zirconium
Garnet Amethyst Moonstone
(Prices on request for Birthstones, Diamonds & other precious gems)

Present Perfect
Productions, Ltd.
1-800-448-4551 (orders only) • 1-518-622-2268
Heart's Content Rd., P. O. Box 245, Round Top, NY 12473
Allow 2–4 weeks delivery MC/VISA/AMEX/Money Order
— NY State residents add appropriate sales tax —
For a full range of additional earring designs from Present Perfect Productions, Ltd., send for our brochure at $2.00 each.

A small hotel
on a little street
called Rodeo Drive.

B

THE BEVERLY RODEO HOTEL
Beverly Hills (800) 421-0545

computational power the largest of the present-day supercomputers "are a match for the 1-gram brain of a mouse," but that in time we may be able to build machines that operate at a million million million million million (10^{30}) times the power of a human mind. What can one say in response to such a number? If duplicability is possible, is it not inevitable? And even if we assume that it is *not* possible how can we deny that machines of such unreckonable energies would not be capable of a rich and ranging inner life of their own?

Isn't it only a matter of time, Moravec asks, before we can transfer, or "download," our minds into computers? Copies could then be made of copies and stored in separate, secure places, not all of them on the earth—a procedure that would virtually insure our immortality. He foresees a number of ways in which downloading might take place. A person could wear each day a miniaturized observational device, whose data, compiled over years and years, would serve as the memory bank of a new intellect. Or you might enter a hospital for brain surgery to be performed by a robot whose hands are microscopically precise and whose command of speech allows the two of you to proceed collaboratively. Since the brain registers no pain when it is subjected to an incision, you could be fully conscious during the entire operation. Equipped with an encyclopedic understanding of human neural architecture, and proceeding millimetre by millimetre, the robot surgeon would develop a program that would model the behavior of a discrete layer of brain tissue. This program would produce signals equivalent to those flashing among the neurons in the area under scrutiny, and a series of cables would allow the robot to create "simulations," in which the program is substituted for the layer of brain tissue. The simulation process would be analogous to what's now available in sophisticated audio shops, where a customer can test and compare components at the push of a button and without breaking the flow of the music:

> To further assure you of the simulation's correctness, you are given a pushbutton that allows you to momentarily "test drive" the simulation, to compare it with the functioning of the original tissue. When you press it, arrays of electrodes in the surgeon's hand are activated. By precise injections of current and electromagnetic pulses, the electrodes can override the normal signalling activity of nearby neurons. . . . As long as you press the button, a small part of your nervous system is being replaced by a computer simulation of itself. You press the button, release it, and press it again. You should experience no difference. As soon as you are satisfied, the simulation connection is established permanently. The brain tissue is now impotent—it receives inputs and reacts as before but its output is ignored. Microscopic manipulators on the hand's surface excise the cells in this superfluous tissue and pass them to an aspirator, where they are drawn away. . . . Eventually your skull is empty, and the surgeon's hand rests deep in your brainstem. Though you have not lost consciousness, or even your train of thought, your mind has been removed from the brain and transferred to a machine.

A slower and seemingly less traumatic transfer might be achieved by installing in the corpus callosum—the main cable that unites the brain hemispheres—a microscopic monitor linked to a computer that would "eavesdrop" in order to make a model of your mental activities:

> After a while it begins to insert its own messages into the flow, gradually insinuating itself into your thinking, endowing you with new knowledge and new skills. In time, as your original brain faded away with age, the computer would smoothly assume the lost functions. Ultimately your brain would die, and your mind would find itself entirely in the computer.

Any such event would compel a further modification in our taxonomy. The distinction between organic and inorganic life—and, indeed, all the subdistinctions by which a species is fitted into a unique biological niche—would dissolve. Although Moravec has disappointingly little to say about religion, his ultimate vision incarnates widespread theological convictions about the "oneness" of all life:

> Mind transferral need not be limited to human beings. Earth has other species with large brains, from dolphins, whose nervous systems are as large and complex as our own, to elephants . . . and perhaps giant squid, whose brains may range up to twenty times as big as ours. Just what kind of minds and cultures these animals possess is still a matter of controversy, but their evolutionary history is as long as ours, and there is surely much unique and hard-won information encoded genetically in their brain structures and their memories.
>
> Our speculation ends in a supercivilization, the synthesis of all solar-system life, constantly improving and extending itself, spreading outward from the sun, converting nonlife into mind.

Actually, Moravec might plausibly contend that conventional theological debate is hardly germane to his argument. If he is mistaken about human duplicability, most of his projections at once reveal themselves as pipe dreams that connect only remotely and hypothetically with religious issues. And if, on the other hand, he is correct in supposing that human minds will be transferred into or otherwise fused with machines, it seems likely that traditional religious questions—and even the traditional religions themselves—will either melt away or suffer wholesale metamorphosis. Debates about Heaven and Hell—to take but one example—would hold little relevance for an immortal creature. One wishes, however, that he had accorded greater space to psychological considerations. Many people experience an instinctive unease at the incursions of the mechanical—a feeling concisely summed up by Emerson a century ago: "Machinery is aggressive." And although such people might reconcile themselves in time to the notion of a man/machine cohabitation—most of us, in the course of modern life, have already grown used to hearing computers speak to us—the conviction that there is something innately "special" about human beings would surely die hard, and at great cost.

The modern scientist and his offspring are often likened to Mary Shelley's Victor Frankenstein and his monster, but the nineteenth-century novel that Moravec most vividly evokes is Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." In a document found at his death, Dr. Henry Jekyll explained how, troubled by the "polar twins" that dwelt in his "agonised womb of consciousness," he conceived the prospect of a sweet divorce: "If each, I told myself, could be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable." These words are echoed in Moravec's prologue: "In the present condition we are uncomfortable halfbreeds, part biology, part culture, with many of our biological traits out of step with the invention of our minds. . . . It is easy to imagine human thought freed from bondage to a mortal body." "Mind Children" makes light of the possibility that a deathless human being is not a human being at all—that the condition of mortality so informs our lives as to render them unrecognizable without it. It may be (to pose a paradox of a sort that Moravec himself might relish) that on the day when man makes himself immortal he makes himself extinct. The

What makes our Caribbean cruises unique?
The ports, the pampering, the price.

Regency Cruises' unique 7-day itineraries combine a taste of the familiar with the excitement of exploring the out-of-the-ordinary.

The Ports. Exotic Deep Caribbean from Montego Bay, Jamaica: Cartagena, Aruba, Costa Rica, Curacao and San Blas Islands. Plus a partial transit of the Panama Canal. Enchanted Islands from Tampa, San Juan or Montego Bay: Grand Cayman, Santo Domingo, St. Croix, St. Maarten, St. Thomas and St. Barts.

The Pampering. You'll delight in our European service, superb continental cuisine, spacious staterooms and fun-filled activities. Sail on the gracious REGENT SEA, REGENT STAR, or REGENT SUN. Ships' registries: Panama and Bahamas.

The Price. Our prices are always affordable, and now you can save up to $500 per couple by booking 60 days in advance. Prices start at only $865 with free air from many cities.

For our new brochure call your travel agent or contact Regency Cruises, 260 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; Telephone (212) 972-4499.

REGENCY CRUISES

REGENCY CRUISES
CARIBBEAN

The unique perspective of
THE KWITNY REPORT
can now be seen every week on PBS stations.

Former *Wall Street Journal* reporter Jonathan Kwitny draws on firsthand experience as well as his special vision about the patterns and consequences of America's foreign policy. The result is a penetrating and unusually informed public affairs program that will now become required weekly viewing all over the country for those who prefer an inside, clear-eyed view of how America conducts itself as a citizen of the world—and why our foreign policies often go so wrong.

Newsday called Jonathan Kwitny "TV's best political reporter."

The new season begins January, 1989, on PBS Television nationwide; check local listings for broadcast time.

PBS

THE KWITNY REPORT with Jonathan Kwitny is a production of WNYC/TV New York.
For information on this program, write to Press Department, WNYC Communications Group,
One Centre Street, New York, N.Y. 10007, or call 212/669-8978.

TASIS: American Education with a European Flavor

SWITZERLAND ● ENGLAND ● FRANCE ● GREECE

- First independent American co-ed boarding/day school in Europe.
- Beautiful campuses near Lugano, London, Paris and Athens.
- Grades Pre-K - 12, U.S. college prep curriculum, AP courses.
- Small classes, dedicated faculty, family-style community.
- Extensive travel, sports, arts, cultural programs.
- Unique **PG Program** offering college-level study and course-related travel.
- **Summer Programs:** Foreign languages, academic credit and enrichment courses, study skills, children's camp. Ages 6 - 18

TASIS
TASIS Europe, Ext 42,
326 East 69th Street,
New York, NY 10021,
Tel: (212) 570 1066
Fax: (212) 249-3097

BOOKS ON TAPE™

New!
THE Fords
AN AMERICAN EPIC
By
PETER COLLIER AND DAVID HOROWITZ

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

(800) 626-3333

Free Catalog
Teak & Mahogany Outdoor Furniture

Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled

Let us show you our all-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Classic garden benches, porch swings, chairs, tables, rockers and lounges. Available fully assembled, or as pre-drilled, precision-cut kits that are easy and fun to put together.

WOOD CLASSICS
R#1, Box 9Y2 , High Falls, NY 12440
(914) 687-7645

future that Moravec sees is certainly one in which "timeless" truths—the eternal verities of the poet—are set on their ear. Algernon Swinburne observed that "All men born are mortal but not man." Moravec everts this dictum: in his world, the individual would become deathless, but man in the aggregate—that species whose hopes and expectations have been framed in the phrase "threescore years and ten"—would vanish.

One has to wonder how the art that we have safeguarded throughout the centuries would survive the transformation. Whether one is listening to Hamlet speculate on the bourn from which none return or contemplating a ukiyo-e print of rice harvesters or reading "Gilgamesh," the appreciation of any work of art generally requires us to cross a gulf—both geographical and temporal—on the bridge of our kindred uncertainty and helplessness in the face of death. Any art that might be fabricated in Moravec's new world would be composed, in effect, in a new language. Without question, it would be extraordinary. But surely much of what we now revere would suffer in translation.

READERS who are curious about Hans Moravec, and long for greater personal detail than is provided in "Mind Children," will find him in fine form, witty and engaging and professorially eccentric (a favorite snack is Cheerios topped with bananas and chocolate milk), in Grant Fjermedal's "The Tomorrow Makers," whose subtitle is "A Brave New World of Living-Brain Machines." In pursuit of his book, Fjermedal spent a number of clearly quite exhilarating months in this country and Japan, drifting from one artificial-intelligence center to another and meeting a wide range of individuals who, for all their singularities, seem to share a penchant for working all night and sleeping catch as catch can on the morrow. And who share, as well, a daily, ingrained perception that the intertwined evolution of man and machine—of which downloading might be regarded as the apotheosis—is steadily speeding us toward an alien world.

Even readers who view the prospect of downloading with confident disbelief or squeamish distaste will appreciate the poignance that at present suffuses the field. A number of researchers have come to believe that they were born just a little too early—that the immortality toward which their collective efforts are reaching will not be attained soon enough. For them, death is an ailment that will not be cured in their lifetimes. Fjermedal quotes one researcher as saying, "Everyone would like to be immortal. I don't think the time is quite right. But it's close. It isn't very long from now. I'm afraid, unfortunately, that I'm the last generation to die."

According to Moravec, however, such pronouncements are unduly pessimistic and final. He speculates that by dint of a gathering mastery of a range of disciplines, including history, genetics, anthropology, and computer simulation, much that has disappeared may prove retrievable. Having effaced so many familiar categories, the future will eventually soften even the distinction between itself and the past. Time will turn ductile:

> Now, imagine an immense simulator (I imagine it made out of a superdense neutron star) that can model the whole surface of the earth on an atomic scale and can run time forward and back and produce different plausible outcomes by making different random choices at key points in its calculation. Because of the great detail, this simulator models living things, including humans, in their full complexity. . . . Such simulated people would be as real as you or me, though imprisoned in the simulator.
>
> We could "download" our minds directly into a body in the simulation and "upload" back into the real world when our mission is accomplished. Alternatively, we could bring people out of the simulation by reversing the process—linking their minds to an outside robot body, or uploading them directly into it. In all cases we would have the opportunity to recreate the past and to interact with it in a real and direct fashion.

When that day comes, we will have a choice about which pasts we want to consign to the past and which we will summon to accompany us into the future. In the meantime, though, the reader is left to wonder what the human cost would be of never losing anything. —BRAD LEITHAUSER

•

MARQUETTE—Peggy A. Frazier, a member of the Ferris State University Board of Control, has been named chairwoman of a committee to search for a new university.—*Marquette (Mich.) Mining Journal.*

So much for old Ferris State.

THE RESTORATIVE POWERS OF HERBS, SPICES, AND SHREDS OF CLOTH.

Of all the pleasures awaiting you at Palm-Aire Spa Resort, perhaps none is more intimate, more innately sensual, than our Egyptian herbal body wrap. You are enveloped in a cocoon of raw linen steeped in an ancient, aromatic potion of chamomile, lavender, and more than a dozen herbs and spices. Your skin is soothed and softened. Muscles, toned earlier to a taut firmness, are now relaxed. All sense of worldly tension flows from your body. An indulgence made all the more refreshing by the simple fact that it is so very typical of the Palm-Aire experience.

It can be yours through any of our three-, seven-, or fourteen-day spa programs. Simply call us toll free at 800-327-4960, or contact your travel agent. You may find yourself restored in more ways than you imagine.

PALM-AIRE

Pompano Beach, Florida

©1989 National Federation of Coffee Growers of Colombia, P.O. Box 8545, [illegible] N.Y. 10150

You can always tell a Colombian Coffee party by the way the crowd is dressed.

100% Colombian Coffee®

The richest coffee in the world.™